This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

**Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

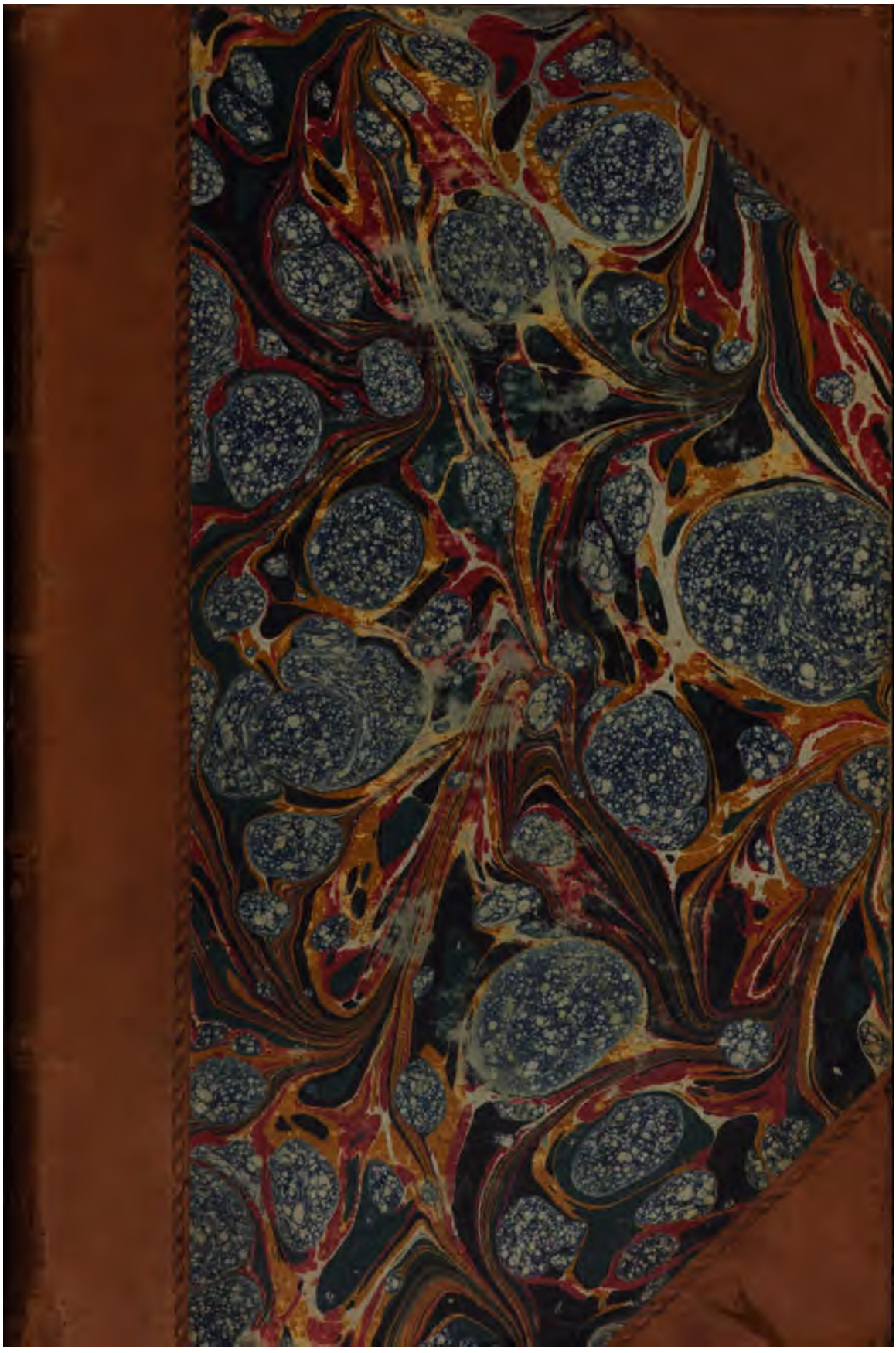
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

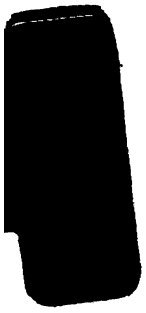
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

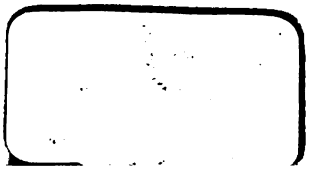
**About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`





Per. 3977 e. 205/37



THE

# METROPOLITAN.

THE

# METROPOLITAN

# MAGAZINE.

---

VOL. XXXVII.

MAY TO AUGUST, 1843.

LONDON:

SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET;

BELL AND BRADFUTE, EDINBURGH; SMITH AND SON, GLASGOW;

AND CUMMING, DUBLIN.

1843.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY G. J. PALMER, SAVOY STREET, STRAND.

THE

# METROPOLITAN.

## SAVINDROOG.[1]

BY M. RAFTER, ESQ.

### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE BANYAN TREE.

The morning sun broke sweetly on the lofty summit of Savindroog; whose embattled towers and prominent pinnacles came forth in succession from the gloom, as the ascending orb scattered the grey mist that hung heavily on its sides; tinting the greenwood bowers with a rosy blush, and spangling the dew drops that hung on the Mango's broad and luxuriant foliage. The antelope was bounding across the plain, pleased with the welcome ray of morning: the hungry Pariah dog, with knowing scent and eager eye, was seeking the social haunts of man. The tiger had left his den to prowl abroad for his sylvan prey; the shepherd was leading forth his flocks, and the cooly was bending under his load: all were profiting by the cheerful light of day, save the Brahmin kite, which, sad and haggard, stood alone on his mossy rock in the jungle; looking, with unplumed wing and wild staring eyes, like the grim genius of silence and solitude.

Over a narrow dell, whose verdant turf was richly spangled with wild flowers, a magnificent Banyan tree stretched its ponderous branches, which shot out their long elastic fibres to the ground. There, taking root, the fertile soil nursed them into goodly trunks; which multiplied around the parent stem, and not only served as pillars to support its venerable arms, but, endued with vitality, became, in turn, the parents and propagators of other trees in endless succession. As if, like the fabled Antæus, the vegetable giant felt his strength renewed by these successive returns to his native earth, he proudly reared on high his leafy diadem: spreading it, like a canopy, over his numerous progeny; presenting thus the image of a venerable sire, whose sons multiply in youthful vigour beneath the fostering shelter of the paternal roof; and put forth their united strength to sooth and support his slow but sure decay, while sinking to that oblivion which ultimately engulfs all perishable things.

This lofty pavilion threw a delicious shade on the flower-enamelled ground, which was intersected with winding walks and verdant alleys, impervious to the solar beam. There many a tall stem spread its graceful branches, richly clothed with dark green foliage; and many a flowering creeper hung from the vegetable columns in aromatic fes-

[1] Continued from vol. xxxvi. p 354.

toons. A calm and holy silence reigned throughout the majestic bower; save where the Pagoda thrush, in rich melodious notes, complained of the absence of his mate, or cheered her maternal labours. The green and azure Parvatu* skimmed delighted from branch to branch in this miniature forest; and monkeys innumerable, and varied in their species, were springing about in endless frolic: while, in the dark recesses of the tree, the flying fox hung suspended by his leathern wings, idly swinging to and fro in the passing breeze.

Encircled by the mazy bowers of the Banyan tree, stood a small and snow-white temple, dedicated to the Destroying deity, Mahadeo, and his sanguinary goddess Mahakali. The brazen Trisul† of the god elevated its tall graceful shaft before the entrance of the Pagoda; and between the prongs were suspended small chimes of bells, whose silvery tones swelled melodiously on the breeze. Before the pedestal of this sacred emblem reclined the Bull of Siva, beautifully sculptured in dark-grey marble; and from his mouth descended a stream of fine limpid water, which fell with a gentle murmur into a tank of hewn granite, on whose glassy surface floated the shining crest of the lotus, a flower peculiarly consecrated to the deities.

The temple was illumined within with brazen lamps, which shone dimly on the awful figure of Mahadeo, seated on his throne. A crescent moon of silver glittered over the frontal eye of the Destroyer, whose dark-blue throat‡ and ample chest were decorated with wreaths of Bilva flowers.§ The skin of a fierce Asura‖ hung as a mantle on his broad shoulders; a marble tiger served for his footstool, and his mystic type the Lingam stood before him, decorated with flowers, and shining with the oil of many sacrifices. By the side of Mahadeo frowned the blood-loving goddess Doorga, or Mahakali; whose many hands were furnished with deadly weapons; and whose only ornament was the Mund-Mala, or necklace of human skulls, emblematical of the successive destructions and renovations of the universe.

Beneath the dark-green canopy of the sacred "Tree of Councils," as the Banyan is denominated in the East, meetings being frequently held under its cool branches, the verdant sod was thickly overgrown with the Sehewa; a beautiful blue flower, which abounded so much that it resembled a carpet of the most delicate azure spread upon the ground. There the Yogie sat, silent and motionless; with his string of Tulassi beads in his hands, and his eyes half closed, as if his inmost soul was plunged in some celestial ecstacy. By his side re-

* The Parvatu is the Pompadour pigeon, which is particularly attached to the Banyan tree: and the Flying Fox is an animal larger than a Squirrel, with a kind of leathern web stretching between its fore and hind feet, like a bat's wing. They hang from the trees by hundreds with their heads downwards.

† The Trident of Siva.

‡ Nilakantha, a name of Siva; the God with the dark-blue throat; the colour was the effect of the poison generated at the churning of the ocean, which Siva swallowed.—*Wilson's Hindoo Theatre.*

§ The fruit of the Bilva, or Malura, is in taste delicious, in fragrance exquisite: it is called Sriphala, because it sprang, say the Indian poets, from the milk of Sri, the goddess of abundance, who bestowed it on mankind, at the request of Iswara, (Mahadeo,) whence he alone wears a chaplet of Bilva flowers: to him only the Hindoos offer them; and when they see any of them fallen on the ground, they take them up with reverence, and carry them to his temple.—*Sir W. Jones.*

‖ An evil Demon.

clined the friendly Bhaut, observing his guest in silent admiration, and fearful of intruding on his contemplations; for he saw that he was engaged in the performance of that great religious ceremony, the Yoga, which is sufficient to extort from the divinity whatever boon the true performer demands. During the abstract devotion called for by the Yoga, the soul of the devotee is rapt in an ecstacy of several hours duration; the external senses lose their functions, the Yogie is blessed with a sight of God, who appears as a light ineffably white and vivid; and he experiences transports of holy joy, and a contempt of temporal concerns which defy every power of description.*

At length, after a long and rigid abstraction, the Yogie appeared to be returning slowly from the enjoyment of his celestial vision, to the outward perception of the common-place objects that surrounded him; and the venerable Rungapa then, for the first time, ventured to address his sacred guest.

"Thrice blessed do I account the day," said the Bhaut, "on which my humble abode has been thus highly favoured; and fain would I know by what happy accident the footsteps of so holy a man have been turned hitherward."

After a long pause, which was doubtless necessary to enable him to collect his thoughts for human colloquy, the Yogie replied, in grave majestic tones:

"Call not the will of providence by the unseemly name of accident, venerable Rungapa. Nay, look not surprised that your name should thus be familiar to my tongue, for what secret can lie hidden from the true worshipper?"

"I do confess," said the Bhaut, "that your knowledge of my name doth much surprise me; for it is yet but a few short hours since you suddenly appeared for the first time to my wondering eyes, in a place where mortal foot but seldom ventures to intrude; and since then we have scarcely opened our lips to each other."

"Language is given us," said the Yogie, "to conceal our thoughts, rather than to impart our knowledge, and is not necessary for those who are initiated in the mysteries of the Yoga."

"If this be true, venerable pilgrim," said the Bhaut, "and I do not presume to question your assertion, you are doubtless as well acquainted with my profession as with my name."

"At the marriage of Siva and Parvati," replied the Yogie, "the gods having exhausted all the amusements then known, wished for something new; when Siva, wiping the drops of perspiration from his brow, shook them to earth, upon which the Bhauts, or sacred Bards, immediately sprang therefrom."

"Your answer proves the truth of your first assertion," said the Bhaut, "and you have rightly divined the nature of my profession."

"Grateful for being called into existence," continued the Yogie, "the Bhauts sang the praises of Siva; but so exclusively as to offend Parvati, who conceived herself entitled to half their homage. She, therefore, banished them from heaven; commanding them to sing the feats of gods and heroes, in the presence of kings and nobles upon the earth."

* Bernier.

"Your version of the legend," said the Bhaut, "is strictly in conformity with the genealogy of our race."

"And if my intuitive knowledge do not mislead me," exclaimed the Yogie, "the Bhaut Rungapa, distinguished far above his sacred class, serves the gallant Chieftain of this lofty Droog with a zeal, fidelity and talent beyond all recompense."

"Venerable pilgrim," said the Bhaut, evidently much pleased at the compliment, "your words are too flattering for the mediocrity of my merit."

"That which has been declared to me in vision," replied the Yogie, "cannot be erroneous: my steps have been directed hither, as to a place of peculiar sanctity; and the Banyan tree of the venerable Rungapa has been shown as the type of austere virtue, and pure religion."

"It is true, worthy pilgrim," said the Bhaut, "that in penance and religion my observances are both rigid and sincere, but alas! how much does my merit fall short of yours! For the Yogie, says Crishna, is more exalted than Tapaswees, those votaries who afflict themselves in performing penance: they are respected above the learned in science, and are superior to those who are attached to moral works."

"Inferior enjoyment in heaven," said the Yogie, "is not an object of desire to the true devotee; as being but finite, after its cessation the individual is born again in the world, and exposed to the calamities of a frail existence. But the great aim of the Yogie, and the reward of his exalted piety, his profound meditation, and that exquisite abstemiousness which dries up the mortal frame, is union with the supreme and universal spirit, in which case the soul no more assumes a perishable shape."

"How glorious!" exclaimed the Bhaut, with enthusiasm, "is the idea you give me of the ineffable reward of the Yogie, by a total absorption into the essence of the deity; and how utterly contemptible in the comparison appear all terrestrial power, wealth, and dignity!"

"True," said the Yogie, "and yet how eagerly do the hapless sons of clay struggle for those fleeting enjoyments, which elude their grasp as the dew-drop vanishes beneath the sunbeam. Even the Chieftain of this proud Droog, though blessed with a religious guide of such transcendant piety, is not, I know, exempt from the frailties of ambition."

"Alas!" cried the Bhaut, bowing profoundly at the compliment paid to his piety, "of all who err from the true path of celestial wisdom, Kempé Goud is, perhaps, one of the most frail and presumptuous; confiding more in the efficacy of carnal weapons than in the all powerful workings of the spirit."

"I marvel much," said the Yogie, with an air of surprise, "that he should be so regardless of the lessons of so renowned a sage."

"I do not altogether say," replied the Bhaut, "that he disregards my precepts and injunctions; but that his headstrong will leads him to the commission of violence at times, the evil consequences of which might haply be avoided by a timely recurrence to the advice which age and contemplation enable me to give."

"Alas, the pity!" exclaimed the Yogie, "that one entrusted with

the welfare of many should not seek more frequently the counsel of the wise, which Providence has placed within his reach. An omission of so grave a character must embroil him occasionally in perilous adventures."

"It does, holy pilgrim," said the Bhaut: "and but recently his ambitious assumption of the title of Maha Rajah, without my advice or concurrence, has roused the jealousy of the neighbouring Polygars, whose hostile defiance we look for daily."

"Fatal vanity of man!" cried the Yogie with a sigh, "that turns this earthly garden into a deadly arena of discord and strife! Such vaulting ambition must doubtless produce more dangerous mistakes even than the one you mention."

"It does, venerable Yogie," replied the Bhaut, "and one more recent instance of unadvised temerity even now threatens to bring on him the vengeance of the puissant Rajah of Mysore."

"The affairs of erring mortals," said the Yogie with an abstracted look, "possess for me but little interest: nevertheless there is a charm in the conversation of the pious Rungapa, which makes me listen with pleasure to his interesting recitals, and fain would I know some particulars of the affairs alluded to."

"Right gladly," said the Bhaut, "will I gratify you on that head, though I fear my narrative may seem tedious to your sacred ears."

"On the contrary," replied the Yogie, "the sound of your voice is more pleasing than the lyre of Crishna in the cool shades of Vrindavana."

With a grateful acknowledgment of the politeness of his guest, the Bhaut resumed as follows:

"At the birth of Kempé Goud, the stars were consulted, according to invariable custom, as to the events of his life; and, his horoscope being cast by an eminent sage, there appeared to be a singular connection between his fate and that of the Fawn-eyed maid."

"Some rural beauty of the day, I presume," said the Yogie.

"Your pardon, venerable pilgrim," replied the Bhaut, "the fawn-eyed maid was no other than the peerless Begum of Mysore; who, though she was then unborn, has since filled the world with the fame of her beauty."

"Proceed, worthy Rungapa," said the Yogie.

"The fates declared," continued the Bhaut, "that the Chief should be always triumphant until, by his desire, the Begum should espouse the gallant Kistna."

"Some neighbouring prince, doubtless," interrupted the Yogie.

"He was a noble Mysorean," resumed the Bhaut, "who covered himself with glory in the wars of his sovereign; but he is now no more."

"Was he slain in battle?" asked the Yogie.

"He put a period to his existence," replied the Bhaut, "in despair at the loss of the Fawn-eyed maid."

"Did she then also die?" demanded the Yogie.

"No," replied the Bhaut, "she still lives; but Kempé Goud, to prevent the fulfilment of the prophecy, stole her away from Srirungaput-

tun on the very night of her nuptials, and she now inhabits yonder Haram at the summit of the Droog."

The Yogie here directed his eyes towards the residence of the hapless Begum, which he regarded some time with a fixed, inquiring look. He declared, however, that his vision was so defective that he could not discern the object referred to, of which he requested a description, and the Bhaut readily gratified his curiosity.

"Your Chief then," resumed the Yogie, "need no longer dread the fulfilment of the prophecy, if he is assured of the death of Kistna."

"Of that he entertains not the smallest doubt," replied the Bhaut.

"Then will he not, in charity, restore the Begum to her unhappy parents?" demanded the Yogie.

"I have frequently urged him to do so," replied the Bhaut, "seeing that no further apprehensions need be entertained from Kistna; but his passion for the Begum has entirely mastered his reason; and he has made a solemn vow that nothing but death shall ever separate them."

"And the Begum," inquired the Yogie, in a voice tremulous from age or infirmity, "does she receive the addresses of the Chief?"

"She does," replied the Bhaut, "as the lamb would receive the addresses of the tiger—with dread and horror. Nay, since the death of her lord has reached her ears she seems more determined than ever to reject his suit."

"All these matters," said the Yogie, looking up towards heaven, "must and ought to be indifferent to one whose thoughts are centred in a higher sphere; but it appears to me that Kempé Goud must be either deprived of his senses, or conscious that his power is, at least, equal to that of the monarch he has so daringly outraged."

"His senses," replied the Bhaut, "I have frequently looked on as somewhat unsettled; but his power is by no means adequate to a contest with the Rajah of Mysore."

"His dominions," said the Yogie, "are doubtless extensive and well defended."

"His once wide territory," said the Bhaut, "has been sadly curtailed; and Maugree and Savindroog are now his sole remaining possessions."

"But they are, of course, impregnable," observed the Yogie.

"Maugree," said the Bhaut, "is not capable of a long defence; and the chief strength of Savindroog consists in the impenetrable jungle that surrounds it."

"But the rock," said the Yogie, "seems to my unpracticed eye perfectly inaccessible."

"So it is," replied the Bhaut, "from the point whence you now view it; but the eastern end consists of an easy slope towards the summit."

"Then it is well defended," observed the Yogie, "by towers, bastions, and traverse walls; and is apparently well furnished with jinjalls and other offensive missiles."

"Your observation is perfectly correct," said the Bhaut, "but you appear, venerable pilgrim, to have an acquaintance with martial terms

altogether surprising in one whose life is spent in abstract contemplation."

"In my early youth," said the Yogie, with a slight hesitation of manner, "I was not unacquainted with the vanities of a military life; and since the commencement of my mission my various pilgrimages have led me through the territories of belligerent princes, where such terms were, in some sort, familiarized to my ear."

"Venerable Yogie," said the Bhaut, "pardon a curiosity which you may deem impertinent, but it would infinitely gratify me if you would deign to recount a few passages in your checquered life; which cannot fail to be both interesting and instructive."

The Yogie sighed heavily at the request, and mildly replied as follows:

"The deep respect I entertain for those sacred Bards, who have sprung from the brow of Mahadeo, and are universally acknowledged as the Chiefs of melody and song, induces a ready compliance with your wish, to awake the sorrows of my breast. 'Tis painful, however, to look back on the woes that have marked my weary pilgrimage, from cheerful youth to joyless age; for youth is like the dawn redolent of vigour, hope and joy; while age comes on like the waning day, in weary, dull obscurity. But thoughts like these can neither amuse nor instruct the wise and learned Rungapa, and I must therefore hurry on my tale."

---

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### THE PILGRIM'S TALE.

"In early life," said the Yogie, "a lovely maiden pledged her vows with mine; but the blessing of her affection was scarcely bestowed upon me, before she was snatched away to heaven. In the bitterness of my disappointment I vowed that the vanities of the world should never again touch my heart, but that I would consecrate my future days to rigid Tapasya; that when my mortal career was ended, I might merge into the deity, and never taste again the bitter pangs of human life."

"Happy! thrice happy resolution!" exclaimed Rungapa, "and highly favoured of the gods are they who become thus early wise."

"I thus began in youth," resumed the Yogie, "my solitary pilgrimage; and traversed many a foreign land, in search of those seven hallowed spots, more loved than all the rest by heaven, which attract hourly the footsteps of innumerable pilgrims."

"At Haridwar, or the gate of Vishnu, one of the seven consecrated stations," interrupted the Bhaut, "I am given to understand that the Gossains, to which sect I belong, are held in high repute."

"They are," replied the Yogie, "deservedly all powerful for their superior piety; and their godly demeanor is such that even the fish, which inhabit the sacred stream, come tamely to be fed from their holy hands."

"Praised be the name of Mahakali!" cried the Bhaut, kissing the ground with devotion.

"When I had offered up my adorations," resumed the Yogie, "at the seven sacred stations, I traversed many a hill and dale in search of those four forbidden streams, whose waters the pilgrim may see but never touch."

"And have you then beheld the sable flood of polluted Caramnassa?" demanded the Bhaut, highly interested in the sacred wanderings of his guest.

"Yea," replied the Yogie, "I have stood on the banks of that 'Destroyer of good works,' and execrated the pride of that ancient ascetic, who being exalted by his penances to Indra's heaven, had the temerity to defy the mighty Siva, and was precipitated headlong for his presumption; till the merit of his sacrifices broke his fall half way, directly over the once pure and happy stream."

"And now," said the Bhaut, "I learn, that he hangs in the air, head downwards, and that his saliva flows into, and pollutes the whole water, in such a manner, that any person who bathes in, or even touches it, loses the benefit of all his preceding penances, alms and other acts of piety; reserving, however, the full demerit of all his follies and misdeeds."*

"And therefore," resumed the Yogie, "you may be assured that I avoided the contamination: but lest an atom of the spray might possibly have touched my garments, I hastened to perform rigid penance at Benares, the 'Lotus of the World,' which is not founded upon common earth like other cities, but on the Trisul of Mahadeo; whence its freedom from earthquakes, which so frequently destroy all other parts of the globe."

"Benares the splendid!" exclaimed the Bhaut, with enthusiasm, "which was originally built of gold, but in consequence of the sins of the people became stone; and latterly, owing to their increasing wickedness, has degenerated into thatch and clay! Benares once the holy, and which still contains the famous Lingam, that is said to be a petrifaction of Siva himself."

"Alas!" said the Yogie, "Benares, as you justly observe, has degenerated from what it was, and the pollution of the Mussulmaun has somewhat tainted its sanctity. Having, therefore, some misgivings as to the efficacy of my penances therein, I undertook a long and painful pilgrimage to the lofty promontory of Malabar; where, after preparing myself by prayer and penance, I happily passed through the sacred Yoni, which purified my mortal clay from all preceding transgressions."

"Thrice happy man!" exclaimed the Bhaut, "how I envy you the merit of your pilgrimages: and how ardently do I long to follow your holy example!"

"From the Promontory of Malabar," continued the Yogie, "I bent my steps to the sacred Saraswati: and beheld on its verdant banks the solitary Peepul tree, that grows on the exact spot where Crishna received the mortal wound from a Bheel archer, which terminated the incarnation of the god."

"The dexterity of my race at their weapons," said the Bhaut with pride, "has long been famous through the earth. But, holy pilgrim,

* Heber.

when you saw the Saraswati, did you not also visit those adjacent plains renowned for the conflict of the Yadoos, five thousand years ago, wherein sixty millions of combatants were engaged, and all were slain except a dozen?"

"Assuredly," said the Yogie, "I extended my pilgrimage to the site of that terrific battle. But I marvel much, venerable Rungapa, that one who has led so recluse a life as you have done, should yet possess so vast a fund of knowledge, so pious and so recondite."

"I have read a little," said the Bhaut, with humility, "and have profited by the occasional visits of holy pilgrims like yourself, from whom I have gleaned a superficial smattering."

"Nay," said the Yogie, "there you do yourself a manifest injustice; for the study of an age could not impart such profound and varied lore as you appear to possess."

"A trifle, a trifle," exclaimed the Bhaut, evidently flattered at the good opinion of his guest; "a worthless trifle compared with the splendor of your pilgrimage, the further progress of which I am impatient to hear."

"Still panting for the day of deliverance from this mortal thraldom," resumed the Yogie, "I next directed my footsteps to Chunar Droog, on whose sacred summit the great creator, Brahma, sits for nine hours every day, bestowing his presence for the other three only on Benares."

"Such a fortress," cried the Bhaut, "must indeed be invaluable to its possessors."

"It is, in effect," said the Yogie, "impregnable, except between the hours of six and nine in the morning, at which period, however, it has occasionally changed masters."

"Doubtless," said the Bhaut, "the wickedness of its inhabitants, like those of Benares, has somewhat impaired the virtue it derives from the presence of the Deity."

"That may very well be," replied the Yogie, for it has even, once or twice, fallen into the hands of the infidel Mussulmauni."

"Accursed race!" exclaimed the zealous priest of Siva, "well do they merit the exterminating vengeance of Mahakali. But proceed, venerable pilgrim, your wondrous tale enchains my most profound attention."

"As the chilly damp of age was now stealing over my fleeting youth," said the Yogie, "I turned my ardent pilgrimage towards the warm valleys of the South; and traversed many a weary league until I reached the beauteous island of Seringham, in whose delightful shades I rested for a time. There, in the temple of Jumbakistna, I adored that identical image of Vishnu which Brahma himself did not disdain to worship; and made obeisance to the statue of Hoonimaun on the lofty rock of Trichinopoly."

"The deity, in one of his incarnations, and the demigod, were bosom friends," interrupted the Bhaut.

"And the interesting story of their friendship," said the Yogie, "led me still farther south, to where the wondrous bridge, formed by Hoonimaun and his sylvan followers, joined Serindib to the main; and

enabled Vishnu, under the form of Rama, to recover his beloved Sita from Ravan, the ten-headed King of the Racshasas."

"And you doubtless offered up your devotions," observed the Bhaut, "in the sacred isle of Ramisseram."

"In that you barely do me justice," replied the pilgrim, "for the Lingam of Rameswara commands the adoration of even the humblest pretender to the glories of the Yoga. Ramisseram, however, did not terminate my wanderings; for, still unbent with care and toil, I penetrated even the mysterious fastnesses of Lankadwipa."*

"The Holy Isle," exclaimed the Bhaut, with enthusiasm, "the cradle and fountain head of our religion!"

"There," continued the Yogie, "I climbed the lofty hill whose summit seems to prop the heavens; and kissed, with all a pilgrim's zeal, the footprint of the deity; who could only find that resting place, when he went thither to relieve the wretched inhabitants from the tyranny of the malignant demons. After paying my devotions I rested from my cares for a brief space within that rich and spicy isle."

"O wise and venerable Yogie!" exclaimed the admiring Bhaut, "who, in one little mortal span, hast seen so many distant regions, and visited so many shrines, on which the light of heaven beams with love so manifest that even they who look upon them must be holy: fervently do I bless the day that has brought you to my poor abode. But when I gaze upon your eyes, that beam with youthful splendor, the miracle inspires my breast with still increasing wonder. Doubtless, however, their uncommon lustre is the pure reflection from that deity with whom you hold such free and unreserved communion."

"Much," replied the Yogie, meekly, "may be attributed to the cause you mention, for the influence of the divine spirit is sufficient to counteract all physical decay. But I must further tell you, venerable Rungapa, that I have visited the sacred town of Belgraum, which is famous for producing men with lively imaginations and melodious voices: and, for forty days, I have drunk the waters of its holy well; which is said to possess the power of enlivening the understanding and brightening the eye sight."

"I have heard of the singular virtues of that holy well," said the Bhaut, "and no longer wonder at the fame it has acquired, when I see before me such an undoubted proof of its miraculous qualities."

With a furtive smile the Yogie thus resumed his narrative:

"From Lankadwipa I directed my footsteps to Srirungaputtun, and arrived at the holy isle of Runga, well nigh spent with care, and abstinence and toil. But when I laved my limbs in the sacred waters of the Cauvery, my soul was imbued with fresh courage, and all my youthful vigour seemed restored. Inspired with the hope of a speedy release from this load of mortal infirmities, I now pursue my way to the ancient city of Palibothra."

"'The king of worshipped places,'" cried the Bhaut enthusiastically, "where when a man has the good fortune to die, whatever he wishes for he will obtain in his next regeneration."

* Ceylon.

"There," continued the Yogie, "I shall willingly lay down the heavy load of human frailty; for death, even by suicide, within that sacred place conducts to everlasting felicity. Passing by the mighty hill of Savindroog, I felt an unconquerable longing to see that wise and faithful Bhaut who serves so well the gallant Kempé Goud; to pay my adoration at his temple, which is renowned through the earth for its sanctity, and to rest for a brief space beneath the holy shadow of his Banyan Tree."

The Bhaut, having returned a profusion of thanks for the condescension with which the Yogie had complied with his wishes, and the handsome compliment with which he had closed his narrative, asked him if, during his sojourn in Srirungaputtun he had not heard of the hapless fate of the Begum of Mysore. The venerable pilgrim replied that, absorbed in deep religious ecstacy, all worldly things and earthly cares were nothing but mockery in his eyes; he had, however, some vague recollection of having heard that she was dead.

"Death," said the Bhaut, "would be happiness to what she endures; for, on the summit of this lofty Droog she pines, like the Lotus flower cut from its stem, and all her wondrous beauties fade in daily sorrow. The streams that descend from her eyes would make a limpid lake of tears, like that which was formed by Vishnu and Mahadeo, when they sought the offended Parvati in vain even to the extremity of the earth. The sighs that issue from her bosom consume the hapless maid, as Cama Deo was consumed in the wasting flame that sprang from the eye of the offended Siva, when he presumed to pierce the bosom of the angry god. Her trembling palms are laid in anguish on her aching temples, as she calls wildly on her lost Kistna: then helpless to the earth she falls and closes her bewitching eyes, as if the cheerful light of day were hateful to her aching sight."

"Has she then no comfort in her captivity?" demanded the Yogie, in a tremulous voice.

"None," replied the Bhaut, "that is not connected with the memory of her past happiness: for if amidst her dark despair a leaf should quiver in the breeze, she thinks it is the footstep of the gallant Kistna. Then, panting for a quick release from her gloomy prison, she opens wide her eyes, and springs from side to side, with radiant smiles and nimble feet, to meet her brave deliverer."

"Whom she will never meet again," said the Yogie, "if, as you say, he is no more."

"Of his death," replied the Bhaut, "she is now unhappily aware, but I speak of a period when hope yet filled her breast. Then, when she found her expectations of assistance vain, the pangs of death would invade her bosom, and reason seem to totter on its throne. In a plaintive voice she would upbraid her tardy lover, who left her so long to weep and moan within the tyrant's grasp. But her gentle heart would speedily reproach her for thus wronging the youth whose noble deeds had so often proved his pure unshaken love. Rejecting in her sorrow all needful food, she would fall languid and unhappy on her couch, but not to rest; for her eyes seemed made alone for tears, and seldom tasted the balm of sleep. But I see, venerable Yogie, that my mournful tale has opened the floodgates of your own sen-

sibilities, and I will, therefore, cease to give you this needless affliction."

After a violent effort to subdue his evidently painful emotions, the Yogie, however, entreated the Bhaut to continue; and accounted for the temporary human weakness he had evinced by a sudden recollection of the sorrows of his own early days.

"Alas!" exclaimed the venerable Rungapa, "thus bled my own aged heart when I witnessed the miseries of the Fawn-eyed maid, and felt my utter inability to allay them. Many a time have I entreated Kempé Goud to restore her to her afflicted parents; but the peerless charms of the Begum had unhappily made an impression on his soul which nothing could efface. With rich presents and humble prayers he has frequently tried to awake some sympathy in her breast, and to tempt her to share his throne and bed: but it was all in vain; for nothing had power to shake her stern and contemptuous rejection of his offers, until at length the news of Kistna's death reached her ears, and then ——."

"And then!" exclaimed the Yogie, with a vehemence of voice and manner that fearfully startled the venerable Rungapa, "in heaven's name what then?"

"Holy pilgrim!" exclaimed the Bhaut, in some alarm, "my tale appears to affect you strangely: I had better bring it to a close."

"No, no," cried the Yogie in subdued tones, "proceed I entreat you: 'tis nothing but a slight infirmity of nature, to which I am occasionally subject."

"May Doorga relieve you, holy father!" said the Bhaut, "such violent emotions must needs be harassing to the frame. But I was about to tell you that, when the death of Kistna came to the ears of the princess, a fearful illness immediately ensued, which long threatened to deprive her of existence. Youth and her excellent constitution, however, conquered the disease; and when returning health at length restored her to the possession of her faculties, sending for me one morning, as it was sometimes her wont to do, she begged me to communicate to the Chief the resolution she had come to."

"What, Oh! what was that resolution, venerable Rungapa?" demanded the Yogie with impatient anxiety.

"Nay," said the Bhaut, "it was one that will doubtless give you pain, though you will not, perhaps, easily divine the nature of it."

"Keep me not in suspense, I entreat you," cried the Yogie, in a voice of great emotion.

"The feeling you evince for the hapless Lachema," said the Bhaut, "bespeaks a heart not yet quite callous to the miseries of humanity, and does honor to the sensibility of your nature. The resolution of the Begum was this: holding the Brahma Purana in her hand, she read from it the following verse:

"'The widow, on the news of her husband's dying in a distant country, should expeditiously burn herself, so shall she obtain perfection. Should the husband die on a journey, holding his sandals to her breast, let her pass into the flames.'

"'The sandals of my lord,' she cried, in a voice of mournful melody, 'I do not unhappily possess; but I have his loved picture, venerable Rungapa, and that shall guide me to my funeral pile.'"

The narrative of the Bhaut was here interrupted by the Yogie, who, hiding his face with his hands, sobbed with uncontrolled emotion.

After a pause of a few moments, during which the tears of the venerable Rungapa flowed as freely as those of his guest, the former continued:

"It was in vain that I strove to reason with the Begum on the unnecessary sacrifice she was about to offer: her resolution had been long taken, and nothing could shake her purpose. As for Kempé, he was absolutely frantic when I communicated her intentions to him; and for a long time he refused to furnish her with the means of effecting her purpose. Yesterday, however, she declared that, if any further delay took place, she would find other means of joining her lord in Indra's heaven; and something must therefore be immediately done to prevent any rash act she may have in contemplation. But yonder I see the Chief bending his steps this way, most probably for the purpose of consulting with me on the subject: I pray you, therefore, to retire into my hut, for he may not like to unbosom himself in the presence of a stranger."

The Yogie immediately rose from his recumbent attitude, and retired into the hut of the Bhaut, unobserved by Kempé, who advanced with slow and measured steps; his eyes bent on the ground, in deep and melancholy musing.

---

## CHAPTER XL.

### POOJA.

The complete abstraction of Kempé's thoughts from all surrounding objects was such, that he had arrived at the spot where the Bhaut was standing to receive him, before he was aware of his presence; and when the priest of Doorga offered the customary salutation, the Chief started at the unexpected sound of his voice, with a slight nervous tremour, which showed the highly excited state of his feelings.

"Venerable Rungapa," said Kempé, "I come once more to you for aid and counsel; for on many a trying occasion I have felt and acknowledged the resources of your powerful mind."

"The Maha Rajah," replied the Bhaut, with humility, "is too indulgent to the humble merits of his slave; but his services, such as they are, have been always freely and honestly rendered."

"Of that I entertain no doubt," said Kempé, "and the highest proof of confidence in your ability that I can give, is in thus coming to you, as my last and only hope, in the difficulty which now besets me."

"Let my lord declare the purport of his visit," replied the sage, "and look with confidence at least for honest counsel."

"Then thus the matter stands," cried Kempé, with an effort to suppress his feelings, "the Begum of Mysore continues to reject my suit, with undisguised and unbounded scorn; and I, like a base and beaten hound, continue still to grovel at her feet."

"Great Chief," replied the Bhaut, "it ill becomes the fame you have acquired to sue for love thus to one you hold in bondage ——."

"You are right," exclaimed the Chief with vivacity, "and you therefore counsel me to enforce that love which is not willingly bestowed."

"Nay," replied the Bhaut, "I gave you no such counsel, and never shall; for it is in direct opposition to the positive commands of Menu, the son of Brahma and Saraswati. 'Where females are honoured,' says the divine legislator, 'there the deities are pleased; but where dishonoured there all religious rites become useless.'"

"Then what, in the name of Doorga," said the disappointed chief, "is the nature of the advice you meant to give?"

"The same," said the Bhaut mildly, "as I have frequently given before: restore the hapless maiden to her afflicted parents."

"Never!" cried the Bheel, with a start of passion, that resembled the ungovernable fury of a maniac.

"Think not, great Chief," resumed the Bhaut, "that I mean you should do so without an adequate recompense."

"What can remunerate me," cried Kempé, "for the loss of her I adore beyond all the possessions of this solid globe?"

"The ardour of youth," said Rungapa, "is blind and headstrong, and cannot see distinctly its proper good."

"And the prudence of age," retorted the Chief, "is cold and heartless, and denies itself all human enjoyment through excess of caution."

"Listen once more," said the priest, "to the words of one who has grown old in the service of the deities."

"Therefore am I come hither," replied the Chief, "speak freely, venerable Rungapa."

"You have now," said the Bhaut, "no further apprehension on the score of your horoscope."

"None whatever," exclaimed the Bheel with joyful accents, "that stumbling block to my fame and happiness, the accursed Kistna, is removed for ever."

"Therefore," continued the Bhaut, "restore the Begum to her parents, and trust to the merit of that generous act for a sweet reward at her own lovely hands: you may yet, with her own consent, supply the place of Kistna."

"'Tis a sweet and a flattering hope," replied the Chief, musing for a moment, "but what if she still reject my suit! No, no, I will not incur the risk: nothing but death shall ever part us."

"If you doubt her generosity," said the Bhaut, "then stipulate with the Rajah, before you deliver her up, for a full restoration of all your former possessions; and such other conditions as may put you on an equality with the proudest prince of the land, in wealth, power and dignity."

"And lose the Phenix," cried Kempé, "that can alone give them value in my eyes! O venerable Rungapa! if you could for an instant conceive the unconquerable love, the perfect adoration with which the Fawn-eyed maid has inspired my soul, you never would have made so idle a proposition."

"Alas! alas!" cried the Bhaut, "how utterly lost on the wayward imagination of youth are the lessons that have been bitterly taught by time and experience."

"This, in short," said the Chief, "is not what I look for at your hands; for your arguments have all occurred to myself, and have been turned over in every possible manner in my own mind."

"Then how otherwise can I serve your highness?" demanded the Bhaut. "Tax my zeal to the utmost, on this point, and still there will be some remaining for future emergencies."

"The resolution of the Begum to light her funeral pile," said Kempé, "appears to be fixed and stubborn."

"It is immoveable," replied the Bhaut, "as the holy Mount Meru. Prayers, entreaties and arguments have all been used in vain to shake it."

"But, worthy Rungapa," said Kempé, in a conciliating tone, "is there not something yet within your power to turn aside the dreadful resolution of the princess?"

"I know not what your highness can allude to," said the Bhaut, "my humble efforts have been all unavailing."

"My excellent friend and Counsellor," exclaimed the Chief, "nature and art have both conspired to make you a perfect master of the hidden qualities of the herbs and simples which abound in our native forest."

"It is true," said the Bhaut, "my acquaintance with their medicinal virtues is extensive, and has been useful in our tribe."

"And can you not, my worthy Rungapa," said Kempé with a cajoling voice, "from your great knowledge in those occult sciences, devise some means of soothing the angry spirit of the Begum, and rendering her propitious to my vows?"

"I do not clearly understand the nature of your highness's demand," replied the Bhaut.

"Can you not," said the Chief with some impatience, "distill, from the mingled juices of some love-exciting herbs and flowers, a philtre or love potion; which, being administered to the Begum, may work a favourable change in her sentiments towards me?"

"Alas!" replied the Bhaut, "on such a subject my ignorance is profound; for my art has ever been exercised in healing the evils caused by Kartikeia; and small account have I made of those imaginary ones that spring from the worship of Cama."

"Then my visit has been worse than fruitless," said the Chief, with an air of mortified pride which he could not conceal, "and for once I have invoked the aid of Rungapa in vain."

"But," said the Bhaut, after musing for a while, "there is yet a chance that I may be instrumental in the accomplishment of your highness's wishes."

"My excellent friend," cried the Chief with eagerness, "thanks for the hope with which you have inspired my breast."

"Mahadeo," said the Bhaut, in a solemn and reverential tone, "and his goddess consort, Parvati, with a view to do good to mankind, quitted their divine abode on Cailasa; and, proceeding towards the north, alighted on the summit of the Nishada mountains, where they

found the Devatas ready to receive them, with a numerous retinue of celestial nymphs and heavenly choristers. There Mahadeo was so struck with the beauty of some of the Apsaras, and his looks were so expressive of his internal raptures, that Parvati, unable to conceal her indignation, uttered the most virulent reproaches against him."

"The learned Bhaut," said Kempé, "has doubtless some object in relating this portion of sacred history; but at present, I confess, I cannot see his drift."

"Conscious of the impropriety of his behaviour," continued the Bhaut, "Mahadeo used every endeavour to pacify the indignant Parvati: he humbled himself; he praised her, and addressed her by the flattering appellation of Maha Bhaga,* but to no purpose. She fled into Cusha-dwipa, on the mountains of Vahni-vyapta, and seating herself in the hollow trunk of a Sami tree,† performed Tapasya therein for the space of nine years, when fire springing from her pervaded, with rapid violence, the whole range of mountains; insomuch that men and animals were terrified and fled with the utmost precipitation. At length, however, the goddess, unwilling that her devotion should prove a cause of distress to the animal creation, recalled the sacred flame, and confined it in the Sami tree."

"For my life and soul," cried the Chief, somewhat impatient, "I cannot see what connexion the legend has with my unhappy case."

"I am about to explain it to you," said the Bhaut, with a lofty look which became the priest of Mahadeo. "When Parvati confined the sacred flame, produced by her Tapasya in the Sami tree, she made the hollow of it her place of abode and dalliance; and hence she is called Sami-Rama or she who dallies in the Sami-tree. Thenceforward this sacred tree gives an increase of virtue, and bestows wealth and corn; and whoever performs Pooja‡ to it, will not only be victorious over his enemies, but, Mahadeo himself has declared, will undoubtedly obtain the object of his fondest wishes." §

"Now indeed," said the Chief, "I see the drift of your discourse, and I pray you to pardon me, venerable Rungapa, if, in my impatience I presumed to doubt its relevance and consistency."

"Limited knowledge," said the Bhaut, proudly, "is like the mole that burrows in the dark, and sees not the light that beams outside his earthy cell."

"Your reproof is just though severe," replied the Chief, "for I confess to my shame that I have been a truant to fair science. But I am, as you know, a true believer in the sacred mysteries of our holy religion; and I pray you to assist me forthwith in my adoration of the Sami-tree, that I may obtain from the propitious goddess the consummation of my soul's most ardent wishes."

In compliance with the request of his prince, the venerable Rungapa got ready the requisite materials for the sacrifice; and, recommending Kempé to prepare himself, by silent prayer, for approaching the dallying place of the goddess, he directed his footsteps into a secluded part of the forest, followed by the gallant Bheel; who, though his physical courage was equal to that of any man in existence, and his acuteness

* Great and prosperous goddess. † The Fir.
‡ Adoration. § Wilford, Dissertation on Semiramis.

in worldly affairs not to be surpassed, was, in all matters connected with the worship of the deities, superstitious to a degree that bordered on childishness and fatuity.

Through winding glades and over mossy hillocks they proceeded for some time, beneath the umbrageous canopy of the lofty trees; the Bhaut chaunting a hymn to Doorga, and the Chief, with his eyes bent devoutly towards the earth, fervently repeating such prayers as the exigence of the case suggested. At length they heard the sound of dashing waters; and, in a few minutes more, on turning round a bold and lofty rock that was crowned with a majestic Peepul, they found themselves in a wild secluded dell, overhung with gigantic masses of granite; from whose rugged sides and fissures innumerable shrubs and wild-flowers sprang in rank luxuriance. At the extremity of the dell a stream of water gushed from an opening in the mass of granite which rose like a wall high over the surrounding foliage, and struggled over its rocky bed, between two mossy banks of brilliant velvet-like verdure. Near the source of the torrent stood a few detached masses of earth and rock, which had been apparently torn from the mountain by some convulsion of nature; and from the summit of one sprang a lofty fir-tree, shattered to the centre with lightning, and stretching its blighted arms across the stream.

This was the dallying place of the fearful Doorga; and a more suitable temple could not be chosen by the high priest of the sanguinary goddess, to impress her worshippers with an adequate notion of her stern unbending character. With due solemnity the Bhaut now prepared to offer up the sacrifice prescribed on occasions of great and paramount importance: having sprinkled the clothes of the chief very copiously with the sacred stream, which washed the roots of the Sami-tree, he placed on his head a Palmyra leaf, containing a written statement of the case which then immediately called for the interposition of the deity. He next placed in the hands of the Chief seven leaves of the Peepul tree, seven blades of Darbha grass, and seven buds of Jessamine, or Camapoolel. Then drawing from under his vest a small cubic piece of wood, with a hole in the upper part, he placed it on a mossy rock, wet with the spray of the torrent, and which served as an altar. This was the Arani, or, as it is figuratively called, the daughter of the Sami-tree, and the mother of fire: the Bhaut having placed a piece of the same wood upright in the cavity, put it in rapid motion by a string fixed to a bow; and the friction soon produced a flame, on which, by his directions, the devout Maha Raja threw the objects he held in his hand, in full confidence of the efficacy of his sacrifice.

The offerings of the Chief having been consumed, and all the formalities laid down in the Rubric punctually observed, the Bhaut chanted a hymn to Doorga, and the Chief offered up his prayer to the goddess: in this he fervently invoked her assistance in the prosecution of his addresses to the Begum of Mysore; whose cruel threat of burning herself he also devoutly implored the goddess to avert, as well as to restore her distracted mind to its former happy state of serenity and joy.

Scarcely had the Chieftain concluded his prayer when a strain of bewitching melody was heard, issuing, as it were, from the very centre

of the Sami tree, and calling forth the numerous echoes of the dell, in a manner altogether surprising and supernatural. Struck with awe and astonishment at this unexpected indication of divine favour, the Chieftain and the Bhaut stood motionless as statues; for the latter was, if possible, the more astonished of the two, at an occurrence at once so strange and unexampled. But if the surprise of Kempé was great on hearing the music, the excellence of which, and the peculiar nature of the occasion which called it forth, stamped it at once with a celestial character; his wonder was very much increased when he beheld, advancing towards him, a tall majestic figure, with flowing robes and a long white beard, which gave him the appearance of a venerable hermit, if not actually the incarnate divinity of the place.

Approaching the devotees with slow and stately step, the Yogie, for he it was, holding in his hand a lute of foreign appearance and elaborate workmanship, addressed the bewildered Bheel as follows, in solemn and harmonious tones, which did not fail to make a most favourable impression on his highly excited imagination:

"Gallant sovereign of this mighty Droog, the goddess has surely been propitious to your vows, in directing my footsteps hither, at a moment when I can render you the aid you so feelingly implore."

"Venerable stranger," exclaimed the Chief in a tremulous voice, "your words create new hope in my distracted breast: but pardon the familiarity of my address, for as yet I know not whether you are an incarnate deity or a mortal saint."

"A mortal assuredly," said the Yogie, "though I fear my penances have not yet earned for me the title of saint. To the excellent Rungapa, however, I refer your highness for further information, touching my mission, and present visit to your renowned fortress."

With still increasing surprise Kempé now turned to the Bhaut, who immediately gave him a brief outline of the pilgrimages performed by his new friend, whom he declared to be one of the most celebrated Yogies that had appeared since the commencement of the Cali Yug. He recommended the Chief to listen, by all means, to the counsels of one who had manifestly been sent by the goddess Doorga to minister to his relief; and whose perpetual communion with the deity was a sufficient guarantee of his ability to work even greater miracles than that required on the present occasion.

With a degree of courteous humility, which did not often mark his intercourse with strangers, Kempé again addressed the Yogie; and having thanked him for his generous offer of assistance, begged to know the nature of the remedy he proposed to apply on the present occasion.

"I hold it in my hand," replied the Yogie, displaying with a graceful and majestic air the beautiful instrument on which he played so divinely. "By sacrifice and prayer I won this magic lute from the pure fountain of Chindara,* where viewless minstrels hymn perpetually the praises of the mighty gods."

"I have both read and heard descriptions of that wondrous fount," cried the Bhaut, "and have often longed to listen to its celestial melody."

* Chindara, a fabulous fountain, where instruments are said to be constantly playing.—RICHARDSON.

"The talismanic sound of this divine instrument," resumed the Yogie, running a prelude on its silver strings that penetrated the souls of his auditory, "can heal the deepest mental anguish, and banish from the tortured breast the pressure of all present and the memory of all former woes; lulling those angry passions all to rest which plague us hapless mortals here below. Then let me try its mystic power upon the afflicted dame; and if I fail to restore the tranquillity of her bosom my woes and wanderings have been all in vain."

With eager curiosity Kempé and the Bhaut viewed the instrument which possessed such vaunted powers, and confessed they had never seen any thing before so beautiful in its form, so elaborate in its construction, and so richly decorated. Its appearance, in short, seemed to indicate to them its celestial fabrication; and the melody of its tones, when touched by the master hand of the Yogie, more than realized their liveliest notions of the harmony of heaven.

"Pardon my questions, holy pilgrim," said the Bhaut, "but the love of knowledge is ardent in my breast; and fain would I learn somewhat, from your superior skill, touching the different modes of music that now prevail in that celestial art, of which I am, myself, an enthusiastic but humble professor."

"In the days of Crishna," replied the Yogie, "there were sixteen thousand modes of music; each of the Gopis at Mathura, choosing to sing in one of them, in order to captivate the heart of their pastoral god."

"Since then," said the Bhaut, "I believe the number has been very much reduced."

"Your observations, venerable Rungapa," said the Yogie, "are always correct and judicious. The modes of music, properly called Ragas, or Passions, are now reduced to eighty-four. Of these the six principal ones are personified as beautiful youths, the genii of music, and presiding over the six seasons; each being attended by five Ragini, their faithful spouses, and eight little genii, their sons, whose lovely voices aid and vary the melodies of their sires and husbands, completing thus the diatonic scale."

"In what order, I pray you," demanded the curious Bhaut, "do the Ragas rule the changing seasons of the year?"

"Bhairava," replied the Yogie, "is lord of the Sarad, the cheerful, dry, or autumnal season, and his strains invite the dancer to accompany them. Malava rules the Hemanta, or cold and melancholy months, and complains of slighted love, or bewails the pains of absence. Sriraga patronizes the Sisira, or dewy season, which is the time of delight that ushers in the spring; and over the fragrant, flowery spring, presides the Raga Vasanti. When the oppressive heat comes on, the soft and languid melody of Dipaca sympathises with the fevered feelings of the season, Grishma; while the refreshing period of the new rains, or Versha, bestows a double pleasure when accompanied by the sweet strains of Megha."

"Enough, enough!" exclaimed the impatient Kempé, who saw the Bhaut preparing to put other questions to his accommodating friend, "enough, good Rungapa; be satisfied with the knowledge you have

gained, and do not overlook the important matter in which we require the aid of this holy man. I die with impatience to witness the effects of his melody on the distracted mind of the Begum, to whose presence I will instantly introduce him; and if he succeeds in restoring tranquillity to her breast, and hope to mine, he shall name his own reward, even if the towers of Maugree formed part of his demand."

"My reward," exclaimed the Yogie with dignity, and elevating his hands on high in pious fervour, "is not in the power of mortal to bestow. To heaven alone I look for the accomplishment of my wishes."

---

## THE JEWISH CAPTIVES IN BABYLON.*

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

How can we sing the songs we sung
  In Zion's palmy bowers?
Our golden harps, so proudly strung
  In Salem's princely towers,
Hang mutely on the willows now,
  Where Judah's daughters keep
The sabbath of their woe, and bow
  Their wreathless brows, to weep.

Our scatter'd tribes, o'er many lands,
  Are still but *one* great fold;
More dear to us Judean sands,
  Than flowery realms of gold:
Our spirits pine for spicy gales,
  From Solyma the blest;
Our lips repeat the mystic tales
  Of Prophets long at rest.

A lonely and a stricken race,
  With all the world our foe,
Jehovah's love in frowns we trace,—
  Still o'er us hangs His bow:
We know that His Almighty hand
  Our Salem will restore,
And Judah's sons possess the land
  Their fathers held of yore.

* To a beautiful air by a Nobleman.

# NETJA.

## A STORY OF THE BELGIAN PROVINCES.

BY MRS. GORE.

THE present aspect of the cities of Belgium supplies almost as interesting an annotation to our historical records of the Middle Ages, as the ruins of the Coliseum and Capitol afford to the more majestic annals of the Roman Empire; and so subsidiary has been for centuries past the existence of the Netherlands, that but for the quaint splendour of Bruges, Ghent, and other obsolete capitals of the Low Countries, we should find it hard to credit that the flower of European chivalry once concentred itself among those gloomy flats of Western Flanders, which, to an unaccustomed eye, appear at best a well-cultivated swamp. That the order of the Golden Fleece, still so memorably honoured by the aristocracies of Europe, should have originated in a district thus unambitious and obscure, would appear incredible, but for the gorgeous tombs bequeathed by the House of Burgundy, its creators, to the cathedral of Bruges; and the curious archives enriching the kingdom which has arisen upon the ruins of the extinguished duchy.

Of the remarkable cities of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, still flourishing in the north of Europe, this same capital of Western Flanders is the most curious. Like the House of Bourbon under the schooling of the Revolution, "*elle n'a rien appris, ni rien oublié.*" Rouen, its only rival as regards the importance of her gothic monuments and historical associations, derives from her commercial resources a degree of prosperity and activity, tending to modernize the antique quaintness of the old Roman capital; while Bruges appears to exist in a stagnant atmosphere of humid dulness, endowed with conservative properties of a peculiar kind. The usual wear and tear of life have no influence in a spot so paralysed by inertion. The lazy canals stagnate in their channels;—the unfrequented streets are voiceless as those of Herculaneum or any other city of the dead. The very air appears less buoyant than elsewhere; and a moral mildew pervades the whole character of the place.

Extending over a considerable tract of ground, intersected by canals,—(from the numberless bridges over which is derived its name of Brugge, or Bruges,)—the corn-mills supplying the population are perched upon the small embankment surrounding the town under the dignified name of ramparts, as if to catch the breezes from the coast, the only winds of heaven that visit that tranquil spot too roughly. Yet even the sails of the windmills appear to turn more leisurely at Bruges than in any other region deriving its daily bread from similar means and appliances; and after four-and-twenty hours spent in perambulating the dreary maze of the tortuous streets, enlivened only by a few gloomy-looking Flemish women, wandering silent and sad under the

hoods of their cloaks of black merinos, the stranger expects to find his hair grown grayer as by the lapse of a year or two.

Nevertheless, it is difficult to find a city more replete with interest for the eye of the historian. Nay, the monuments of Bruges are in many instances as beautiful as they are curious; and the carved chimney-piece of the old palace, now a public tribunal, is one of the finest and most celebrated specimens extant of the art which England did not learn to prize till centuries after the execution of this masterpiece,—from the hand of Gibbons and his pupils.

The venerable mansion in the grand square, exhibited to the admiration of travellers as the residence of Charles II. in his boyhood, and the still more curious old house adjoining, the habitation for centuries past from sire to son of a "DIAMANT-ZETTER," or jeweller, who takes pride in preserving the old structure in its original condition, would satisfy the curiosity of the antiquary in any other town than that containing the famous Prinzenhof; in a portion of which still standing, unchanged and entire, were celebrated the nuptials of Charles of Burgundy with Margaret of York, the sister of Edward IV. Nay, it is recorded, on sufficient authority, that in this singular specimen of the domestic architecture of the middle ages, Edward III. was entertained and lodged, when invited into the Low Countries by the faction of Jaques van Artevelde.

In visiting almost any other city of equal antiquity, involuntary incredulity takes possession of the mind. We examine the monuments of past ages with a sort of grudging faith. But the quaintness of Bruges carries conviction on the very surface. No need to grope into foundations or verify archives, in order to attain perfect faith in the authenticity of its dates. We have not to *revert* to former centuries; they seem to be about us at every turn; nor would it much startle us to behold the grand square filled with pursuivants and pages, with lists set out for one of those princely jousts by which the earlier dukes of Burgundy used to assemble at their court the chivalry of Brabant and Hainault, with princely visitors from all the countries in the world. While leaning over the balcony of the old belfry, we can almost fancy the terrified suite of Mary of Burgundy spurring back towards the palace, from the disastrous hawking party, in the course of which a fall from her palfrey produced the death of one of the fairest princesses and richest heiresses in Europe,—at an age and occupying a position nearly parallel with those of the present sovereign of our own country; nor is it difficult to imagine the young prince, her grandson, (afterwards renowned in history under the name of Charles V.) enjoying in his good city of Bruges those homely pleasures and pastimes, which for a time so absorbed his youthful ambition as most injuriously to delay his departure from the Netherlands for his fairer kingdom of the south.

Some portion of the indelibility of these characteristics is doubtless attributable to the ultra-catholic spirit bequeathed to the Belgian provinces by the domination of Spain and Austria. Priestcraft is still in the ascendant; benumbing the faculties and stagnating the industry of the inhabitants. But the dulness and desertion of the city, apparently abandoned by its population, is of course the consequence of

subsiding from the capital of a wealthy duchy into a mere provincial town; the want of local attraction, and the pernicious influence of the miasma of the neighbouring marshes, having begun to be felt by the Flemings themselves the moment the city ceased to be a seat of government, comprehending the various pleasures and profits of a court. After the first gratification of his curiosity, the stranger who visits Bruges is pretty sure to inquire, what can have become of the hundred thousand souls wanting to give life and animation to a mere city of the dead?

It is not that London itself is devoid of monuments and associations of equal antiquity. But after viewing the ancient effigies of our early sovereigns in Westminster Abbey, we turn from the grave of a Plantagenet to that of Canning, Pitt, or Fox;—and even from the turrets of Lambeth Palace look out upon the modern manufactories, penitentiaries, and bridges, evincing our progress in national prosperity and social civilization. But from the ancient, damp, and desolate church, created at Bruges a thousand years ago by the Count Adorni, (after two pilgrimages to the Holy Land to secure its facsimilitude to the chapel of the sepulchre of Christ,) we emerge into a street where the monk still trails his sandal, and the Beguine steals along under her hood; till we almost expect to meet old Froissart himself,—(a native of these provinces,)—ambling upon his canonical mule towards the gates of the Prinzenhof! Even the occupation of the French, which in almost every other city has left traces of the imperial eagle, and on Brussels itself has conferred a thousand civic benefits of an ineffaceable nature, did nothing to destroy the characteristics of the metropolis of a sovereign who, in the fifteenth century, while England was comparatively a pauper, bequeathed to his successors a personalty valued at three millions of golden crowns!

From such high-sounding words, what a falling off to the obscure insignificance of a provincial town, which even the transit of a railroad has failed to arouse from its leaden slumber! What a change comes over the spirit of our dream while contemplating the peaked roof of the old house on the quay of the Brugschen Canal, inhabited by Gabriel Zoon,—the rich brewer of Bruges;—whose brewery and compting houses occupy the adjoining premises of the old convent of the Ursulines,—the curious gardens of which, surrounded by a lofty wall, connect the house of business with the private residence of the proprietor, a man in his climacteric, or "by'r lady inclining to threescore," taciturn and undemonstrative, like the generality of Flemings, who loved but two things in this sublunary world,—his money and his flowers,—money being the business, and flowers the pleasure of his days.

Yet Gabriel Zoon was happy in an only son,—a fine young man, one of the finest in Bruges,—whom all beside himself delighted to honour,—the apprentices in the brewery no less than his grander fellow-citizens of the town council. But this popularity might be the very cause of the old brewer's harsh and graceless deportment towards him. Old Gabriel might not be altogether pleased to behold the golden opinions of the place so lavished on his son, while *he* remained at hand to claim the share more grudgingly accorded. Or, like other

tyrants, he was perhaps jealous of the heir to whom all his ducats and hyacinths, his florins and tulips, his crowns and auriculas, must devolve, when he was consigned to his family grave in the church of St. John Nepomucenus. Such, at least, was the view of his churlishness taken by his friends when, instead of keeping Emmanuel in his sight, as the only living thing akin to him, or likely to warm the lazy current of his blood, he caused him to be educated in a strict college at Louvain; and, now that he had attained his twenty-second year, and was one of the finest young men in Bruges, to despatch him to Brussels for the completion of his law-studies, with a view to his exercise of that learned profession, instead of the more homely but scarcely less thriving trade of his forefathers. For the Zoons had been busy at the mash-tub for a period of nearly two centuries, in a country where beer is the universal potation;—weak for the poor, to whom the brackish springs of the country convey ague, to the utter discredit of teetotalism; and strong, for such of the rich as do not prefer strong waters to even Faro and Lembük. The hideous bas-relief over their archway of entrance, the masterpiece of some Brugschen carver or sculptor of the seventeenth century, representing a group of wooden-limbed individuals engaged in the various processes of brewing, had witnessed the egress of as many hogsheads of malt liquor from the vats of the Zoons, as would have floated the whole country between the city endykement and the frontier.

Frequent discussions consequently arose between the domino-players and beer-drinkers of the well-frequented cafés of the place, whether it were not a proof of ingratitude on the part of old Gabriel to vary the career of his posterity from the line in which his noble fortune had been amassed; or of becoming pride, in striving to make a scholar and a gentleman, and probably at some future time a man having authority, of his only son, instead of limiting his ambitions to the superintendence of a brewhouse and its plebeian registers. With the usual stolidity of their phlegmatic race, these worthies usually left upon the field a drawn battle; protesting, with cautious discernment, that "time would show;" that if Emmanuel Zoon came to be a great lawyer, and in process of time a king's proctor or judge of assize in the public tribunal of the city,—they would admit that his father had done wisely in his generation; but that if, on the contrary, he came to be only one of the thousand Flemish advocates without cause or client, it would be clear as the glass of faro on the table beside them, that he had better have stuck to the tub. "No brewer beyond his malt!" was the verdict of Gabriel Zoon's venerable neighbour, Peter Persyn,—in whose family hosiery was as much an inheritance as hops in that of the Zoons. "And I feel strongly suspicious that my friend Gabriel will live to repent having left this lad of his to the mere idleness of study."

For amid the industrious and operative population of Bruges, study passed for leisure. With them, a book was a pastime for holidays, and learning too resultless a luxury for the work-a-day world;—and not one of them but regarded the curer of stockfish or currier of hides as a wiser and better man, than the idle fellow of a librarian in charge of the curious old library wherewith the houses of Burgundy and Austria endowed the city, which they could not also endow with a taste for

its contents. As in the case of Hungary, a country equally devoid of literature with Belgium, or rather a country which, like Belgium, has a language for the poor and a language for the rich,—a popular dialect and an aristocratic,—the race who speak the tongue which no one condescends to write, have little or nothing provided for them to read, which is worth the sacrifice of their lucrative occupations or domestic pleasures. Among such men as Peter Persyn and his illiterate companions, accordingly, the scholarship of Emmanuel Zoon was accounted an offence, till it was able to produce so much per cent. upon the cost expended on his education.

It was perhaps the arguments of these matter-of-fact neighbours, or it might be the influence of the humid exhalations produced by the old stagnant canal bordering his ancestral premises, which subdued the ambitions of Emmanuel to such remarkable tameness, that, instead of embracing with eagerness the profession proposed to him by his father, with all its administrative benefits and contingencies, and the chamber of representatives extending its well-cushioned benches in the distance, he repined after the homely calling of his progenitors! It was evident that he felt himself born to be a brewer; that he believed Providence to have adapted the organization of all the Zoons for that unpretending exercise of ingenuity; for as the time approached for him to exchange the daily routine of his domestic life for the lawyer's study at Brussels, which was to be the drawback upon the pleasures and freedom of his metropolitan existence, he became so sadly out of spirits, that one might have fancied the *genius loci* was exercising the same baneful influence upon his web-footed Flemish nature, as upon the unacclimatized stranger, who is pretty sure to pay, by a fit of ague a-year, his tribute to the genius of the soil.

"If you make your first appearance in the office of Master Vermaeghe, with those sallow cheeks and lack-lustre eyes,"—observed his father, one day towards the close of the summer, when Emmanuel was good-naturedly sauntering by his side in the Ursuline garden, trusting to gratify his father's pride by admiration of his carnations and double Indian pinks,—"I expect he will write me back that I had better have despatched you to the Hospital of St. John, for cure, than to your duties in his office. However, you have time before Michaelmas, when your articles begin, to pluck up strength; and I strongly recommend you, Emmanuel my boy, instead of shutting yourself up morning, noon, and night, in your chamber yonder, the aspect of which is good only to ripen the grapes of the old vine trained round your window, to shake yourself out of your quilt at daybreak, and take a stretch on the St. André road, so as to turn your nose seaward, refresh yourself with the morning breezes, and get an appetite for your noon-morsel. The cup of coffee that serves you at present from dawn till dinner, will never put the strength into you necessary for the chine of a man who must sit over his desk for the next five years, ten hours of the twenty-four."

At the close of this exhortation, far kindlier than the paternal admonitions usually addressed to him by the old brewer, Emmanuel Zoon found it impossible to evade the searching glances suddenly diverted by the old gentleman from his carnation-bed to the face of

his son. The consequence was, that the blushes of the future lawyer deepened into a most unprofessional depth of blush; and any man whose ideas were not pre-absorbed by the price currents of the *Emprunt Belge*, or the cut and colour of the petals of a piccotee, must have surmised that the confusion of that honest face was produced by a consciousness more perplexing than the care of his health, or the dread of early rising.

"I vow to mercy that some officious person has disturbed the flower-pots staked over my prize carnations to keep them from the rain during their flowering!"—resumed the old man, pettishly knitting his brows.

"The crimson and straw-coloured one certainly appears to have lost its protection," carelessly replied his son.

"Crimson and straw-coloured! You talk of such things like some booby errand-boy!" retorted the old man. "Why can't you learn to say the 'Duchess of Brabant,' like a man? I am sure you dawdle away hours enough in this garden, to have learned something of flowers by this time;—yet 'tis my sworn belief you don't know an anemone from a ranunculus!"

"Wiser men than myself have been puzzled by such distinctions," replied Emmanuel, trusting that his blush was subsiding, and that his father's ill-humour might subside.

"If the wall-fruit were ripe, or even ripening," fractiously resumed the old brewer, "I should fancy you spent your time here in trying to determine whether my predecessors of the Ursuline sisterhood were really as shrewd judges of fruit, as their renown in the country avoucheth. But since there is not an apricot on the tree softer than a shingle-stone, I am forced to conclude that you find diversion in counting the hours on yonder old dial;—a somewhat more trustworthy teller of time than the bauble, thin as a *wafer felt*, which you brought back with you from your last visit to Brussels."

"The watch was a gift from my good aunt Helena," replied the young man, taking up the quarrel for his watch solely in the hope of diverting his father's attention from an embarrassment of manner which every succeeding observation of the old brewer tended to increase. "It were ungrateful on my part to criticise the present of so kind a friend."

"More than friend, if matters go as I could wish them," replied his father, placing his hands deliberately under the flaps of his snuff-coloured coat,—a sure signal of his intention to commence his evening promenade up and down the central walk of the garden,—pausing only on an irresistible influence to flirt *en passant* with a hollyhock, or make eyes at a palma christi. "You must of course have concluded, Emmanuel, on receiving so costly a gift from your aunt, that she purposed more by it than a mere matter of kinswomanly remembrance? You must have long perceived, both by her conduct towards you and my own, our intention to unite you with your cousin Camella, as soon as the girl is of suitable age, and yourself established in your profession?"

Had the old brewer deliberately devised a method of reducing the suffusion of his son's cheeks to ashy paleness, he could not have been

more completely successful. The face of poor Emmanuel was blanched to the whiteness of Blanche Fleur, a certain spotless silver carnation, the pride of the parterre of Gabriel Zoon.

"You must have seen that the watch, bearing on its case my sister's initials united with your own, was a troth-pledge from your aunt to her future son-in-law?" persisted the old man.

"Believe me, sir, I saw and surmised nothing of the kind!" stammered Emmanuel, imperfectly recovering his powers of articulation.

"And a lucky young fellow you may think yourself," resumed his father, not choosing to hear, "to be assured, in addition to an inheritance of which I don't care to foresee your enjoyment these twenty years to come,—(my father, old Nicolas Zoon, praise be to the Lord! lived into his eighty-seventh year!)—to be assured, I say, of a dowry of four hundred thousand florins on the nail, and as many more when it pleases God to call my excellent sister to himself."

"Certainly, sir,—most certainly,—if I entertained interested views in the matter," faltered his son. "But I have as little desire to finger the dowry of my cousin Camella, as to attain the heritage which you pain me by alluding to. I am content to be the object of your bounty, be it more or less."

"No great compliment, Master Emmanuel, unless you are equally content to be the object of my authority," retorted the brewer. "I have bestowed on you an education for which many a Flemish noble would be thankful; and I expect you to show your gratitude by submission to the projects I have traced out for you ever since you were the height of my walking-cane."

Emmanuel Zoon had not courage to inquire of his father, (who was now stopping short in the middle of the gravel walk, not to admire a new species of lupine on which his eyes seemed fixed, but to collect his ideas and power of utterance for a copious explanation with his son,)—whether the education thus bestowed, and the plans thus conceived, purported to secure his happiness in life; or whether they were a mere evidence of the despotic power exercised by the least tender of parents over the most unresisting of sons. He longed, however, eagerly longed, to say—"If you mean me to be happy, father, dismiss the idea of this ill-assorted marriage from your mind."

"My sister, Helena Williams, is at the head of the first lace manufactory in Brussels," resumed Gabriel Zoon—"two hundred pillows at work, winter and summer! As far as Paris and London, the retail trade recognizes the excellence of her work, and will give better price by twenty-five per cent. for the veils and ellings of the widow Williams than for those of any other factory in Belgium. All she has to desire, in addition to this commercial prosperity, is to secure a shrewd and honest man of business for the management of the mines in the duchy of Luxembourg, in which she has invested the property realized by herself and her late husband: and where, pray you, is she likely to find one more to her satisfaction, than in the future partner of her only child?"

"Am I to understand then, sir," demanded Emmanuel, his dignity considerably touched by the surmise, "that the professional career to

which I fancied myself destined, is to be comprehended in an intendantship to my aunt Helena's estates?"

"To the estates that will one day be your own—unless, indeed, (under my friend Vermaeghe's schooling,) you should exhibit signs of sagacity as a lawyer, such as your proficiency in floriculture, or any other science worthy to occupy the intellects of mankind, gives me little cause to anticipate;—in which case, it might be worth your while, or rather worth *my* while, to establish you as an advocate at Brussels or Ghent."

"And why not at Bruges at once, sir, since you seem so positively bent against allowing me to pursue the trade you have found so conducive to your own prosperity in life?"

"I might content myself with answering, *because* such is my pleasure!" replied the old brewer crabbedly—having resumed his usual shuffling walk—"but since I must needs tell over my motives to you, one by one, as I might count the stamens of a seedling anemone, know that it is because I tender the happiness of my niece Camella sufficiently to think it all the better secured at twenty leagues' distance from this same garden of the Ursulines, which constitutes the pride and pleasure of her uncle! And now, sir," continued he, evidently by way of securing himself against a rejoinder, "having to make my Saturday evening payments to the men as they go from work, which I can manage without your assistance, I recommend you to betake yourself to your evening meditations, yonder in the old hornbeam arbour, in such sort as shall dispose you to receive with gratitude the maternal attentions of your aunt Helena on your arrival at Brussels."

"But I should deceive her, sir, I should deceive *you*, I should deceive *myself*, were I to pretend acquiescence in any such project of relationship!" said Emmanuel, pertinaciously following his father towards the iron door which connected the convent gardens with the cooper's yard of the brewery. "This marriage is impossible! My cousin Camella is a child, a mere child!"

"All women are children, I conclude, before they come to be women—just as a tulip is a bulb before it comes to be a flower," cried the angry brewer. "I don't ask you to marry Camella Williams in her slavering bib and hanging sleeves. But eight or ten years hence is the soonest I should care to establish you in life; and *then* your patience will not be tried above a year or two by waiting for the heiress of eight hundred thousand florins. Camella is now at least six or seven years old!"

"I danced her on my knee, with her doll on hers, the last evening I spent with her mother in Brussels," retorted Emmanuel, shrugging his shoulders:—"and as to waiting a dozen years, sir, to commence the real purposes and enjoyment of life—"

"Were it my pleasure, sir," angrily interrupted his father, "you should be compelled to wait twenty-four—nay, to weary out your utmost space of existence, devoid of the means of subsistence, which I have a right to give or demise away from you to any person or persons who may administer to my happiness and comfort more than an ungrateful son!"

"In that case," faltered Emmanuel, (not so irresolutely, however,

as to be unheard by his father)—"in that case, I hope I have courage to entrust the maintenance of me and mine to the efforts of my own industry."

"*Your* industry!—YOURS!—who have not vigour of arm sufficient to turn the mould of a flower-bed!" cried old Zoon, with increasing wrath, and still receding from his son.

"There exists an industry of the head, sir, as well as the hand!" modestly retorted Emmanuel; "and sooner than dwindle out my youth in expectation of becoming at last the husband of a spoiled child, of whose property I had drudged as the steward, I would apprentice myself even now—having attained to manhood and years of discretion—to any honest trade or calling in which my own exertions might secure my independence!"

This was the first time in his life that Emmanuel had even ventured to defend himself against the tyranny of his father. Motherless from infancy, there had been no soothing womanly voice to interfere between him and the harsh authority of the crabbed brewer;—no one to encourage—no one to console. But he had at length armed his courage—no matter how or whence—to remonstrate; and the consequence was a storm of rage on the part of the old brewer, which, being unutterable in words, he chose to concentrate into a furious bang of the iron door, which he had been holding open during the latter part of his conference with his son. His rage was manifestly too big for utterance; nor was Emmauuel fully aware of the hurricane he had conjured up, till the door had been slammed in his face, and he found himself alone in the garden.

His first impulse was to obey at least one injunction of his angry father, and stagger to the seat pointed out for the benefit of his solitary meditations. But once there, what conflicting emotions excited his heart soul and body into a turmoil nearly rivalling that in which old Gabriel Zoon was making his way among the casks up-piled in his yard, into the store warehouse where it was his custom of an afternoon—a SATURDAY afternoon—to accompany the payments of the foreman to the men with suitable reproof or praise;—a peculiarity which, strange to say, endeared him to his canvass-aproned Helots almost as much as the addresses of Napoleon to the soldiers of the *grand armée* endeared the *petit caporal* to his men. For old Zoon, though a severe father, was a master as mild as his own Faro;—perhaps because aware that the workmen he exhorted so humanely had neither right nor title to the inheritance of his money-bags, his Duchess of Brabant or Blanche Fleur!

"But by degrees the influence of the spot exercised itself benignly over the perturbed spirit of Emmanuel Zoon. Notwithstanding its vicinity to a languid canal, there was not a more fragrant spot on earth than the old Ursuline flower-garden—and this was its sweetest hour of the twenty-four. The evening air was bringing out the exquisite perfume of the huge entangled mass of honeysuckle blossoms surmounting the wall from an old twisted stem which had flourished for a century past in the adjoining brewer's yard, sending up its wandering tendrils and exuberant flowers in hardened audacity, as if to exult over the trimly, bass-imprisoned and stick-supported plants of

Gabriel Zoon's aristocratic pleasure-ground, on the other side. The laughing mass of bloom seemed to station itself on the top of the old wall, like a saucy schoolboy deriding the poor prisoners below. Even the cultivated flower-bed sent forth a thousand delicious evening odours. Spicy gillyflowers, savoury basil, pinks rivalling the *sachêts* of a fine lady's boudoir, verbena and heliotrope, outplanted from the greenhouse till they attained unusual sweetness and size, had fortunately their humble place among the scentless and faultless monotus purporting to obtain for the old amateur silver medals from the horticultural society of Mechelen, and all the other flower shows of Western Belgium; and at the close of that fervid summer day, all these united into a "strain of rich-distilled perfumes," deriving an additional charm from the sprinkling of water recently bestowed by the gardeners on the parched mould. As poor Emmanuel rested for a few minutes in his father's favourite arbour, it seemed impossible to enjoy an atmosphere more saturated with the incomparable perfumes of nature!

It was a still evening. Not a sound was audible in that secluded garden, unless when the carol of some happy workman, wending home along the unfrequented quay from his work, disturbed the soft tranquillity of the spot;—except, indeed, the murmur of the bees among the beds of lavender and mignionette, expressly retained by the old brewer after the example of his predecesors the nuns, to allure thither the only visitants whose murmur appeared in accordance with the dreariness of its fragrant seclusion.

But though, on most occasions, this monotonous quietude was most acceptable to young Zoon, against whom the accusation made by his father of perpetually lounging in that still retreat was only too well founded, on the present occasion the tranquillity around him seemed to increase his irritation.

"Is it to be ever thus?" cried he. "Am I to be perpetually harassed and thwarted every time I pretend to have a taste or opinion of my own? In manhood as in childhood, am I always to find myself grovelling at my father's feet, simply because I desire to exercise the faculties of a rational being? Certainly not! The ice is now broken; and let the chasm widen as it may, I will stand my ground! Marry little Camella! Drudge through a double apprenticeship in a profession I abhor, to qualify myself only to screw up within limits of the law the tenants of my stingy old aunt! And for what?—that, after all this waiting and wasting of patience, when I am growing gray, and deaf, and blind, I may take a silly school-girl to preside over my household home;—a thing over which I should exercise the unwelcome control of a father, but from whom I could never expect the impassioned tenderness or holy companionship of a wife! Never, never! In marriage *I* should require a perfect community of spirit—a blending of heart with heart—of life with life;—a progress hand-in-hand from the buoyancy of youth to the solemn gravity of age—a union of thought, spirit, responsibility! And to find this, twelve or fourteen years hence, in the society of a girl I have seen whipped by her mother for comfit stealing,—whom I have dandled an infant in my arms—and who, if she turn out but half so wilful a

woman as she is a peevish, wayward child, will secure the misery of her husband, were his temper that of Job, and her dowry that of a governante of the Netherlands!"

Such was the result of the first ten minutes of cogitation. So far from disposing himself for obedience, the more he reflected on his impending misfortunes, the more confirmed grew his spirit of insubordination, till at length he started from his seat in the quiet arbour, and attempted to subdue his irritation by pacing up and down the gravel-walk skirting the blank abutment of the brewery—on a line with the windows pronounced by his father to be of an aspect calculated only for the ripening of his Hamburgh grapes.

Ever and anon as he walked, Emmanuel kept raising his eyes in the direction of those windows, though perfectly aware that, from the depths of the garden, it was out of his power to command the smallest view of anything overlooked by the dwelling-house; and the least sagacious observer might have conjectured that his agitation was in some way or other connected with some object, animate or inanimate, visible from the windows of the little chamber which his father was fond of denominating his fiery furnace, and which, though the brewer's residence contained more than half a dozen spare bedrooms, the heir of the house chose to retain in his maturity as his city of refuge, as obstinately as it had been assigned to him in his childhood by his grudging father.

Because—(let us hope that the reader is anxious to learn WHY!)—BECAUSE from its pulley-less sash window he had first beheld NETJA!

Again, dear reader, be good enough to exercise your curiosity, and inquire "*who* is Netja?" for unless you interest yourself in her destinies, there is an end of my story. And most assuredly you *would* have become curious concerning the fair neighbour of Gabriel Zoon, had you beheld the wistful looks cast upward towards the wall separating her domicile from his own by poor Emmanuel, as he petulantly traversed the gravel-walk of the Ursuline garden; feeling that neither the horticultural treasures and prodigies it contained, nor the thriving brewery adjoining, nor the hereditary residence of the family, with all its accumulation of curious old furniture and precious pictures, were worthy to be placed in the scale against a single smile of that fairest and most melancholy of human countenances, the face of Netja Van Foere.

The first thing Emmanuel Zoon could recollect in this world of vicissitude, was looking out of that very window, and beholding that very Netja! It was in his early childhood, almost in his infancy, after being corrected by his old nurse for some trifling fault as severely as motherless children are apt to be, that, as he laid his little pouting lip and swelling heart against the window-sill, he caught sight of a grave-looking girl, of twelve or fourteen years of age, who was sitting reading in the adjoining garden, (if garden could be called a narrow strip of court divided into flower-plots by borders of box,) while with her foot she rocked the cradle of a sleeping child. His sobs were still sufficiently audible to attract the notice of his young neighbour, who looked up from her book—nodding to him, and smiling with so sweet and comforting a countenance, that he soon forgot his

grievances while wondering who that kind good girl could be, and who was the child in the cradle happy enough to be cared for by an attendant so scant of years.

From that day dated their friendship. The lonely child of the Ursuline gardens soon managed to discover that his pretty neighbour was called Netja; that her father was the husband of a second wife; and that second wife the mother of the babe in the cradle, a girl named Carolie; and that though Netja was the kindest and fondest of sisters to the little petted stranger, neither its father nor mother were satisfied with her care as a nurse, or her submission as a child. This discovery so far afforded comfort to Emmanuel, that he began to see he might be worse off than in enduring the tyranny of his father and caprices of his nurse;—that there were such things as stepmothers in the world who were greater evils than aught beside. *He* thought them so at least, when, little more than a year after the commencement of his nodding and smiling, kissing and coaxing acquaintance with Netja, he found that his kind neighbour had furtively quitted her home, most likely for ever! One of his father's workmen affirmed that Netja had been so severely beaten by her stepmother as to have fled in despair—no one knew whither—perhaps to seek service with some merciful mistress, perhaps to throw herself into the port of Bruges. But certain it was that, *if* dead, none mourned for her. The house went on as before. A serving girl was hired to wait on little Carolie; and in process of time, the name of Netja ceased to be mentioned by friend or foe. Nobody missed the poor submissive, neglected child of Van Foere the chorister—unless the equally submissive and almost equally neglected child of Zoon the brewer, to whom she had been more than sister, scarcely less than mother, almost a friend, and quite an angel. Months and years after she was lost to Bruges, the departed still appeared to Emmanuel in his dreams, whenever he was feverish or unhappy, breathing words of comfort, and never breathing them in vain.

Even after he grew to a reasonable age, and in pursuance of his father's whims was removed to the college at Louvain, one of his first visits, on his return home for the holidays, was sure to be to his neighbour, Van Foere;—a man little qualified in his own person to attract the goodwill of a boy, being a hard, square, ungainly, lugubrious-looking man, always attired in black, and having something of the look of a sacristan or pall-bearer: whose deep bass voice, when he officiated in the choir, seemed to shake to its foundations the stately church of St. John Nepomucenus. Moreover, it was Van Foere's ambition to pass among his family and neighbours for as morose and surly a man as became the owner of so growling a bass—a bass that superseded all necessity for the acquisition of a serpent in the quoir; and one of the chief reasons which caused him to resign himself so quiescently to the loss of his elder daughter, was his repugnance that Netja, who had so long beheld him supreme under his own roof, should witness the ignominious state of nonentityism to which he was reduced by his second marriage.

It was not, however, to see either Van Foere or his termagant wife that Emmanuel visited the house. He was really fond of little

Carolie, as a thing appurtenant to Netja. He had been accustomed to notice the little girl in her sister's arms, and could not even now look upon her flaxen curls, without remembering the occasions when he had seen them smoothed by the fondling hand of the lost Pleiad. Every time he came home, therefore, he brought a present for little Car, in memory of his first and only friend; and oftentimes made freer than was excusable with the flowers of the old brewer, in order to tie them up into nosegays, and fling them out of his window over the wall into the garden of his poorer neighbour.

All this was well enough so long as Emmanuel was fifteen, and Carolie Van Foere ten years of age. The old brewer, occupied with his business and his investments, his tulips and carnations, scarcely recognized the existence of the humble lay vicar whose abode was divided from his by a party wall; save when occasionally they chanced to jostle in their egress into the street, and Van Foere uncovered himself to the very ground in token of deference to the arrogant neighbour, who paid nearly twenty times as much as himself in the way of taxes and imposts to the municipality of Bruges. What number or what manner of daughters that sable suited basso cantante might have under his roof, appeared to Gabriel Zoon about as important as how many puppies his favourite mastiff might have borne at her last litter!

But when Emmanuel came to be twenty and a right handsome young man, and Carolie to be fifteen and a remarkably pretty girl, affairs assumed a different aspect: more particularly when, the old brewer having missed from his greenhouse some fine camellia or branch of scented azalea, it was suggested to him by his gardener that the flowers had most likely been presented by his son to the chorister's daughter. Old Zoon was startled by the information—so startled, that he said not a word on the subject to Emmanuel, as he would have done had the young man stood accused of purloining his flowers for any other view or purpose. But he thought the more; and the result of his cogitations was the resolution he had recently expressed, to article his son to Vermaeghe the lawyer, instead of suffering him to follow his own calling at home.

For the brewer perfectly recollected having had occasion to call one day, a couple of years before, on Julius Van Foere, concerning certain parish business with the authorities of St. John Nepomucenus, and being struck, on entering the quiet humble dwelling of his poor neighbour, with its low ceilings, brick floor, and dingy walnut wood furniture, by the extreme beauty of the young girl who sat bending over her lace-pillow near one of the casement windows, the rays of sunshine falling like gold upon her fair hair and transparent skin, till she looked like some ineffable creation in one of the allegories of Rubens—so as to dwell upon old Gabriel's memory for the remainder of the week, in rivalship with the beauty of Blanche Fleur and the Duchess of Brabant.

It was, consequently, only justice to the future peace of mind of little Camella Williams, to place her cousin out of the reach of such dangerous neighbourship; and now that Emmanuel dared to manifest opposition to his projects, he had no hesitation in attributing the

young man's disobedience to the attraction of the lovely face still inclining over the lace-pillow in the adjoining house, which he knew his son was in the habit of frequenting at least seven days in the week. Humble as was her father's condition, Carolie was generally known in Bruges as one of its prettiest maidens; and henceforward she was marked in the abhorrent mind of old Gabriel as a smiling mischief, the origin of all his domestic inquietudes, and sole bar to a marriage which was to secure eight hundred thousand florins to the enjoyment of his son.

So accurate in most instances is the judgment of parents concerning the love-affairs of their offspring! In point of fact, Carolie Van Foere, though only five years younger than himself, was regarded by Emmanuel as a child,—almost as mere a child with reference to himself as when he had first beheld her slumbering in the cradle, rocked by the foot of her sister; and though it was perfectly true that the young man visited daily the chorister's house, and that he laid violent hands on the finest of his father's flowers whenever occasion offered, with the view of tendering them as of old to the daughter of Van Foere, the object of all this devotion, and the passionate attachment by which it was suggested, was no other than Netja,—his own dear Netja of aforetime,—who had never ceased to treat him as a child, and who now almost loved him as her own.

It was on his last return from the college of Louvain, that, on entering Van Foere's house as usual, instead of finding Carolie bound towards him to welcome him home, Emmanuel perceived by her saddened aspect that the deep mourning she wore was dedicated to the memory of her overbearing mother,—(whose disagreeable company had been the only drawback to his pleasure in frequenting the house.) While preparing to offer his condolence to his little pet, he noticed also that the place usually filled by the defunct, was occupied by another grave-looking woman in black; whose chair and low pillow seemed already as well established in the place as though they had abided there from the beginning of time.

There was nothing in the aspect of the stranger particularly to attract his notice; yet it *was* irresistibly attracted! Her sable garments were of coarse materials, and the humblest make;—her countenance was as sad and humble as her garments. Yet he could not take his eyes off her; there was something in the expression of her dark gray eye,—something in the graceful turn of her head, something of a sound of coming tears in her tremulous voice,—that reminded him, as in a dream, of days of old. At length, the word,—the name,—the dearly-treasured name,—burst from his lips.

"NETJA!" cried he, "dearest, dearest Netja!" and in a moment (her start and blush having at once verified his suspicions) he was by her side,—pressing her hands in his,—congratulating himself and her,—almost frantic,—almost weeping for joy,—as he called upon her to remember her plaything,—her protégé,—her child,—her own Emmanuel. Thus apostrophized, the grave woman passed her hand a moment over the pale forehead visible between the two dark bands of her parted hair;—*not* as if trying to recall her imperfect recollection,—but either to subdue the painful thoughts struggling there for

mastery, or to brush away, unsuspected, the tear she did not choose should disgrace the usual composure of her demeanour.

"I scarcely hoped the Heer Emmanuel would remember me, after a lapse of nearly fourteen years," said she.

"*Heer* Emmanuel!—Only Emmanuel!"—cried the young man, again fervently pressing her hand to his lips, in all the flutter of spirits which usually accompanies such unexpected recognitions. "To me you have always been Netja,—my first friend,—my friend in affliction! I believed you to be lost to me for ever, Netja; and still, I never effaced *you* from my memory. I have prayed for you,—*to* you,—whenever I was in sickness and sorrow. As boy, as man, how often have I breathed your name aloud in the solitude of my own chamber, as if the very sound was able to revive those blessed days, when by looking forth from it I obtained the sight of a ministering angel, of whose compassion and tenderness I was secure. But it was all in vain, dear Netja!—Those dreary walls returned no echo to my cry!—I felt that my friend was taken from me; nor dared I even interrogate those nearest and dearest to you,—for I saw that some evil had befallen, which it was pain to *them* and would be double grief to *me* to dwell upon. But, God be praised, you are here again—never, never more to desert us! Promise me, dearest Netja, that you will never desert us again?"

The sad-faced daughter of Van Foere was now pale as death, and almost as tremulous as the young enthusiast by whom she was thus wildly apostrophized. It was so long, so *very* long, since she had been addressed in terms of kindness and affection, that the surprise of the change seemed to impart more pain than pleasure. It was like the probing of a forgotten wound,—and she writhed under the sensation.

For some minutes, she appeared to forget everything but the past, and the young son, or lover, at her feet. But having accidentally cast her eyes towards the chair of Carolie, the only witness of this extraordinary scene, she beheld her young sister with her arms crossed upon her bosom, and her lace-pillow forgotten before her, contemplating them both in such silent and as it appeared to her saddened amazement, as to restore her instantly to herself.

Pressing back the tears into her eyes with the backs of her fair thin hands,—the hands of one who had suffered and was still suffering,—she drew several deep breaths, as if to recover the mastery over her throbbing heart.

"I thank you heartily for your remembrance of your old neighbour," said she,—bringing her lace-pillow closer before her, as if to render impossible a renewal of Emmanuel's frantic demonstrations,—"but I am come hither only to be the mother of yonder dear girl,—to watch over her as I was watching when first we made acquaintance. I am fitted *now* for a mother's task, Emmanuel; for I have tasted bitterly of the cup of sorrow since it was my pleasant task to sweeten yours; but it would only ruffle the composure of mind so essential to my mission here, were I to allow myself to revert to early times. Be they forgotten, my kind neighbour!—Henceforward, let me have two children to watch over and care for, instead of one!"

The colour which had been drawn from the soft waxen cheeks of Carolie by the agitation of witnessing so unusual a scene in a spot which, since the decease of her termagant mother, had been quiet as the grave, now returned; and with it, her usual industry and content. In a moment, the bobbins were at work again; and the shred of Valenciennes lace she was weaving had progressed by the eighth of an inch, by the time Emmanuel so far recovered his self-possession, as to accept the chair pushed towards him by Netja,—taking his place, as an ordinary visitor, between the two sisters.

From that morning, his visits were daily renewed. It was not with the family of Van Foere as with more aristocratic houses, where caprice or desertion may exclude at times even the intimates of the fireside. Netja and Carolie were devoted to lace-making, the most sedentary of employments; and it was only by unwearying labour at their pillows from morning till night, that they managed to maintain their little household in the order it retained, so long as their father, whose voice was now breaking, had been the best paid chapel singer in Bruges, and his wife the most thrifty housewife; so that whenever Emmanuel perceived his father to be engrossed by the examination of his accounts, or drying of his bulbs, or labelling of his carnations, he had only to slip through an archway, and down a narrow passage into an adjoining door, to be sure of the companionship dearest to his heart. *There* they sat, beside the open casement, from which nothing was visible but one of those red-brick Flemish walls, with its veining of mortar, which Van Hooghe delighted to paint;—nothing to abstract their eyes from the pillow, with its complicated bobbins, on which depended the subsistence of their father,—or their ears from the sweet converse of the assiduous friend, whose visits constituted the holiday of their joyless existence.

After the irrepressible outburst of feeling that accompanied their first meeting, nothing could be ostensibly calmer than the intercourse between the friends: that quiet room,—dull as a monastic cell,—would have made any excess of emotion to appear sacrilegious. The glossy old-fashioned furniture,—the cat upon the window ledge, not sleeping, but looking gravely forth upon the dead wall, as if numbering the bricks,—the venerable myrtle-tree, which had stood in its pot of blue delft in the perpetual twilight of that gloomy room till it seemed to have forgotten how to grow,—all was completely in accordance with the mild gravity of the sober-suited woman, who might have passed for as much a piece of inanimate nature as any around her, had she not at intervals unconsciously raised towards Emmanuel Zoon those deep gray eyes, in whose unmeasurable depths abided a mysterious world of sensibility. To enjoy a single one of those looks, the young man was content to sit there, hour after hour,—silent as herself; or recounting to her, in measured words, the news of the city, or of the far-off world beyond, whose rumours reached her so rarely; repressing the emotions of his young heart,—subduing the energetic accents of his manly voice,—subsiding into a stock,—a stone,—a moveable,—a jointstool,—so that this self-control entitled him to be received with indulgence by the gentle being, who appeared to have wilfully reduced the ratio of her existence to the cold regularity of clockwork.

Yet all this time there sat unmoved, not three paces from his chair' one of the loveliest maidens of the city,—marvelling more than her words could have expressed had she dared to speak, how the grave sister, in her all but widow's weeds, who said so little and smiled so seldom, and in whose raven tresses more than one silvery thread was perceptible, should have attained such power over the mind of the young, handsome, joyous Emmanuel Zoon; who, before Netja's arrival, and during the lifetime of her mother, used to arrive there with a gift in his hand and a song on his lips,—and from whose window used to shower into their humble court, such beautiful flowers—the pillage of the Ursuline gardens!

For Emmanuel had ceased to note the very existence of Carolie; who had been endeared to him only as the nursling of his own Netja,—Netja, who was now once more his own. But it was a matter of surprise rather than grief to the little lace-maker, who was too much accustomed to witness the servility of her parents towards their overbearing neighbour, the brewer, to have ever dreamed of a husband in Emmanuel Zoon; and, as regarded his gallant courtesies, there were as good-looking youths, according to Carolie's ideas, among the young bowmen of the prize-shooting, or cuirassiers of the garrison, of whom she caught a glimpse on Sundays and feast-days, at the cathedral, or on the parade she was forced to traverse to reach it, as the demure-looking personage into which the lively young collegian of Louvain had suddenly subsided. On the whole, indeed, she was content that the civilities of their neighbour should have taken this singular turn; for their father, who delighted, during the intervals of his occupation, to booze over a pipe and a glass of faro at the neighbouring beer-house, saw no objection in the long visits to his sober daughter of the equally sober young man, whose company afforded at least some interruption to the uneventful tenour of their day.

This position of affairs had been of more than six months' duration, and might have lasted till the intelligence of Emmanuel Zoon became as stunted as the myrtle-tree, and as drowsy as the cat, but for old Gabriel's sudden declaration of his projects for the future settlement of his son. The unexpected contrariety roused the lazy current of his blood, or rather, impelled him to break through his self-imposed restraint. He could no longer sit there in silence watching the long fair fingers of Netja eternally throwing her lace-bobbins, as though their touch were no longer capable of imparting the thrill of joy, or noting the scarcely perceptible rise and fall of the nunlike wimple falling over her tranquil bosom,—often the only indication, for hours, of her sharing the breath and life that seemed to have been bestowed upon her in vain,—now that the time was approaching when he must watch them no more, and the uplifted looks which occasionally searched into the very depths of his soul, fall upon an empty chair.

"We shall miss you much, Emmanuel," said Netja, in her usual low sweet voice,—when he first announced his approaching banishment to Brussels. "We shall miss you *very* much!"

But as her eyes remained fixed upon her work during this tame declaration of sympathy, it did not satisfy the ardent feelings of the young man.

"And is that *all*?" said he, suddenly breaking silence. "I, who have concentrated my whole existence in this room,—who have not a thought, wish, hope, or fear, beyond its walls,—I, who see nothing in this world, Netja, but *you*,—only *you*,—*is* this all I am to hear in assuagement of the pangs of absence!"

"I told you when we first met," replied Netja, in a voice still lower and sweeter, but not so firm as before,—"that I am here as a mother and guardian; and must neither listen nor give utterance to other words than may beseem that sacred character. I say again that I shall miss you, Emmanuel, as I should miss Carolie, where she also to be removed to a distance. Like yourself, my existence is bounded within this room; and the loss of one or other of you would be like the loss of a dearer part of myself."

Emmanuel shrugged his shoulders impatiently. A slight stamp upon the sanded floor caused the slumbering cat to open its green eyes, and erect its ears like a couple of notes of interrogation.

"You are both dear to me as my children!" persisted Netja,—still inclining her face over her work. "As such, have I taken comfort in your society, Emmanuel, through the spring and summer;—and when you are far away, Carolie and I shall enjoy the fragrance reaching us with the evening dew from your father's garden, as seeming to bring with it thoughts and tidings of *you*!"

She spoke to disregardful ears! On her first declaration of indifference, (for the avowal of a maternal feeling towards him appeared like worse than indifference to Emmanuel,) he had averted his face from her, and was leaning over the back of his chair, with his hands clasped over his eyes.

Moved by his affliction, Carolie, who seldom interrupted their grave conversation,—so much pleasanter was it to enjoy the brilliant visions of her own young imagination,—broke in with a few consolatory words; the certainty of his indifference towards her inspiring her in reality with the kinswomanly affection merely affected by Netja.

"You must not increase the vexation of our parting, by letting us see you out of spirits, dear Emmanuel!" said she. "You know how fondly we all love you—Netja,—I,—my father,—even Britzen, who sits purring yonder in the window to attract your notice! When you used to come and wish us good-bye on the evening of your departure for Louvain, we never chose to be downcast about the matter, but spoke at parting only of the joy of your return. So let it be now! You will be back again at Christmas,—or at furthest for the fêtes of the carnival. All apprentices, even to humble callings, are allowed a glimpse of home at the carnival. And you will visit us, even you, Heer Emmanuel, turned into a grave grand gentleman,—a great lawyer,—and tell us of the fine fashions and fine ladies of Brussels."

"I shall *not* return! I shall tell you of no fine ladies,—no fine fashions!" answered Emmanuel Zoon, in a hoarse and broken voice. "I shall come hither no more. My father condemns me to a residence in the capital. My father has arranged the preliminaries of my marriage."

"And with whom?" demanded Netja, in a voice that would have been audible only to the ear of a lover.

"With a young cousin,—a rich heiress."

Involuntarily the mild eyes of Netja glanced compassionately towards her sister, betraying the idle hopes she had been cherishing on Carolie's account, and her sympathy in the young girl's probable disappointment. But what was her surprise on beholding her push aside her lace-pillow, and clap her hands for glee, exclaiming,—"A young, rich wife?—a neighbour for us,—a charming neighbour! For you will allow her to be a neighbour to your friend, won't you, dearest Emmanuel? *You* will not be proud and churlish, like your father, to the poor chorister's daughters? Ah! what joy for us when you come to be in possession of the Ursuline gardens, to stroll among the flower-beds of an evening, when our work is done, with a cheerful friend in the 'Vrouwe Emmanuel Zoon!' How pleasantly it sounds! Dear, dear Emmanuel! promise us that we shall find a friend in your new wife!"

The heart of the young man was too full for words. He saw, or thought he saw, that there was no sympathy for his troubles where he had most expected to find it; and rising hastily from his chair, rushed wildly from the house.

If ever there be a spot on earth calculated to subdue unnatural excitement of spirit, it is that to which poor Emmanuel betook himself for the solitary enjoyment of his despair. Pursuing his lonely way along the dull embankments of the city, unmolested and unmarked, he began to recapitulate in his mind the long years of his enthralment; and to consider the singular nature of the spell that seemed to bind up his very existence in that of Netja Van Foere. At Louvain,—at Brussels,—even in Bruges,—he had made acquaintance with women of great personal attractions, and an age suitable to his own, whose cordiality towards the son and heir of the rich brewer might have secured the gratitude and affection of men more fastidious than himself. On the other hand, as regarded the charm of early association, Carolie was infinitely prettier to the eye of a stranger than her sister,—infinitely more encouraging to himself: yet *she* had never been more to him than a neighbour, a kind and pleasant neighbour, save as he reflected on her relationship with the beloved of his childish years.

But Netja,—absent or present,—young or old,—fair and light-footed as he had once known her—or now, sedate and saddened, the blush and buoyancy of youth departed for ever,—was dear to every pulse of his heart! He knew that there was ill-report of her in the city; that a mystery was attached to her long absence and sudden return. He had noticed, that whenever she insisted (in repression of his demonstrations of love) upon her solemnity of vocation as mother to Carolie,—she never for a moment pretended to the dignity of womanhood,—never spoke of herself as wife or widow. Yet the fearful misgivings attached to such an equivocal position had not availed to lessen his attachment! She was ten years older than himself,—she was poor,—she was despised,—she was an object of suspicion to her neighbours. But she was Netja,—*his* Netja; the first human being who had taught him to recognise that gentleness and consolation of womanly soothing, which is usually learned from the tender-

ness of another;—the first and last who would ever inspire him with a desire of perpetual female companionship,—as the congenial wife,—the faithful housemate,—the indulgent mother of children resembling her benignant self! Compared with such a woman, what were the frivolous girls competing for his notice at *Kermisse* or carnival ball?—mere empty futile things,—enraptured by a new trinket, or beguiled by a showy riband!

That, whatever might have been the evil fortunes of Netja, (consequent upon the bitter harshness which had exiled a child of sixteen from her father's house,) she was pure in heart as the angels of heaven,—Emmanuel was as sure as of his existence. But that she was *conscious* of innocence, she would not have voluntarily returned to the humble and dreary household of the old chorister, the moment her sister needed a mother, and her father a house-drudge. No sooner was her enemy laid in the grave, than Netja had reappeared as from her own; and at an age, and endowed with a degree of beauty which would have procured to a worldly-minded woman worldly admirers and an independent fortune in life, she preferred the desolate dulness of her old home,—the laborious life of a lace-maker, earning her livre of tenpence a day,—and mothership,—tenderest mothership over the fair thoughtless girl whose cradle she had rocked in infancy, and whom she now loved to fold to her bosom as a daughter. Impossible to impute a shadow of blame to one whose tastes were so simple, whose affections so tender as Netja Van Foere!

But how was all this to be made manifest to his father,—even if the old gentleman could be prevailed to overlook the want of fortune and breeding of his neighbour's daughter? How was Gabriel Zoon, so learned in the tincture of a flower and delicacy of a blossom, to admit the charms of the time-touched face of the woman of thirty, who, from circumstances, had been as a mother to his son? Would the eyes, accustomed to dwell upon the fairness of Blanche Fleur, and stately port of the Duchess of Brabant, ever reconcile themselves to the saddened and tarnished depression of one who, albeit she had never been a wife, had the air of being "a widow indeed?"

"Had one look, one word,—one smile of hers encouraged me to the attempt," mused Emmanuel,—as he pursued his wayward course along the ramparts,—"I would have hazarded the trial; and failing success, have waited for her till my father shall have accomplished his destined years, even though they extended to a period doubling the span of life he sometimes claims as his own. Faded and wan, nay, even old and infirm, I would still have made her my wife,—reconciled to the loss of all I was renouncing, by the consciousness of fidelity to the first holy impulses of affection implanted by nature in my breast. But the case is hopeless! Either she has too much heart, or none. Either she has loved, and is constant as myself to a first impression; or her cold unsympathetic bosom is incapable of the feelings that distract my own! Ah! who, *who* will lighten the perplexities of the path before me, by revealing the mysteries which envelope the history of NETJA?"

## THE CONVALESCENT.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Thou hast quitted the feverish couch of pain,
Thou art breathing the fresh free air again,
Thou hast bent thy way through the primrose glade
To the wildwood's deep and leafy shade,
Where, beneath thy slow and lingering tread,
The clustering cool green moss is spread,
Where the song-birds pour their tuneful lay,
And the silvery fountains softly play.

Dost thou not joy to exchange the gloom
Of the shaded blinds, and the curtained room
For the gladdening breezes, the sun's bright beams,
The waving blossoms, and glittering streams?
Dost thou not joy, in reviving health,
To gaze upon Nature's lavish wealth,
The rushing waters, and flowery land,
Decked for thy sake by thy Maker's hand?

And does not thy heart at this moment thrill
With thoughts more tender, more grateful still?
Dost thou not yet on the chamber dwell,
Where awhile Death's darkening shadows fell,
When thy manly strength was quelled and fled,
And friends stood mournfully round thy bed,
Wailing that thou, in thy youthful bloom,
Must be gathered soon to the dreary tomb?

Then did not a secret voice within
Tell thee to weep o'er each former sin?
And did'st thou not wish thy days renewed,
To walk henceforth with the wise and good?
Oh! now, while within thy languid veins
Some trace of the suffering past remains,
Think of the world, and its pomp and power,
As thou didst in that sad and trying hour.

The woods and the fields that meet thy gaze
Thou deem'st more bright than in former days;
So may earth's course appear to thee
More fair than it seemed in thy frolic glee;
Shun its broad highways—in peace pursue
The narrow path that is sought by few,
And give to the Lord, in faith and prayer,
The life that he graciously deigned to spare.

# THE HYPOCHONDRIAC'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EVELYN HOWARD, OR MISTAKEN POLICY."

About forty miles west of London, is a village which it will suit this narrative to designate Manvering. Now, the dwelling of the artisan and the cottage of the mechanic have sprung up with such mushroom growth, and the small though neat domiciles are so numerous, that the expressions Front Street and Middle Street, are used to distinguish one situation from another; but in 177—, the period of which we are treating, the rustic way-side house, the blacksmith's forge, and here and there a knoll on which were grouped a few huts belonging to the labourers who worked on the adjoining farms, and two or three houses, rather remote from each other, was all of which Manvering then could boast. Much has been said, perhaps still more written, upon the beauty of village scenery, and a very pretty topic it is; but as Manvering cannot with any propriety be made a subject of panegyric on that head, a description of "verdant meads and purling streams" can be dispensed with. Its principal feature was the old gray church, standing on a high ground in the middle of a large and not unpicturesque churchyard, which was skirted by a few tall elms and pines, among the dark foliage of which the moss-grown steeple presented a pleasing object to the reflecting eye, tapering as it does to that abode where the weary and worn are for ever at rest.

Behind the church, and bounded at the back and on one side by all that is left of a moat, which once surrounded the old castle, stood a low, long, rambling building, denominated the Old Bury, which had been so long untenanted that it presented a desolate, not to say ruined, appearance. What had once been a garden was overrun with weeds, and the flower and the thistle were now growing side by side in the little plots of ground, which, by their formal cut and neat arrangement, may be supposed to have once been objects of care to somebody. Joining the churchyard, and close to the Bury, stretched a large piece of uneven pasture land, bearing the name of the Dane, or Dam-Field, according to the opinion which prevailed of the derivation of the name. Some called it the Dam-Field, because its high though unfenced banks, as far as the field extends, serve to confine the river which flows by to its bed; and others, the Dane-Field, because tradition claims the spot as the place where the Dane and Saxon tugged for mastery, and points out the hillocks scattered so thickly around as the burial-places of the slain. No bones, however, bleach in the sun to confirm the tale, and the remains of the Saxon and Danish warriors (if there they sleep) rest decently interred, wrapped round by the evergreen turf, but their cemetery is now profaned by the horned and not always peaceful oxen who graze above them.

Further on, about three quarters of a mile by the winding road, and scarcely half that distance across the fields, was a residence totally different in character and appearance. Though not small, an air of loveliness rather than affluence pervaded the whole; whatever art had

done, it was evident that nature had been a bountiful handmaid. Roses and honeysuckles, with the elegant leaves of the jasmine, hung thickly on the walls, and struggled which should most contribute to clothe the trellised porch with their fragrant beauty. The neat white paling, by which a portion of the garden was bounded, might have given somewhat of an air of precision to the whole, but for the wild luxuriance of the flowers, which were so abundant, and placed so exactly where they should be to produce the most pleasing effect, that the eye had nothing further to desire. Something lovely and sylph-like could alone be the fitting inhabitant of this faëry bower. Let us enter, and see how far the hypothesis is good.

Before a table whereon lay several books of finance, philosophy, and agriculture, and half recumbent in his arm-chair, sat the proprietor of this charming spot; while opposite, with mittened arms and spectacled nose, and in a position of scarcely a hair's breadth variation from the true perpendicular, an elderly female industriously plied her needle.

Captain Pevensey was in appearance a very old man, but upon closer observation it became evident that this was less the natural effect of the years that had passed over his head, than of some care or sickness which had stunted and prematurely withered the spirit within him; and whether he had outlived "the threescore years and ten" or not, his strength was certainly labour and misery to himself. He was a confirmed valetudinarian. In forming him, Nature could not have been decided in her mould. The outline of his face was handsome, but the expression of the whole was not prepossessing. The features did not harmonize; his noble and expansive forehead was spoiled by the sharp, deep-set grey eyes, which seemed for ever restless and inquiring; his nose and chin looked pinched and prominent; and his well-formed mouth distorted into an expression of discontent and querulousness.

"Where is Eden?" asked Captain Pevensey, when he had fairly roused himself from the slumber, or rather the succession of dozes, in which he was accustomed to indulge after his early dinner.

"Gone to Elmden."

"How long as she been away?"

"Two hours five minutes and two seconds," replied the lady, looking at a watch of somewhat colossal dimensions.

It was then late in the afternoon of one of the early days of May; but it being very showery, the invalid imputed his child's unwonted absence at that hour to her having been detained by rain, and for another quarter of an hour he was tolerably tranquil; but as the sun tipped the trees with its parting rays, and the shadows deepened on the ground, and still she came not, he grew uneasy.

"Had you not better send Falkland to look for her?" he asked, at length.

"Presently," returned Miss Pevensey; and then carefully laying down her work, crossing her arms with great precision, and assuming the air of one who is resolved to say a great deal, she continued—"Do you know that Eden is now seventeen?"

"I am not likely to forget a circumstance which I hear you repeat so many times a day."

"It is more than time that she left off riding about the country in this untamed way, and that instead of following the bent of her own wild will, she settled down into something less idle than she is at present. She will some day come to harm, and then you will believe that I am right. You suffer her to know no restraint, and the consequence is that she is unlike any other girl of her age."

"Very unlike, indeed," replied the hypochondriac, with more animation than any other topic could have drawn from him.

"Precisely so. A more ignorant girl I have never seen; she scarcely knows the use of her needle. Digby Pevensey will soon return from Scotland, and I ask you, how will he like to find her the same giddy, thoughtless girl she was a year ago?"

"If Digby finds fault with my Eden, he may——" Whatever the privilege Captain Pevensey was about to permit his nephew, it was not uttered; he stopped abruptly, and then continued—"Eden is but a child; we must not expect too much from her, or overshadow her bright joyous spirit by keeping her with two such grumpy people as ourselves. I would sooner lose the light of heaven than see her sweet face subdued to thoughtfulness, or her smile grow less warm, or her clear ringing laugh less frequent than it is now."

"Grumpy are we? Keep that epithet for yourself, if you please," said Miss Pevensey, in no very feminine tone. "Add *useless*, also, if you please. What would become of you if it were not for me, I should like to know?"

"Eden is very kind to me," said the invalid piteously, mentally contrasting the gentleness of his child with the asperity of his sister.

"Kind! yes, she fondles and amuses you as a spaniel could do as well. But otherwise of what use is she? It is not owing to her superintendence that we drink the best cream, eat the best bread, and churn the best butter, for miles around, and save money out of a small income also."

"Well, Ann, you are a good housekeeper; you know I often tell you so. Without you I should have been a poor man; indeed I am one now."

"No; you are not. People know better; and saying you are poor answers no other purpose than to make them suspect your wealth to be greater than it is. When Digby was robbed on the road some months ago, one of the party wished aloud that they had caught old Pevensey instead of the young one, since they might have got more than double the gold from the former."

"It would be a strange thing if I who have smarted so severely for poverty, should at last be hurried to the worms before my time for gold," returned Captain Pevensey.

The tramp of a horse was then heard in the lane, and as the road before Captain Pevensey's house, owing to its leading only to some fields, was rarely used by any traveller, a circumstance so unusual attracted Miss Pevensey to the window; for it was clear that the sounds in question could not proceed from the gentle paces of Eden's pony. Instead of Eden, a stranger, mounted on a powerful well-limbed black horse of singular beauty, entered the yard, and was presently ushered into Captain Pevensey's presence.

Mr. D'Aubrey, the new comer, was a tall, athletic man, of gentlemanly appearance, in whom a first glance would recognise a profusion of dark hair, and the sun-burnt and rather handsome features of a man about seven or eight-and-twenty; but further attention detected indications of something more. The features were stern from their expression rather than their outline, and their general tone was tranquil; but there was something in the fitful flashing of the eye which would have lent terror to a despot's glance, and bespoke a character of depth and daring. The countenance was strongly marked, though it bore no impress of ease, and no record of the fret and seething of human passions; but its very repose seemed scarcely natural, partaking more of the casual lull of the stormy ocean, than the habitual calm of the placid lake. The lineaments, taken separately, were all good, and had it not been for a peculiarity, felt rather than seen,—the total absence of any approach to a smile,—Mr. D'Aubrey would have been pronounced a handsome man.

Mr. D'Aubrey's manners were not less remarkable than his appearance. An abrupt roughness, which would have suited any degree, was in him so well mixed with the polished tones and bearing of a born gentleman, as to leave his real grade a matter of doubt, were it not that it is easier to descend than to rise. Scarcely heeding the old-fashioned politeness with which the captain received him, he immediately entered upon the business which had brought him there, with the air of one anxious only for despatch.

"I have called about the house, respecting which a friend of mine opened a treaty with you some time ago in my name. He thought it sadly out of repair, but it suits me, and I will take it on the terms you mentioned," said Mr. D'Aubrey.

"You understand that I cannot do anything to the house. I am a poor man, and have no money to lay out."

"Not to the house; but to the stables, I must have good accommodation there. You agreed to put them in order."

"Well, sir, anything to the amount of ten or fifteen pounds I will try and do; I can afford nothing more."

"Ten or fifteen pounds, Captain Pevensey! Fifty will scarcely put those stables in sufficient repair."

"I can't do it, sir,—I can't do it," replied Captain Pevensey, gradually working himself into a passion. "I have not fifty pounds at my command."

"Report does not say so," returned Mr. D'Aubrey.

"Report lies. I am poor, quite poor. You take me for my brother-in-law Sir Pulbrooke. He is rich enough; but I am altogether poor, and may come to grey peas yet before I die."

A smile stole over Mr. D'Aubrey's face, and though it almost instantly disappeared, it served to show what those features would be when warmed into play by the light from within.

"Well, Captain Pevensey, we will not quarrel about fifty pounds, since your house is to my taste. My lawyer will see you in a day or two, when this business will, I hope, be definitively settled," said Mr. D'Aubrey, rising to depart.

Captain Pevensey, whose goodwill he had obtained by his apparent

indifference to money, well pleased to secure a tenant of that description, detained him in conversation upon other topics, embracing politics at home and abroad, literature, and twenty other things besides, and ended by courteously expressing a hope that they might be good neighbours.

"I am of an unsocial and misanthropical turn," replied Mr. D'Aubrey, slightly acknowledging the compliment, "and have ever felt a disinclination to herd with my fellows, nor shall I spend much time at the Bury, otherwise I should feel great pleasure in cultivating the society of Captain Pevensey;" and with this abrupt rejection of further acquaintance with his future landlord, Mr. D'Aubrey bowed with unimpeachable politeness to the lady and gentleman, and took leave. As if familiar with his step, the horse, which had remained unheld and unwatched during his master's short visit, raised his ears at his approach. Mr. D'Aubrey vaulted into the saddle, and without the application of whip or spur, set off at a pace which promised that a few minutes would place no small distance between him and Manvering, leaving, by his singular deportment, an ample subject of interest to occupy the captain's mind until the arrival of Eden.

* * * * * *

Captain Pevensey, in addition to a showy person and a careless temperament, had inherited from his father but the portion of a younger brother; a taste for the idle life he might not lead, and the necessity of choosing between poverty and exertion. He turned his thoughts to the career of arms, and became a soldier, with as much patriotism glowing under his uniform as is usually to be found in the hearts of those who enter the army for a profession. His first wound was one for which the soldier can offer no better defence than the man of peace. The shafts of the mischief-loving god pierce the coat-of-mail as surely and effectively as the cassock; a fact which the handsome ensign early acknowledged. 'Tis true that fortune beamed not, smiled not; but the bright eyes and rosy lips of his fair enslaver did both, and he was fain at last to throw himself and his poverty at her feet. The young people thought that "love in a cottage" or love in a barrack would do, but the fathers begged leave to differ; and though the young ones might not have thought the old ones the *wiser*, they were made to feel that they were the stronger, party. The lovers were obliged to separate; the ensign went abroad to wrestle with fame, and the maiden pined at home.

Years went on. With the young soldier all worked well, and despite contingencies and improbabilities, he solaced the period of exile with the pleasing hope that the dream of his youth might one day be realised, and all present shadows dispersed. To what fleeting visions will not the foolish heart cling! That hope was early crushed, that dream early and roughly dispelled. In one short hour the golden hues of life departed, and he went forth among his fellows a broken-spirited man. One letter contained the news of his elder brother's marriage with the object of his youthful attachment, and stayed alike his anger and the reproaches his heart might have advanced, by intelligence of her death.

It were difficult to indicate the commencement, or trace the affinity

between the apparently opposite passions which dominate the same mind at different periods of life. Taken at several eras of his existence, there wants not testimony that few things are more inconsistent than man with himself, yet there is one point on which we are unchangeable—there is one object of which we seldom lose sight—viz. our own gratification. In the pursuit of that end we are consistent, however greatly our views respecting the means requisite for attaining it, may be altered or even revolutionised by the touches of time, disappointment, or care. The love of self-indulgence which prompted a lavish expenditure in youth, may be vigorous under acquisitiveness in manhood, and riot in the parsimony of old age. Of this Captain Pevensey was an unhappy illustration. After many years he returned to his native land, outwardly changed; his gay, good-humoured nature had become morose and gloomy, and the most penurious habits had grown up in the place of the expensive ones which once characterised him. He married; but joy found no place at his domestic hearth, and his wife, after a few years patient endurance of unkindness she could not melt, closed her sorrows in the tomb, leaving him an infant miniature of herself. Whether it was that Captain Pevensey, missing the gentle cares of his lost companion, recognised when too late the worth he had overlooked, and loved his little Eden for her mother's sake, or that the natural yearnings of a parent's heart would have vent, the long-arrested stream of love gushed forth, and flowed around his child with undiverted force. Eden was lapped in indulgence; no arguments could induce him to oppose her wishes, or curb them with wholesome restraint. In vain his sister exemplified and amplified the errors into which an undisciplined mind might fall; Captain Pevensey would not yield. A confirmed hypochondriac, he had his own ailments to think of; and being too wrapt up in them to regard much beyond the present hour, he was satisfied so long as Eden's face wore its habitual look of gladness, and her laugh fell upon his ear with its accustomed music and frequency.

He had long projected an union between his daughter and his nephew, the sole survivor of his only brother, to which Digby Pevensey, notwithstanding the difference existing in their tastes and dispositions, manifested no reluctance. Indeed Eden's was a character of more than ordinary sweetness and attraction. It was marvellous that anything so bright and redolent of happiness could have grown among spirits so uncongenial as the querulous father and precise aunt. Her eye was ever beaming, her step was the elastic spring of bounding youth, and her voice the softest that ever gave its gentle tones to speak words of comfort and kindness. Her eighteen summers had passed in sunshine, undimmed by shadows of grief or care, nor had one poisonous drop been found in the chalice of young life, which for her had hitherto been filled from a fount pure as the mountain snow, and untroubled as a fairy lake. Fair as was the outward tenement, the spirit within was still fairer. Her mind was the personification of innocence. If the tale of guilt or crime ever fell upon her ear, it reached not her comprehension; innately and essentially simple of heart, when her thoughts did wander abroad from her "village nook" among the "peopled earth," it was to invest others with the stainless

glowing hues borrowed from her own fancy. Yet was she no romance dreamer, to hang over the babbling brook, or wear away her days in sickly, bubble-like imaginings; but a child, almost an untutored child, of Nature. The well-meant but injudicious austerity of the aunt was perpetually opposed by the doting indulgence of the father. She was, in fact, her own mistress, the cultivator of her own character, and as little thought was given to its culture, well was it that its waste threw up so fair a proportion of flowers, although it must be owned that they were but wild ones.

* * * * * *

One evening, at the close of a fine autumn day, as the rich sunset purpled the horizon, and crested the trees around with its tranquil light, a horseman, after traversing a wide barren heath, entered a thickly wooded strip of ground, where the rank grass gave abundant testimony of being seldom pressed by footsteps. Slowly he pursued his way up the plantation, and in meditation so profound, that the slackened reins gradually fell from his hand, and floated loosely over the horse's shoulders. Whatever the train of his thoughts, his countenance was sad and darkly gloomy, as if the embers of strong passions and the workings of remorse were blended together. At the end of the plantation he dismounted, and advancing to a neat white paling separating the wood from a well-arranged garden, stood for some time watching the movements of a young girl who, at a little distance, was carefully divesting some apparently favourite plants of their faded leaves. As the work went on, sighs many and frequent proceeded from the youthful gardener, till, wearied with her employment, she turned away, and met the gaze of the stranger. Presently he cleared the fence, and stood by her side.

"Eden, was gift of mine so valueless that you must send it back?"

Eden's cheek grew red, but she made no reply. The stranger fixed his keen dark eyes on her countenance with the earnestness of a searching inquirer, and thus silently continued the interrogatory.

"My father wishes me to discontinue riding, and therefore Mungo was sent back to you," replied Eden, with as much tranquillity as she could assume; but finding the gaze of her companion still rivetted upon her as in dissatisfaction at her reply, she continued, "I am not one to reflect, and, it seems, have not understood the difference between friends, acquaintances, and strangers."

"Stranger, Eden! It was not as strangers that we have been wont to meet—why do you greet me as such now? It was not as a stranger that I have latterly been welcomed to your father's house—why am I excluded to-day? Whence comes it? At least you have some reason to advance in explanation of the change to which you expect me to submit."

"My father's command."

"That is not usually spoken in opposition to your wishes; if they are not against me, I must refer this coldness to your cousin's interference," said D'Aubrey, and with a look so stern and fierce, that if Eden had seen it she must have been startled.

"Digby has always been to me as a brother: his advice is good—at least it is kindly meant," replied Eden, scarcely knowing what she said.

"Although he counsels you to shun me," said D'Aubrey reproachfully, and then added, in a tone of bitterness, "Follow his *good* advice."

Eden detected not the tone of self-scorn which mingled with his words, but regarding them rather as a reproof to herself—one, however, from which her heart exonerated her—remained silent.

"Will you also exclude me from your society, your companionship, when to see you, hear you, is all of happiness that my scathed and blasted existence has ever known? Eden, Eden!" continued D'Aubrey, taking her unresisting hand, and softening his tone as he read the sympathy her humid eyes revealed, "if there be happiness in heaven or on earth, it must be the lot of such an one as you. Let the dark tide of my fate roll on as it has heretofore done, but yours may be peaceful. It would be crime indeed to carry sorrow into your young heart. You are advised to avoid me;—mark me, and heed the words which I yet have virtue enough to utter. They are your friends who speak thus, and they speak rightly; listen to them. It *is* well for you to shun one who, like me, must live unmated and accursed."

Thus saying, D'Aubrey hid his face in his hands, and rested his elbows on the railing.

Eden, shocked and alarmed, fearing she knew not what, but anxious to have the mystery which hung upon his words explained, went closer, and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Why, D'Aubrey—in pity speak not now in riddles. O look at me, speak to me as formerly; tell me why, why must I shun you?"

He removed his hands, and after looking kindly, fondly on the young fair brow upraised in silent but earnest entreaty, replied with cruel distinctness, pausing between each word—

"Because I might learn to love you."

"Might," repeated Eden to herself. Digby Pevensey's voice was heard; the next instant D'Aubrey was gone. Eden watched his receding figure so long as he was in sight, then slowly turned away and sought her chamber. What did its solitude reveal to her? A fact appalling and heart-crushing to one of her gentle nature, and one to which she would gladly have closed her eyes. But it could not be; the sinking spirit, the quivering lip, the anguished brain—all declared that she could have loved—alas! that she did love fondly and truly, not him for whom her father had destined her, but a comparative stranger, and one who appeared to regard a remote probability of his loving again with dismay and horror; and in that saddening reflection, all those which his singular language and manner would otherwise have induced were forgotten.

Mr. D'Aubrey had not been long at the Bury before the misanthropical habits he had avowed gave way to the apparent congeniality of tastes subsisting between him and his landlord, or he was charmed into sociability by a lighter and sunnier influence, and he became first an occasional, and gradually a constant visitor at Captain Pevensey's. Eden found in him a willing coadjutor and an able assistant in her patient and sometimes laborious efforts to amuse the invalid; and at first it was solely in anticipation of the pleasure her father would de-

rive from his society that she watched for D'Aubrey's coming, and so sweetly smiled his welcome when he arrived. But Captain Pevensey could not always read, or talk either; there were hours when he chose repose; and then it was that Eden learned that the pleasure of those walks and rides in which she had found so much enjoyment could be greatly enhanced by participation. It was so new to her to be the recipient instead of the bestower of courtesies; to receive herself the same tender cares she was wont to lavish upon her father. A thousand sensations of happiness unknown before sprang up within her, and, too young in thought and feeling to inquire whence they came or whither they tended, she yielded heart and spirit to their influence. It never occurred to her to reflect who or what was Mr. D'Aubrey; she found him polished in conversation, courteous in manner, gentle in temper, and that was sufficient. But the good folks of Manvering and its neighbourhood were not so wanting in curiosity: they talked, inquired, thought and supposed, and before Mr. D'Aubrey had resided long among them, whispers were circulated that all was not as it should be. Captain Pevensey was not one to give credence to a charge vague as this, but he saw an attachment rising between his daughter and his tenant which the other views he entertained for her induced him to check, and therefore arose Mr. D'Aubrey's exclusion from a continuation of the acquaintance upon the arrival of Digby Pevensey, though it must be owned that Digby's representations of the unfitness of admitting a stranger to such intimacy were the primary cause of Captain Pevensey's sharp-sightedness.

* * * * * *

The gifts of autumn had been reaped, the blessings of harvest gathered; stern Winter and his blustering winds had passed away, and the groves and fields, awaking to happiness, smiled again under the genial warmth of spring. The flowers again bloomed, the birds cast forth their melodies, and heaven poured down its glorious gladdening beams upon the green mantled earth below. It was one of those fine summer-like days at the end of April which so cheeringly bid us look forward to the brighter season at hand, that Eden slowly sauntered down the plantation before described. But her young heart could not vibrate to the joyous tone of Nature. The light which had gleamed in her eye was quenched, the pallid hue hung upon her cheek, and her step was listless and heavy. She saw no beauty in the glowing colours which decked the fields and prairies, no brightness in the deep blue sky which beamed above, nor heard melody in the varied notes of the feathered harmonists. Hers was not the frame of mind to be acted upon by influences from without. Her spirit rather longed to flee away and be at rest, and in her secret soul she had already marked the spot where she desired to sleep the sleep that knows no waking to sorrow. Poor Eden! It was not till the blossom was blighted and withered that she knew how sweet had been its promise; it was not till she had to tear the fibres from her heart that she discovered how deeply they had taken root.

Captain Pevensey, anxious to complete his favourite scheme, pressed it upon her so frequently and so earnestly, that Eden, wearied with importunity, too gentle to withstand her father's grief, and sufficiently

broken-spirited to care not much about a future she expected not to see, yielded to his entreaty, and consented to receive Digby as her husband. A few weeks, and she was to seal her fate at the altar, and in that short interval she had to pluck away remembrances which to her were life and vigour, and to implant a fresh attachment among the shattered *débris* of her heart.

As Eden turned from her accustomed glades into the less frequented wood, she knew not that her path had been watched and her steps closely though cautiously followed; till, when advanced some hundred yards from the entrance, a slight noise behind her made her turn round, and she beheld Mr. D'Aubrey. Surprise at his presence there, after so many months of estrangement, held her transfixed, and made her forget that her present path ought to have been retreat. Had volition been in her power, Mr. D'Aubrey's action and manner removed the exercise of her free choice. He held out his hand, and addressed her in the wonted words of friendship, but presently dropped the tones of greeting, and in a few minutes, with all the eloquence of passion, poured forth the tale of vehement love. Eden, carried away by his impetuosity—for his words, like a torrent that had broken bounds, came with a rush of passionate earnestness which left her no time to reflect—forgot that they were words she might not now hear from his lips, and listened with a fulness of joy she had never thought to know again. Her first reply was a gentle reproach that he had left her so long, and then her mind naturally reverted to their last interview. His language, his manner, his melancholy, all singular and inexplicable, flashed back upon her memory, waking a secret presentiment of evil; and when she alluded to the dark gloomy spirit which had then appeared to possess him, and asked whence it arose, she waited for the answer with an intensity of impatience.

D'Aubrey looked grave, the hue of his cheek deepened, and he paused as one might pause who had such a tale to tell; next he bent his head over the thin small hand he held for a moment, then quietly relinquished it and spoke.

"Eden, when first I came hither, it was was with no thought of seeking woman's love, and that is the only extenuation I can offer for myself. You rose upon me in the grace and beauty of innocence,—I should have shunned you; but I did not. I would not break from the spell of moral loveliness I saw shadowed out in you; and I, who have, who can have, no companionship with virtue, dared to love you. I knew that my love must be pernicious as the simoon blast, desolating wherever it goes; and I left you, hoping—yes, I did then hope—that I should be forgotten, and that the blight of your youth would not be upon my head. Now I am more selfish. I have heard of embodied spirits of goodness ministering to minds diseased, wooing back to peace on earth the outcast and reckless; and I have wished that lot were mine. Eden, you could not do that for me?"

"I could not leave my father," murmured Eden.

"But that father in the course of nature—and then——"

"I could watch over you as I had done over him," replied Eden.

"In sickness, in sorrow, in misfortune, you would be faithful; but here is another case—suppose I were stained with *crime?*"

There was a pause. Crime. The very word made Eden thrill with pain and horror. She looked into his face, as if hoping to find there that D'Aubrey was sporting with her feelings. The hope was annihilated. He wore an expression of stern, deep desperate reality, from which she turned with heart-sinking; and it was herself rather than him she addressed, saying—

"Crime? What can you have done to deserve the name of crime? Theft is crime, murder is crime; but I have seen you turn out of your path to avoid crushing a crawling worm."

"I have trampled upon all laws; I have set at nought my Maker, injured my fellows, derided all restraints. I have not trafficked in blood—I am no murderer—I have shed no life. I have been a ——"

D'Aubrey little anticipated the effect produced by the whispering of that one word. Eden did not faint, nor scream, but she gave a fearful proof of the severity of the shock she had received. She fixed her eyes wildly on the speaker, and they were full and lustrous, glaring more like those of a maniac than of any other living thing.

"Eden, look not thus; as you would hope for mercy in a conflict of agony, spare me. You cannot pardon; but give me one word that is not hatred—one syllable that is not loathing."

In vain he conjured; she did not even try to speak. Not a tear, of either anger or sorrow, moistened her eye. In vain he talked of repentance—of other lands—of future days of virtue, she evidently comprehended not. She cast several hurried glances at D'Aubrey, then quickly turned away her head, as if afraid of being detected; then looked up into his face and—*laughed*.

* * * * *

It was a bright, beautiful afternoon in the middle of summer, and many were assembled round the Saxon-arched porch of the church, their eyes ever and anon turning in the direction of the gate leading to the high road. The voices of those who spoke were too low to disturb the stillness, broken only by the dull, heavy sound of the bell, which by its solemn tone declared that they were met to see the dust of a fellow-being returned to its kindred clay. Presently the coffin arrived. Slowly and mournfully the melancholy work was done—all was over—the clergyman had left the grave; and one by one the spectators began to disperse. But over that new-made grave, which contained all that had rescued his decline of life from absolute gloom, lingered an old man, watching by his lost treasure, and thinking of the early blight that had fallen upon her and of his desolate home, until thought was almost madness, and the bitterness of his spirit overmastered him. He knelt down on the trampled, clay-soiled grass, and raised his feeble hands—not in supplication that the radiance once cast around him by the presence of his child might be replaced by a holy, blessed light within,—not in prayer, that (his own dark pilgrimage accomplished) he might join his beautiful child in a sinless sorrowless land—but, from the depths of an anguished heart, to *curse* her destroyer.

He had seen his darling's mirthful spirit hopelessly overcast—her pulse of joy stilled, and the warm sympathies of youth, with its hopes and its voice of promise, silenced for ever; he had watched her from

day to day linger on in cureless insanity, and now he stood alone—a wreck—scathed in heart, as the withered trunk blasted by the lightning's flash. He had loved nothing but his child, and he was childless now!

Like most other places, Manvering has its hereditary gossip. There is not a lonely road within ten miles around, which it does not point out as the scene of some one or other of the exploits ascribed to the highwayman; and at the Old Bury is now shown a deep-covered well, down which, when closely pursued after one of his nights abroad, he is said to have backed his horse, and by that means baffled suspicion, and escaped conviction. Yet Mr. St. Aubrey died, and was buried like other men. The village chronicles record only the misfortunes which befel his family. In the course of time the voice of their evil report grew fainter and fainter; a branch of them resided for many years in the neighbourhood of Manvering; but if the peasant's tale be true, they all died unnatural deaths. The two last survivors were lunatics—a circumstance still regarded as the fulfilment of the father's curse. The gentle Eden!—however bitter the sorrow that survived her, her end was peace.

---

## SONNET.

BY AGATHA STOLTERFOTH.

THE spirit's first awakening to a sense
Of its own power, and the new-born delight
Of pouring forth in glowing eloquence
Thoughts, which Imagination clothes in light,
What is so beautiful?—The dawning day,
When from the cold grey clouds breaks forth the morn,
Chasing with light the adverse night away,
Sky, earth, and sea, from its dominion borne,
Is but a shadowy type of that which gives
Light, warmth, and vigour, to the happy soul,
Which *feels* that for no sordid fate it lives,
And presses onward to the glorious goal—
Spurning each baser thought and low desire,
Firm in resolve to dare and to aspire!

---

# TABLEAUX VIVANTS.[1]

BY FRANCES ELIZABETH DAVIES.

## TABLEAUX V. *continued.*— AUTHORS.

THE life of an author is in the abstract beautiful. To the aspiring child of genius how precious seem its golden promises!—how invaluable its hoped reward!—how intoxicatingly comes over his senses the distant voice of popular applause!—What a charming ideal lies mapped out before the enthusiastic tyro! Yet scarcely does he advance a single step, ere the bright perspective begins to fade, grim spectres rise in mockery around him, darkness falls upon the splendid vision, and he finds himself pursuing an ignis fatuus. Yet, if he be animated by the *true* spirit,—startled, disappointed though he be, he will not be dismayed. One by one he beats back the irritating legion that beset him, and though he may turn and turn, to break down obstacles, to avoid impediments,—nay, though he may have to *grapple* his foes, still, the true-born son of a heavenly parent presses onward—onward—until pantingly he seizes the laurel crown,—or—Perishes before the altar of his worship.

But however terrible may be the opponents that spread the author's path, none are so galling to the self-esteem, to the pride, or, to the poetry of intellect, as those that beset a *dramatic* author. To him, indeed, unless supported by individual wealth, or protected by distinguished patronage, success is more than *doubtful*—I had nearly said it is impossible. I remember, however, there is yet another way to dramatic distinction, but it is one repugnant to proud and noble minds; it is connected with theatrical cabals—it leads through by-ways, and—the green-room.

Our young aspirant, now some months a resident in town, was fast learning those sad lessons in common with many other brethren of his order. He had seen one after another his pet essays returned by fashionable publishers, he had been coldly bowed out by literary men; and, worse than all, he had been hustled by stage doorkeepers, stared down by stage ladies, quizzed by stage gentlemen, and all but insulted by the petty monarchs of those gypsy communities;—and all for no other crime than for having been convicted of that heinous delinquency, the having presented a play. It was not that his pieces lacked merit; for then, however good breeding might have been outraged, justice might have been appeased. But, in truth, their writer might have been an incipient Shakspeare for aught his assailants knew, most of them being acquainted only with the envelopes of the manuscripts. It was then simply the single fact, the sole misdemeanour, of an attempt to enter the dramatic walk, that provoked this unmitigated scorn.

Surely the appreciation of dramatic talent must be sadly deteriorated since Elizabeth, the proud and peerless, in learning, as in sovereignty,

[1] Continued from vol. xxxvi. p. 279.

listened with admiring favour to the recitation of our immortal bard. Alas! since then dramatists have,

> " By too severe a fate,
> Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
> Fall'n from their high estate."

They order these things better in France; for there, though like ourselves they estimate highly the aristocracy of the purse, they accord the legitimate supremacy to the aristocracy of talent. In this single point we must admit the superior discrimination of the French: because *we* esteem the man, as he is made by the accidents and the conventions of society; *they* esteem him, as he comes gifted from the hand of God!

The postman, that harbinger of mirth and misery, had spoiled our hero's noonday breakfast, by presenting to him a double disappointment. The first, in the shape of a dishonoured acceptance; the second, a returned drama, accompanied by that rare piece of managerial civility, a note of apology for non-acceptance! The first, was by far the more pressing calamity to a man with half-a-sovereign in his pocket, especially as he had calculated upon the results for half-a-year's subsistence; but the latter was the deeper *felt*, because it was a wound to his pride; to his prospects of future independence.

It was therefore in a very desponding mood that our Hibernian, unconsciously following the instinct which magnetically attracts us towards nature, whenever we are outraged by artificial life, and without the exertion of either thought or volition, found himself vacantly gazing upon her Majesty's geese of St. James;—those, be it understood, of the *Park*, *not* the *Palace*.

Something in their lofty crests, their majestic motion, struck him, as they slowly sailed before " the ripple and the breeze;" and while he sank with a sigh into the nearest chair, he uttered from the bottom of his heart a wish that he resembled them!—that *he* were in fact—*a goose!* Poor seeker, he was unconscious that the Fates had already granted his prayer. How often do they thus shower their benefits upon recipients thankless or forgetful of their favours!

And this reminds me that I have been forgetful of the *bienséance* of society, by having omitted to name my hero to those among whom I am so anxious that he shall find *friends*.

Some say, " What's in a name? a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." I, however, am of a different opinion. If we called a rose an onion, I do not believe its perfume would be half so fragrant; or if it were, we should not believe it to be so, and thus it would " waste its sweetness on the desert air." So if I were to call my hero Jeremiah Sheepshanks, or Tommy Scrubs, or Natty Grubbins, I do not believe that my lady readers would sympathise one scintilla in his disappointments: as for the " lords of the creation," as a matter of course *they* are *never* influenced by *adventitious circumstances*. Yet, lest among this superior portion of humanity there should be a *few* who are *not* philosophers, I think it safest to propitiate all parties by selecting a *nom de guerre*, euphonious and national.

Laurence Desmond, then, looked at the geese, and the geese looked

at Laurence; and as the said Laurence had not one morsel of cake to throw to the geese, for even geese may be petted into politeness, the said geese gabbled a great deal of indignation, and then turned majestically round, and left him to his sorrow and his meditations.

Just as the flock was disappearing round a clump of the shrubbery, Laurence discovered that he was companioned by the stiff, erect personage who had created so uncourteous a diversion to the egotistical and somewhat scandalous exordium of Mr. Narcissus Juniper. Now, between this very rude person and Laurence there had sprung up an acquaintanceship of rather a singular character.

On Markam's side, it was bluff, sometimes uncourteous, always inquisitorial; but then his conversation developed an intimate knowledge of metropolitan life and usage, frequently abounding with warnings, highly important to the interests of the uninitiated tyro. There was besides running through all his discourse, an earnestness and friendly sincerity of goodwill, that Laurence had already begun to feel rare in cold-hearted, self-absorbed London. On the side of Desmond, the acquaintance had commenced in endurance, founded upon the amenity of his disposition; but as time progressed, the stranger's good intentions acquired a value in his eyes; and thence, though Laurence often felt the questioner to be rude, he never hesitated to give a candid reply; and amidst the sterile sympathies of the world by which he was surrounded, he often hailed with joy the appearance of the single friend who seemed to regard him with more than a momentary interest.

"Well, young man," began Markham, resting his chin upon the handle of his cane, and peering up quizzically into his companion's face, "and how goes the grand scheme of authorship? Made a hit yet, eh? or got yourself voted a jackass?—which?"

"Neither, sir!"

"Neither, sir,—evermore neither, sir! Why, what a milk-and-water scribbler you must be, sir!—Six months writing—writing!—and neither got praise nor abuse—pshaw!"

"I have not yet had the good fortune to publish a single article, and my chief energies have been devoted to the revision of dramatic pieces."

"Hah—lost time, I can tell you."

"Indeed I fear so; for I have had the mortification to receive back one manuscript, and other still remains unnoticed in the hands of a manager."

"Anything good in it?"

"Yes, I flatter myself."

"Doubtless!—most authors do!—Anything *new*, I mean?"

"Some situations and effects perfectly original."

"Sorry for you."

"Why?"

"Haven't a doubt you will see them produced."

"*Do* you think so?—My dear sir, you renovate all my hopes!"

"Didn't say it would be any advantage to *you*."

"To whom else?"

"To the interpolator!—the concoctor!—the manufacturer!—the man engaged to *do* the walking gentlemen and the pieces;"—and then in an under tone he grumbled, "and they do DO the pieces and the managers too, with a witness."

"You astonish me!"

"You will be more astonished shortly I suspect. What do you suppose condemns us to be nightly nauseated with trash?"

"I own I cannot imagine."

"It is the corrupt system of exclusion practised by managers towards unknown authors. There is a great cant about Shakspeare, whose unappreciable genius none would now be so ignorant as to question; but must it be believed that *all* genius is comprised within his sybilline leaves? many of whose plays are *un*actable, others *over*-acted. And then, forsooth, the public do not like the legitimate drama, because they are wearied of the Merchant of Venice, Romeo and Juliet, Hamlet, and a few others. Such an assertion reminds one of the king and the partridges. If people cannot dine *every* day on partridges, is that any proof that they do not like game? And yet I tell you, sir," pursued the old man, growing more energetic as he proceeded, "if that Shakspeare whom they so laud, were to walk the earth now, an unpatronized author, it is to be questioned whether he would ever achieve a *reading* for his works, or if he did, the chances are that he would derive no further advantage from the circumstance, than the *pleasure* of seeing his best thoughts nefariously interpolated into the maudlin *rifacimentos* of an unlettered piecemonger, or mixed up into some curious dramatic olio, and presented to the world as a 'Translation from the French,' while himself would be uncivilly bowed off with the intimation that the subject of his drama had unfortunately been already undertaken by the 'author to the theatre.'"

"It must, however, be admitted," replied Laurence, "that managers have to sustain a position of great difficulty, for every scribbler feels that he has a quarrel against those who will not dub him author; and amongst so many contending interests it is scarcely possible to give general satisfaction."

"Their chief difficulties," pursued Markham, "are of their own creation. Let them appoint *competent* and *disinterested readers*—not persons engaged and *paid to manufacture* from the Omnium Gatherum. Let impartial justice be stedfastly administered to all comers, and my life for it, instead of finding our stage transformed into a zoological caravan, we shall be invited to witness representations constructed by living authors, from which we can rise with elevated thoughts and purified manners. If we must needs emulate the rude tastes of the ancients, in the name of decency let our gladiatorial exhibitions be confined to their appropriate arena; but let not the muses be driven from their temple by the roaring of lions and the jabbering of monkeys; or buzzed out by every lusus naturæ that can personate an insect.

"I confess," assented Laurence, "that the Amazonian taste which leads high-born ladies to witness such exhibitions, seems to me strangely derogatory of that delicate sensibility, so charming an ornament to youth and beauty."

"Grant the philosophy of experiments proving the power of man over the baser animals, still why not confine them to the zoological gardens, where the creatures are as nearly as may be in a state of freedom? There, 'children of the larger and the lesser growth' alike may gain instruction from practical observation. But this theatrical display—this gaping at gorged and terrified animals, while man, emulative of Satan, plays the tempter and the punisher; this gazing with vulgar wonder at a man with his head in a lion's mouth, a trick so stale, that our great grandsires were wearied of hearing about the lion 'that wagged his tail,' seems to me the climax of simplicity and absurdity. And then, when all is done, what does it prove? Since the creation of the world, it was ordained that man should subjugate the inferior animals. Why should we doubt that immutable decree? Fallen as may be the human race from their primitive perfection, the march of science shows that we are not yet called upon to assert our superiority over the 'brutes that perish,' nor to prefer them to man in the temple of intellect. The wildest savage of the woods can, we know, be tamed by a process more or less rapid; the uselessness and costliness of the achievement has alone rendered the experiment rare; and nothing but the revival of a barbarous taste invests the subject with a present interest."

"It is indeed to be regretted," said Laurence, "that in this age of improvement, while all other arts progress towards the highest point of civilization, that the drama alone droops."

"Sir!" said the old man, forcibly striking his cane on the ground, "there is a superabundance of dramatic talent in the age, but persons of genius cannot brook the slights—the base rivalry—the petty thefts—the rude neglect—nay, the coarse insolence to which they become victims in the drama's cause: they are speedily disgusted with the difficulties so witlessly thrown in their path, and retreat from a contest where the boldest egotist or the thickest-skulled gatherer frequently buffets out the largest share of attention. Thus they either turn into a freer channel those *spirituelle* outpourings which, properly appreciated, had shed a rainbow of promise over the stage, or they perish in silent and moody obscurity, unknown and unregretted."

"It is a pitiable alternative!" sighed Laurence.

"And managers," pursued Barker, with an impressive gesture, "what to them is the result? They do not reap the single reward of a well-filled treasury; for by a singularly retributive justice, their reckless condemnation of untried talent consummates alike their own ruin, and the destruction of their art. Despotically empowered though they be to impale their gifted victims on the altar of their own selfishness, their imperial sceptre reaches not beyond the fatal curtain; and instead of deceiving the public into the belief that their occult researches have produced golden ore, their base and worthless metal remains visibly untransmutable and profitless; and they, who might have been admired and venerated as high priests of their order, are revealed, by their own venality, to be no better than sciolistical professors, whose juggling arts, losing tricks, and gambling speculations, excite no less the derision, than the contempt of the multitude."

"Yet," interposed Laurence, "we must not forget that managers are frequently compelled to defer to the false taste of their audience."

"The false taste, sir, is of their own creating! Good taste is, with few exceptions, the result of a well-directed education. How few persons set out on their grand tour imbued with a love of the fine arts; yet when they return from lounging in the ateliers of foreign artists, they all are, or seem to be, connoisseurs. Why? Because their taste has been educated; that which commenced in affectation, grew into reality, as they unconsciously acquired knowledge. It is the province of the artist to impart the love of the beautiful—of the true. If the actor cannot, like the sculptor, create that love, he may 'mouth to the multitude,' but he has no claim to the name of artist."

"You must allow, however, that the great mass of the people visit the theatre merely for relaxation, consequently they care little for the dignity of the legitimate drama, and naturally enough prefer showy spectacle, which involves no exertion of feeling!"

"Why blame the public, sir, for admiring scenic and Terpsichorean embellishments? or why suppose that those decorations are not equally applicable to good as to bad compositions? A good opera is quite as intellectual an entertainment as a good comedy; a well-constructed three-act melodrame as hurtless as a five-act tragedy! The main point for the consideration of those who preside over the great school where morality is most practically taught, and which should be regarded as a mighty lever by which to raise the national character, only inferior to the teaching of the pulpit, should be, that their lessons may bear a profitable reflection—that the amusement may elevate."

"Truly men are but as children, after labour they must play," rejoined Laurence.

"'Tis therefore that the tutor should be careful that the relaxation do not corrupt. Let managers then free themselves from their servile yoke to the *few;* let them put an end to the *dramatic monopoly*, and there will be no longer a dearth of good pieces. The dearth of good pieces creates a dearth of good actors. Actors become puppets in the hands of playwrights, who fit their deformities as their tailor would their humps. Let all authors meet a *courteous* reception; let only *such* be accepted as possess merit, without preference to the *rank* or *position* of the writer; and let *none* be rejected without a *fair reading* and a *polite reply*. He who aspires to be an author, merits something for the sake of his ambition, even should his production be worthless. If managers would but practise these few simple rules, good actors would be found, good pieces would multiply; the public would be charmed by the affluence of variety—and trust my prophecy—there would no longer be 'a curse on both their houses!'"

As the old man spoke, he rose and departed. Laurence looked wistfully after him; but in a minute Markham turned round, and saw his elève so gazing; a smile then broke over the withered but intelligent countenance, as in bantering tone he added—"Better look after your original thoughts to-night; there's a new piece at the Imperial—and perhaps you may see there an old friend with a new face!"

Before Laurence could ask an explanation, he was gone.

* * * * * *

In the well-built quarter West are grouped, in a motley of most 'admired disorder,' the élite of many classes. The merchant, proud of his wealth and of his palace-house; the peer, proud of his descent; the city knight, proud of his new honour; the actor, flushed with popular applause; the chiropodist, exultant of the distinguished coterie, from whose exuberant excrescences she reaps an abundant harvest; and, lastly, the successful author, who glories in the conquest of the hydra-headed, often cruelly-gulled, monster—the Public.

Towards the residence of one of the last of these, Laurence Desmond turned his tardy steps. He had for him a letter of introduction from a noble relative: this he had suffered to lie unheeded in his desk, either because such letters had lost value in his eyes since his brief interview with Mr. Growles, or because strong in faith of his own ability, he had trusted to bring himself, unaided, through the difficulties of the onset to a literary career. But slight as had been his experience, it had served to show him that the co-operation of a popular favourite might be a powerful ally to aid him to beat back the horrid "Witch of the Threshold."

To the celebrated Sketchby Gaggerton, then, he determined to make his bow: he was one who, more by tact than talent, yet with a share of both, had literally taken the town by storm. He had fairly, or unfairly, "set the Thames on fire;" and though it might be shrewdly suspected that he was as much astounded at the conflagration as many of the beholders—yet there it burned, sure enough!—and to change the metaphor, deserving or not, the ashes of the illustrious dead had been raked from their mouldering tombs, to scatter beneath his chariot wheels; while mighty names had been deposed from their pedestals, that *his* might be inscribed above them.

To this man, so skilled in the mysterious science of success—so lately elevated to his proud station, that it could not be supposed he had yet forgotten either the steps by which he had ascended, or the agonies of the novitiate, Laurence Desmond determined to appeal for sympathy and advice.

Thrice did the knocker reverberate through the stately hall, ere the door was suspiciously unclosed by a slovenly maid of allwork.

"Master ain't at home, sir!" was the chilling reply, accompanied with a covert glance towards an adjoining door, probably leading to the study, which said as plainly as look could speak, that her master was there enjoying his exclusive right, and cultivating the "*otium cum dignitate.*"

"Are you *quite* sure?" persisted Laurence. "I have important business—a letter to deliver!"

"Not by no means!—As sure as eggs is eggs, master be out."

"Betty! I say, Betty! Come here directly!" shrieked a shrill spinsterial voice from an opposite parlour.

"Coming, miss, coming!" cried Betty, and rushed towards the voice. Laurence still lingered, and to his amusement heard the following whispered conference.

"Betty, are you *sure* you're right? Did you look out to see if he had a carriage?"

"Laws yes, miss!—not even a cab! O, it's all right; master won't see none but nobs!"

"In course, Betty. But if you turn away a lord—lor! you'll see what a row there'll be, that's all!"

"Lor, miss, he ain't no lord, not he."

"I don't know—I've my doubts. He *speaks* like a gentleman."

"What does that sinnify, miss? He's got a letter for master! I dare say he's one of them folks that's seen better days."

"A letter—a petition, I suppose! Well, then, tell him to leave it, and go about his business."

Betty closed the door and did as she was bid, though in more polite terms than had been dictated. But Laurence was too much revolted by the menâge to retain any longer desire to become acquainted with the master; therefore, declining to leave the letter, he crushed it contemptuously into his pocket;—yet, willing to leave a lesson and a panic behind him, he desired Betty to say that the relative of a nobleman with whom Mr. Gaggerton was acquainted had called with a letter of introduction, but failing to meet him, could not call again. During the delivery of this message, his quick glance perceived that both doors gently unclosed a very little; but he awaited neither apology nor reply, making a rapid retreat from the inhospitable mansion; yet he was amused to see a group of female heads, vulgarly *en papillotte*, thrust against a parlour window, to the imminent danger of the beauty of their own features, as well as to the safety of the glass.

"And so much," sighed Laurence, as he turned away, for the sympathising friendship of the admired and amiable Mr. Sketchby Gaggerton.

* * * * *

"I am sorry to be troublesome, sir," said the landlord of the hotel, as he placed a dish of cutlets before his pensive guest. "I should be extremely grieved to inconvenience a gentleman, but as I have an old customer who requires your room, perhaps it might be all the same to you, sir, to give it up?"

"O, of course—of course—all rooms are the same to me," replied Laurence absently.

"I was sure, sir, that a *gentleman* like you would easily be prevailed on to oblige me, sir; and so, as I have rather a long account to settle this evening, I shall thank you for the amount of this, which, as you may remember, you desired might be ready to-day."

As he spoke, the host drew forth a portentous roll of paper, and laid it by the side of the plate. Laurence eyed it with a shudder and a look that shewed this *entrée* to be unpalatable enough to remove all appetite for the first.

"Why, as to that, my good friend," he replied involuntarily, putting from him the obnoxious paper, I regret to say that a very unlooked-for occurrence prevents my meeting your wishes at this precise moment; however, in a few days—"

"A few days! Sir, I don't keep my house open by telling people that come to me for money that I'll pay them in a few days!"

"You are speaking to a gentleman, sirrah—don't be impertinent," said Laurence with a frown.

"No, sir—not at all. I don't go to say that you didn't pay me honourably enough while you had *money;* but when a gentleman hasn't a shilling in his pocket, and don't know where to get one, what's the use of his gentility? Gentility won't pay the rent, nor the wine merchant; and though no man respects a gentleman more than myself when he has a full purse, I'd as lief have his room as his company when he carries that empty."

Laurence felt keenly the homely truth of this speech, yet, angry as he was, he could not refrain a smile at the man's philosophy, as he replied,

"Well, sir, let's hope that in a few days my purse will be entitled to your respect; in the mean time, you need not fear—I shall not run away."

"No fear of that," grumbled the fellow surlily. "Folks generally know when they're well—don't often run away when they can be kept for nothing."

"What's that you say, sirrah?" shouted Laurence, springing to his feet.

"I say no more than I think—and a man has a right to think, and speak too, in his own house, I suppose," said the sturdy John Bull, all the rights of the people, as demonstrated at his club, thronging fast and thick into his brain. "I'm a free-born Briton, a householder, and a voter; I've a voice in the parliament as well as my betters; and what I say I'll stick to—that's flat."

"You're an impertinent——I'll not stay another night in your house, sir."

"I don't intend you shall. Here, John! John! call a cab for the *gentleman*—if he's got the money about him to pay the fare!"

"Yes, do, John," echoed Laurence.

"Coming, sir."

"Bring down my things, and put them into the cab. Harkee, mind how you handle the desk."

"Yes, sir—sorry to lose you, sir—hope you'll remember the waiter, sir—bring your luggage in a minute, sir."

"Not if I knows it! John, you'll bring the key of the gentleman's room to *me*, if you please; and see that he don't remove a single article."

"Do you mean to rob me, sir?" vociferated Laurence.

"Not by no means! I'm only taking care, you see, that *you* don't rob *me!*"

"Very well, sir! very well! Pretty treatment, after living in your house and paying you exorbitantly for six months!"

"More fool you if you couldn't afford it. I didn't go to ask you, did I? In coorse not, seeing there's always plenty of such chaps as you to be had without going to look for 'em."

"Mark me, sir!" and Laurence went on buttoning up his coat and pulling on his gloves. "You'll repent this behaviour, sir. I shall send my attorney to you, and he shall see whether I am to be insulted and robbed—yes, *robbed*, sir, with impunity."

"Happy to see any friend of yours, sir, that 'll pay me my money."

"I'll *pay* you, sir!—I'll pay you, and I'll punish you too, for detaining my luggage."

"You'll find them all safe, sir—when I'm paid."

"Very well, sir, very well!" and Laurence, in a tempest of wrath, was stalking towards the door, when the waiter, sidling past to open it, rejoined,

"Hope you won't forget John, sir."

Laurence drew back a pace—the next moment his hand was in his purse. He knew that it was not a moment to be generous—and yet, the servant had been attentive. The force of habit was strong, the pride of country tugged at his breast; he had not words to frame an apology, he had not the moral courage to say "No!" so, blushing at the smallness of the donation, he placed a crown in the man's hand, and rushed into the street. The receiver bowed, shrugged his shoulders, and pocketed the gift with a sneer, unconscious that the donor had divided with him his *all.*

Heated and humiliated, our hero trod rapidly onward, heedless of whither he had turned his steps, in his irritation at an unpunishable affront, forgetful of the immediate consequences of his late affray. He was beginning to bethink himself of the necessity of seeking a lodging, when his meditation was disturbed by finding himself mixed up in the crowd before one of the principal entrances of a principal theatre.

"Bill of the play, sir—please to buy a bill—a new piece, sir," brought to memory the words of the old man Markham; and as he read the glowing announcement posted at the door, an insatiate longing seized him to witness the performance. Again, Reason whispered monitions against extravagance, at a period when shillings had become as sovereigns.

"I will go to the gallery," he mentally replied; "it is money well laid out, because I shall learn something."

So Reason, like many another good adviser, was silenced without being convinced.

And to the gallery Laurence went. There, his hat drawn down over his brows, his arms folded across his chest, all his thoughts concentrated, he awaited the new presentation.

The first piece was old and hackneyed, but at last the curtain drew up for the afterpiece. The first scene was tame and commonplace enough; but as the plot began to develope itself, and the actors warmed, familiar imagery seemed springing up amidst a novel arrangement. The piece progressed; sparkling bursts were exchanged for whole speeches, speeches for scenes, until around him grew up palpably a mental *Self!* Laurence gazed breathlessly, gaspingly, on each well-remembered feature of his darling creation, that, by some demoniac transmigratory process, had thus, in phantom mockery, been transfused from his rejected MS., to Prometheanize and invigorate the bodiless outline of an unknown rival.

Spell-bound he stood gazing, like the student Frankenstein, at the wonderful incarnation which he had made a model of his ideal, but which, by some hidden agency, had become his horror and his curse.

At last the curtain fell, amidst applause and shouts; a flowery shower fell around the actors, and then there was a cry for "The author!" Involuntarily Laurence started a step or two forward, and so obscured the prospect from his adjacent neighbours; he heard a voice recommend them to throw him into the pit, and he felt a rude push that sent him reeling against the wainscot. He lost footing for a moment, but recovered himself time enough to catch a glimpse of a gentleman in black, with his hand encased in white kid, spread out emphatically on his heart, bowing and smiling, and smiling and bowing.

In five minutes more the lights were going out, one after another, through the theatre; the ladies in the boxes were muffling, the gentlemen were buttoning and handing, and the crowd that had recklessly risked life and limb to get *into* the house, were as eagerly again risking both to get *out*; while Laurence, stunned and stupified, was slowly following their example;—and then, with head and heart both aching, with pockets turned inside out, he was standing in the street—a robbed—disappointed—insulted—*homeless man!*

(To be continued.)

---

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF SHAKSPEARE.

### QUEEN ISABELLA'S PARTING.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

"And must we be divided, must we part?"—RICHARD THE SECOND.

"OH! do not say that we must part!
It may not, cannot be;
Thou dost but sport thee with my heart,
To try its love for thee:
Yet wherefore try? thou canst not doubt
A love so true as mine,
That shadows thee, like wings about
Some ever-worshipped shrine.

"Oh! do not say that we must part!
To England's pleasant shore
I came to thee, with loving heart,
To dwell for evermore:
Thou art the book that doth enfold
The fortunes of my life—
The gems, the silver, and the gold
That dower me as thy wife."

She clasped her white and jewelled hands,
With such a look of woe;—
"If thou hast lost thy crown and lands,
My heart can never go:
I'll doff my woman's fears, to brave
The battle, siege, or sea;
To share thy glory, or thy grave,
Seems all as one to me."

# RECOLLECTIONS OF A ROYALIST OFFICER.[1]

BY COLONEL DE R * * * * *, AN EARLY COMRADE OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

## CHAPTER VIII.

" Why seeks he with unwearied toil
Through death's dim walks to urge his way,
Reclaim his long-asserted spoil,
And lead oblivion into day?"

LANGHORNE.

" *Naples, Dec.* 16, 1788.

" A TRUCE to ruins; for, to-day, my dear father, I have a piquante adventure to relate to you, of recent occurrence, and happening to a young French officer, who chanced to find himself at Rome.

" He was upon the shore of the Tiber, and observed many little foreign barks near him, among others a Sicilian; which led him to inquire of the captain of this vessel if he were about returning home, as he had a great desire to see Sicily, and whether it would take much time to get there?

" 'We set off to-morrow,' replied the sailor, 'and shall be at Palermo in six days, if the *tramontane* continues.'

" Nothing more was wanting to determine the officer; he concluded a bargain for the passage at once, and conveyed himself next morning, with his portmanteau, on board the Sicilian felucca; congratulating himself on hearing that there were likely to be several passengers, amongst whom would surely be a few officers like himself, some Italian nobles, and at least two or three ladies, with whom he proposed to himself to begin a course of Italian, the best way possible of learning the language.

" Fancy his feelings when he perceived seventeen monks come and take their seats beside him; a troop of *religieux*, who, being subjects of the king of Naples, were ordered, in consequence of some misunderstandings between that monarch and the sovereign pontiff, to return to the Sicilian convents. To this grave company joined himself a solitary layman, an honest merchant from Milan.

" The rowers plied their oars, the felucca left the shore, and very soon the voyagers who were threading the stream of the Tiber, saw no more of Rome or the grandeur of the Romans; for the inclosed and narrow river, flowing between barren lands, would never be taken for the ancient flood so celebrated in the history of that people. They soon, however, perceived their sails swelling in the sea-breeze, and their bark sped rapidly; but by a fatality, common in the Mediterranean, the wind changed in the afternoon, and became so contrary, that it was necessary to anchor next day at Auzium, a port and town

[1] Continued from vol. xxxvi. p. 390.

formerly so celebrated, and now reduced to a mere village, the ruins surrounding which attest its elder greatness.

"The passengers here disembarked, and found a lodging for the night in a palace of Cardinal Albani's. The return of the tramontane made them embark anew, and the hope of soon seeing Sicily became general; when, as they were attempting to double the heights of Monte-Circe, the ancient abode of that daughter of the Sun, the wind changed to the south, and became all at once so impetuous that it was not possible to turn the cape, take as many tacks as they would. The vessel, on the contrary, departed further and further from the coast, and the waves dashed over its deck as if they were about to swallow it up.

"The sailors, who had been singing in snatches all day, now became taciturn; they looked at one another with an air of indecision, and one of them began to ring a little bell, as a signal for chanting litanies to the Holy Virgin, to which all replied trembling, the seventeen monks and the young officer not excepted. What was to become of the galley?

"Night approached; the heavens were furrowed with thick clouds; the last sail had just been, at the voice of the captain, reduced to the smallest possible breadth of canvass, that the vessel might be left to the direction of the winds and the keeping of heaven, when a gust, more terrific than any yet, broke one of its ropes; the sail fluttered at liberty, all darted forward to seize it; the man who held the helm tied himself to it with cords round his waist, the other sailors did as much, and the passengers were ordered to precipitate themselves into the hold, the hatchways being immediately closed above them; while the poor bark floated at the will of the winds and waves.

"As for the unfortunates who had been sent down to stifle in the deep den below, they lay pell-mell, and the officer among them, biting his nails at the thought of his fatal curiosity. Twenty times that night he thought the felucca was splitting, and he buried in the depth of waters, so furious was the tossing. He resigned himself, however, to his fate, regretting only his father and the friends of his home, and the grief they would feel at never seeing him again.

"He was many hours without hearing a single word from sailors or passengers; all were in the same anxiety; and so deep was the silence, that he was often ready to imagine that those above must have been swept overboard. But at length these evil prognostics changed; a voice was heard upon the deck, a sound of movement, of manœuvring the vessel; and the moon, flinging a gleam of light through the clouds, showed the little isle of Ponze ready to save five-and-twenty human beings from expected wreck.

"Was it to chance or to their prayers that they owed the finding of this point of safety, an almost imperceptible rock, and in the night, in the midst of the boundless plain? The officer thought that God had heard them; for he could attribute none of the merit to the intelligence of the wretched sailors, who now cast anchor in a creek of the islet, and entered next morning into the little port. Scarcely were they landed, when the captain proposed to go at once, and altogether, to return thanks in the chapel of the Virgin, and never

did the young Frenchman pay a priest his dues more willingly than for that thanksgiving service.

"After a stay of forty-eight hours in this little isle, which belongs to the king of Naples, he was so thoroughly cured, this young officer, of his fantasy about seeing Sicily, that he took his leave of the monks and the Sicilian captain, to embark in a boat for Naples; but the inconstancy of the winds at that season, (the beginning of December,) kept them five days at anchor off the isle of Ischia, and again for some time at Surinthe.

"At Naples he again saw Vesuvius!—He looked at it all night from a terrace upon which his chamber opened; scarcely had he thrown himself upon his bed, when he left it again to admire the course of the lava, as if he had never seen it before. By this passion for Vesuvius, my dear father, you will recognise your son, in the French officer whose adventures I have been narrating. It must be confessed that he was a very thoughtless boy, to leave Rome in the month of December to go sea-voyaging and running all kinds of risks, instead of remaining where charming society, pleasures of the richest kind, and ruins and monuments, enough to satisfy the hungriest lover of antiquity, surrounded him. But he will be more sage for the future; experience forms men; and I feel already that this piece of rashness has been very useful to me; for it has helped me to distinguish between the mind's prejudices and the real and true; and also to think deeply on man's destiny upon earth, which I did in earnest upon the deck and in the hold of that Sicilian vessel.

"Forgive me now that I am once more on shore, my dear father, for I love you at least as dearly as while you mingled with my thoughts at sea."

The next letter, which is dated also from Naples, after mentioning that he had eagerly embraced the opportunity to revisit Portici, the baths of Nero, and the Sibyl's grot, to salute Vesuvius in passing, and once more lose himself in the streets of Pompeii, describes an excursion into Calabria, to visit the temples of Pæstum,

> "Those three in more than their original grandeur,
> And round them not one stone upon another."

"This is a new act of rashness," he says, "from which, however, I could not restrain myself upon the proposition being made me by a very well-informed young Englishman I met here. I call it so, because that neighbourhood is in rather ill-repute as concerns the safety of travellers. The province of Calabria passes for a regular den of robbers and assassins, and an endless number of recent tales are told, each more affrighting than those before it; while it is certainly a fact, that the interior administration of the kingdom of Naples is very badly managed.

"However, *we* found no brigands in the lovely country we had to cross to arrive at Pæstum! We burnt with impatience to penetrate into this ancient city of the Sybarites; but the thorn and wild briar defended its entrance, and some goats with their little keeper held the place of that effeminate people. What silence in the midst of its

circuit! but it is no longer by the order of its magistrates, who have forbidden that any sound should disturb their delicious slumbers. It is the calm which is the work of Time—destroying peoples and overthrowing flourishing cities; but God often orders that some trace of their existence shall remain, to tell us where they stood.

"Would you have believed that, thirty years ago, these ruins, which recall the loveliest ages of Greece, and may be measured with the monuments of Athens, were *unknown?* An artist or a hunter made the discovery; and yet, they are but eighteen leagues from Naples."

A very clear description is given of these ruins with their channelled columns, so heavily massive each apart, so full of lightness as a whole, and which, as he remarks, "have nothing in common with what we admire in Rome and the rest of Italy." But *now* the two extremes of authorly knights-errant—the minstrel romancer, and the accuracy-loving geologist—to whom, like Peter Bell's primrose, the pillars on the water's brim are pillars that have the water's mark upon them, and pillars that have, therefore, *sans doute*, been under the water, and are, therefore, very useful to the geologist, and nothing more,—meet at Pæstum, and every chiselled niche and shrill-voiced cicala is known by heart;—the more praise to the glaived hand that could so well record their praise before the world had been taught by so many voices the duty of finding them beautiful.

He says he slept well that night at Salernum, and *would* have done had the Sybarite's doubled rose-leaf come to break his rest; and his next letter is dated again from Rome.

"*Rome, Dec.* 24, 1788.

"You will not *now* be sorry for my second visit to Naples, my dear father, when I tell you that without it I should never have succeeded in procuring a relic of the true cross, as you so particularly desired me to do!

"I had knocked at every door to obtain it; I had addressed myself, furnished with particular recommendations, to the prelate who is the depository of the relics, but in vain. He told me the only way to procure it was to find some one who, possessing a portion, might be induced to make it over to me! Well, instead of being coupled *this* time with my Polish friend, I shared the cabriolet which brought me from Naples to Rome with a clergyman of this city, a man of much intellect and of the highest merit. The three days and a half I passed with him appeared to me very short; he taught me many things, and showed for me a kind of interest, and even attachment, which gave me the more pleasure as his age was more than twice my own.

"I told him my disappointment at not being able to procure a little piece of the wood of the true cross for my father, and he said he would make the sacrifice of his own in my favour, as sooner or later he should be in a position to repair his loss. I cannot tell the pleasure this gave me, nor how grateful I felt."

The next date is on Christmas Day, after assisting at the mass (celebrated by the Pope) in St. Peter's.

M. de R.'s description of all the splendours of the ceremony, with "the noble countenance of Pius VI., his graceful bearing and fine figure," are followed by a sketch of the decorations of Santa Maria Maggiore on the night of Christmas Eve, with all its columns hung with draperies of rich crimson silk, ornamented with superb fringes, while innumerable lustres shed a light beyond the day, and the eye wandered dazzled from the gorgeous embellishments to the gilded roof; while in the midst lay our Saviour's cradle; and all this to carry back the thoughts to where, within

"A province far away,
Went trudging home a weary boor;
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half-shut stable-door,
Across his path. He passed, for nought
Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars his only thought,
The air how calm, and cold, and thin,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago."

With characteristic frankness he confesses, that the idea which came into his head on entering was, what a good ball-room it would make! adding, "a thought which assuredly would never have entered your mind or my aunt's, but I hope God will forgive it *me*."

"*Rome, Jan.* 1789.

* * * * *

"I have made, since my last letter, many pilgrimages, beginning by a long visit to the Capitol, where I found no longer the Roman eagles, nor even heard the cries of the geese. But what most astonished my eyes was the aspect of the Tarpeian Rock, which has so little elevation in these days, that I was just going to jump down with my heels together, when, perceiving Marc Aurelius, who was on horseback behind me, I feared he would chastise such a schoolboy freak—in a Gallic schoolboy too — and preferred addressing my regrets and my respect to the emperor. The *life* that they have given to the bronze of this equestrian statue!"

The account of the Capitol is followed by a long sketch of the treasures in the Vatican, from which we will only give an extract here and there.

"The first thing I set myself to seek was the Belvidere Apollo, but two sphinxes barred my way, forcing me to stop and look at them—then two little stags attacked by the dogs;—there the beautiful Cleopatra asked where I was going, when it was *she* that one must admire! and here an old slave disputed the palm of beauty with her, by the truth of his wrinkled skin and the articulation of his muscles,—till I thought that night would overtake me without having seen it. The only way was to demand imperatively to be conducted towards the god; and I did well, for it is the loveliest image of all fable.

"Why did I not leave the spot without having been witness to a spectacle that rends the heart?—the Laocoon!

* * * * *

"With what passion the Romans sought to immortalize humanity! to conduct down to far posterity those they had loved, admired, or feared! And *we* confine ourselves to, here and there, a few mausoleums."

* * * * *

Then follow the Pyramid of Cestius, and the Tomb of Cecilia Metella! How pleasant an hour we spent discoursing over them, and a few other favourite recollections of Roman splendour, my brother, myself, the beautiful Countess de R., and the *once* young officer, in the little lantern-like salon of Chilleau, on its steep hill-side looking along the Loire, and hung all round with the fine old engravings he had brought from Italy fifty years ago! His description of Cecilia's mountain-tomb is vivid; but our poets, from the wandering Childe to him who sought among those scenes "the solace of song," have made us know it well. "M. d'Agincourt," he adds, "to whom I was speaking yesterday with enthusiasm of these two structures, said to me, 'I will take you to-morrow to see something more remarkable still in the way of tombs; it is that of an Aruntian family, now newly discovered.' And who could look without being softened into that cavern, shut for ages, and garnished with urns full of ashes, just as if placed there yesterday? Their sizes, from the largest down to the extremely small, remind one that then, as now, they died at every age; and this little collection of vases of baked earth, so true an emblem of human life, strangely touched me: I fancied myself seeing all the long train of the Aruntia enter the cavern in living shape, to ask us what we would know, and make known to us what the inscription little served to tell."

"*Rome, Jan.* 26, 1789.

"A woman, older than all living Rome, has won my heart; and I feel that I could even renounce, and without an effort, the borders of the Loire, to fix myself upon those of the Arno, beside the shore of that river of past time, whose waters fling themselves, sometimes in masses, sometimes in silver threads, across a thousand rocks!

"The sight of an exquisite temple hung upon a precipitous rock, beneath which a thousand shrubs spring from every chink and crevice, has inspired me with the dream of passion for the sybil whose favourite haunt was here! I heard the voice of the beautiful prophetess, and saw her stand rivalling in grace and elegance the columns and rich capitals which surround her dwelling. I have been at Tivoli!——"

I remember lifting my eyes when I read this burst, seated on the steps of our friend's house, with one of M. de R.'s volumes on my knee, to the scene which was below me, the wood-robed and vine-hung borders of the broad and stately Loire, which, gleaming in the light of an afternoon sun, (that, declining a little from its sultriness, allowed us about that time to open the Venetians, and had tempted me out to the coolness of the seat of slate made by the broad steps, with their slight porch of crossing poles, up which the canary plant was entwining its pale gold and green,) lay stretching in such calm splendour before me, that forgetting all the magic that lies in the name of Italy, I

was ready to wonder the wanderer from the Loire could have exclaimed *any* thing, but, with du Bellay, in Miss Costello's version,

> 'Dearer to me the home that thought recalls,
> Than Roman palaces and gorgeous halls!
> Richer than marble or than sculptured stone,
> The grey slate on my humble roof that shone;
> More bright than vaunted Tiber's ancient tide,
> My gentle Loire's soft waves that murmuring glide;
> And greater to this longing heart of mine,
> My little Liré than Mount Palatine.'

However, his thoughts soon turn back to it! or rather were far away beside his native river, even while standing in the Sibyl's Temple; for he goes on to describe the accurate examination he made of the plan and all the details of the Temple, saying, "If you have not already guessed why, I am going on to tell you! it is to rebuild St. René's chapel after the same model.' I should make use for that purpose of one of the old towers of the ancient castle, restoring it with care, and placing around it at some feet apart, graceful columns surmounted by Corinthian capitals, supporting an architrave and entablature, with a delicious frieze formed of garlands of flowers, sustained by finely-sculptured heads of oxen; and instead of marble, we would employ the beautiful Saumur stone. Will you make up your mind to this, my dear father? If you cannot, read once more the verses of Horace, and, like me, you will become Tivoli mad; mad about its cascades and waterfalls, and tenfold mad about its temple.

"This enchanting spot was the delight of the Romans, who rivalled one another in possessing seats upon these wood-clothed hills, at whose feet wind its beautiful waters, the sound of which is heard for a league around. The palace reared here by the emperor Adrian surpasses all the other buildings in magnificence.

"But it is sorrowful news that I have to add; my furlough advances towards its expiration, and I must prepare to quit Rome, if I can ever tear myself away. The Roman women have still in their countenances some of the beauty which belonged to their ancient renown. The eye dwells with pleasure on the outline of their features and their hue of rich carnation; but the men are unlike them; and if their character has degenerated from that of their ancestors, their countenances have degenerated too. There is, however, a tribe established on the other side of the Tiber, who are really made after the ancient models; they are a race of men remarkable for their lofty and finely-formed figures, bringing back the antique Romans to one's mind, and are called Transteverini."

"*Rome, January* 31, 1789.

"You will be glad to hear that I have had an interview with the Pope in his private apartment, and was received with great kindness. These audiences are in general given to several foreigners at once; and having missed two of these opportunities, I expressed my regret to M. de Bernis, who replied that the Pope was fatigued by this kind of exhibition, and not fond of receiving any one alone; besides which he was the more unwilling to importune his Holiness on this subject,

since a well-known colonel, who was admitted to a tête-a-tête, had presumed to ask the Holy Father for some money; to which the Pope replied, 'God has made me the depository of spiritual affairs, but not of temporal ones.'

"Notwithstanding this, some foreigners, whom the Cardinal had proposed my accompanying, having postponed their visit till after a journey to Naples, he had the great kindness to offer, a few days after, to demand a solitary audience for me; and I directed my steps in consequence to the palace of the Vatican at ten o'clock, the hour pointed out in the reply of the prelate who was master of the chambers to his Holiness; where, having entered a first antechamber, I was shown thence into a second, and thence into many others, which I passed through, all in the same manner, several questions being addressed to me in each, to ascertain that I was really one of the individuals intended to be admitted.

"In the last of these apartments I remained some time, waiting the exit of the person who preceded me, and to whom I was to succeed, as he had succeeded some other. I waited his return with some impatience; and when at length I heard the door open, I would have laid aside my sword, but the prelate who was in waiting made me keep it, saying that a French officer was not subject to such a regulation. Proud of this homage to my country, I yet followed my guide with a feeling of humility; and knelt, as I saw him do, upon passing through the door, and a second time in the middle of the chamber, while he retired, closing the door behind him. I was about to repeat it a third time, when his Holiness, who was seated near his desk, stretched out his arms to prevent me, at the same time addressing to me two or three questions in Italian, to which I almost involuntarily replied in the same language; but finding we were entering upon a conversation, I begged permission to answer him in French; this however, he would not consent to, and our discourse went on in Italian for about twenty minutes, the Pope talking with me with so much kindness, that before it was over I began to feel as much at ease as formerly with my preceptor. After inquiring what had most interested me in Rome, he spoke to me of the military profession, and particularly my own branch of it, and then went into the subject of the war with Turkey, showing an acquaintance with the subject, and power of entering into its details, which surprised me. We ended our chapter with the taking of Oczakow, a feat of arms in which he appeared to admire the valour of the Russians, as well as of the French officers who distinguished themselves there. All this enchanted me; and if ever this pontiff should need to have recourse to the king of France, and our sovereign should lend him aid, I shall put up vows to be among the number of his defenders!

"He asked me if I had anything to request from him; the only favour, I said, was his blessing; and, as he answered, such were tokens of respect to which he was now *little* habituated, there was a tone in his words which singularly touched me: I know not if he perceived it; but, as he said adieu, he laid his hands upon my arms, adding, in French, '*Je vous remercie.*' I bent again at his feet; knelt twice in retiring, and departed.

'Coming events cast their shadows before.' Does not a feeling of this come upon the heart when we hear the old man who already was 'fatigued' with frequent audiences, talking with a young French artillery officer of his own weapon, those cannon, whose roar was soon to echo beyond the Apennines; acknowledging sadly a mark of the heart's homage which men were ceasing to pay; and wakening up by his thoughtful courtesy the quick pulses of the young soldier, who was so soon to see the treasures of the Vatican carried off in price of peace by French armies, and Pius, one of those 'sixths' under whom 'Rome was always lost,' led prisoner into the territories whence the king who should have aided him was an exile, and dying, old and broken-hearted, at that very Valence whence our narrator had so gaily set out upon his travels? Ten years, still of youth, had not passed over the brow of the soldier of the lilies, when the ashes of the aged Pope were lying there at rest.

> 'So fades, so perishes, grows dim and dies,
> All that this world is proud of.'

It was but a little while before, that Mons. de R., in describing to his father the magnificent ceremonial that filled St. Peter's on the feast of Christmas, and the Pontiff descending the splendid staircase of his palace, and borne in triumph to the high altar, had expressed in words which sadden the heart of a Protestant, the deep respect with which his mind was penetrated, at seeing the head of the Church of Rome ascending it, 'to, as it were, identify himself with God!' Alas! the crown was falling from *his* head! Show and pageant were to fade from around him like the dream of a night vision! 'Their Rock is not as our Rock!' 'The Portion of Jacob is not like *them!*'

---

## CHAPTER IX.

> "I saw from out the wave her structures rise
> As at the touch of an enchanter's wand."—Byron.

"*Sienna, Feb.* 9, 1789.

"It is four days since I left Rome, and they seem eight to me, this route is so wearisome! The Campagna of Rome is a desert! What revolutions must have been needed to make it what it is!"

* * * * *

"My lamentations finished, however, on entering Tuscany, and at the sight of Sienna, whose environs are so populous and well cultivated, and their productions so various, that this town offers a delicious séjour. The purest Italian is spoken here; its inhabitants are polished and affable; there is more of vivacity and expression in their countenances than further south, and the women have no longer the air of faggots dressed up *à la Française*, after the fashion of Louis the Fourteenth's time.

"The Siennese, however, possess none of those marvels of art and nature which are found at Rome and Naples; still, they have a church which, though Gothic, is very rich and beautiful, being entirely clothed in marble; but what struck me as rather singular was, to find the

Three Graces in the middle of the sacristy! The sacristan endeavoured to set me right by maintaining that they were the three Divine Virtues. I wish it may be so!"

"*Florence, Feb.* 12.

"Our road from Sienna to this capital lay through a continual garden, so rich and varying are the fields of Tuscany. The trees are planted as round a Summer Villa, and are chiefly the mulberry and the poplar. In a word, it is a country that, if the Loire only rolled through it, would outshine that of Saint René.

"Florence is a lovely capital, and I feel as if I must linger here longer than I had intended, its polished people are so eager to make all that it can show of beautiful, admired; but if ever I write a journey through France, I will make such a eulogium of Anjou, and so set forth the fabrics of the Mauges and of Craonois, that the Florentines shall go wrapped in their mantles to freeze there through the winter, and sink in the mud of summer. I always make out to them that we have on *our* side beautiful cities enclosing beautiful objects, and possess Roman ruins and antiquities, and natural varieties, as well as they; always excepting the monuments of ancient Rome, the phenomena of Naples, and the singularity of Venice; telling them, 'I do not doubt your being proud of your cathedral tower, because the emperor Charles V. once said, to please you, that it ought to be kept in a case! It is pretty enough! but marble is a stone that is common in your country, as slate is in mine.

"Then, because their fine bridge over the Arno is the most beautiful in Italy, they suppose it must be in all the world. Handsome indeed it is! but when one has seen those of Tours, Saumur, and Moulins, one can pass over, without being astonished, that of Florence with its three arches; for if we are below them in the architecture of our gothic edifices and houses, we have certainly surpassed the ancients in the structure of our bridges."

"*Florence, Feb.* 26.

"You will wonder what I can be doing *still* at Florence! I am spending my time admiring.

"I passed a whole week in the gallery of the Grand Duke. In this gallery of the Medicis I have admired the queen of statues; do not expect that I shall speak to you of others after *that!*

* * * * *

"In the Cabinet of Natural History I have shuddered at the view of every fibre, the whole detail of the human frame, modelled in wax, and the result of the labour of years! It is a complete course of anatomy, a work unique in the world, and perfected under the superintendence of the Abbé Fontana. It fills ten chambers.

"But the most admirable thing of all I have to describe to you in Tuscany is its government, the exactness with which its police is regulated, and the devotion with which the people submit to the orders of the Grand Duke."

An account follows of this prince's reforms in the church, and his

consequent quarrel with the Pope, or rather the Pope's with him; the King of Naples being at the same time in open war with the holy see, on account of his refusal to pay to the Pope the *haquenée*, an ancient right of sovereignty acknowledged by his predecessors, in return for the services rendered to that kingdom by the popes in the ancient wars.

"This prince (the Grand Duke of Tuscany) governs absolutely *by himself.* He does not require any ministers, but passes all his time in studying the laws, in order to correct those which are hurtful to the interests of his people, and adopt others. When he has planned any fresh one in his cabinet, he speaks of it at first to several persons as a floating idea; it spreads gradually as such through the different classes of society, without its being known in whom it originates; and in the discussions which follow, he profits by these previous debates to judge better of the question, and leave nothing to chance in a matter so important as the formation of the laws.

"His plan fixed, he lays down the bases of it, which he causes to be pubished as a thing projected; deeper discussions than the former ones result from this proceeding; and when once the scheme has ripened, and gained ground in the opinion of his subjects, he passes the ordinance, which is received without surprise, and almost always with general assent. Some of these laws are not established till after several years' examination. They say that the new criminal code has taken ten years' labour and study.

"He watches over the morals of his state in an extraordinary manner, and knows everything that passes in his capital and in the provinces, and even in the interior of families; to effect which he has taken a very sure way, for every one can have access to him—he refuses audience to no one, and can be written to without the intervention of any one. With this intention, he has had a letter-box placed at the gate of his palace, which is brought to him every evening, and which he alone has the key of. This is admirable in a prince incapable, like him, of listening to false accusations, and anxious to know the real state of everything; but the consequence of so much surveillance makes every one here very reserved—some from respect, but many more from fear.

"After eleven at night, every one met in the streets by the patrol is accompanied to his dwelling, where, taking down his name in writing, they wish him good night. The next morning, his name is taken to the Grand Duke, who has it inscribed in a register, with any observations added that are judged necessary, and nothing is said to the individual for the first two or three times; but if it be oftener repeated, the cause is inquired into, and measures taken accordingly.

"Some little time since, the Grand Duke said, before all his court, to a young man of distinguished family, '*I'm afraid, sir, you will give yourself cold!*'

"He has confidential agents in the other towns of his states, who supply his place, and correspond with him on this subject.

"The greatest silence reigns at eleven o'clock in the streets, which I find very *triste*; but people who are not so young as I tell me that

this rigour was very necessary towards this people. Florence is now a sort of convent, where one becomes sage in spite of one's self.

"This sovereign imposes infinitely fewer taxes than did the Medici; notwithstanding which, he finds the means of carrying on many useful enterprises. The lower classes and the peasants pay hardly any; but, on the other hand, the richer grades and the nobility are subject to heavy imposts. The consequence is, that the country people lead an easy life, and the peasant women come into town so gaily dressed, they would be taken amongst us for chatelaines.

"The costume of the women in the fields consists in a straw-hat, trimmed with gauze and artificial flowers, and put on one side with an air of coquetry; their pretty sleeves are tied to their corsets with knots of ribbons, which float at will, and their aprons are of silk. The *tout ensemble* pleases as much as it surprises, and is quite general.

"The life led by the Tuscans appears altogether patriarchal; a life of happiness exempt from care, and in which the family of the Grand Duke serves for a model to all the others. Nothing can be more interesting than the privacy of this devoted father and husband; but I am inclined to blame his almost habitual custom of walking entirely alone and unattended in the streets of Florence. Henry IV. made himself very popular, but he bore himself so as always to appear Henry IV.

"You see in Leopold's dining-room four of those little tables called dumb-waiters, destined to receive all that is necessary for the service of the table, so as to dispense with the presence of the domestics, whom he is in the habit of sending away at the dessert, to be alone with his wife and children. Of the latter he has eleven or twelve; and every day one sees half-a-dozen of them go out of Florence, to take the air at a little country-house he has, half a league from the city. There they grow up within sight, sporting upon the turf, in the midst of the Florentine people.

* * * * *

"I flatter myself that this letter will make you take me for a sage of Magna Grecia, where I was six weeks ago, or at least of Etruria, which I leave to-morrow for Venice.

* * * * *

"After having crossed the lesser Alps, saluted Neptune in the grand square of Bologna, and voyaged by divers canals, I reached the Po, whose current bore me through a rich and delicious country to the Adriatic. I was hardly in the open sea, when I perceived suddenly in the distance an assemblage of edifices, which seemed to rise from the midst of the liquid plain. It was Venice! The enormous mass of its buildings, closely crowded together, is surrounded with a number of other and smaller groups, which are villages, separated by canals of different dimensions from their metropolis, while their foundations are below the waters.

"You watch the tide rise—it has but a step more of yonder staircase to ascend, to enter the vestibule and the saloons! I have disembarked and left the sea, yet it is all around me! The tower of St. Mark's, from the summit of which I am writing to you, stands in the midst of the city, like the mast of the giant vessel. I begin my letter from its lofty platform.

"Venice is a marvel, to which misfortune first gave birth; but wisdom and industry have consolidated,—commerce has enriched,—and policy immortalized it.

"What a vast plain lies in the distance before me! How rich and populous! And *those* are the fair provinces ravaged in the fifth century by Attila with his Huns, and Alboin with the Lombards! while their inhabitants, terror-stricken by the power of the northern kings, fled before their fierce pursuit. While I gaze on the shore, and my thoughts wander back into the remoteness of ages, I seem to see the barbarian hordes arriving, and the sea beneath covered with the barks that are bearing men, women, children, and priests, to seek a shelter in the lagoons and rocky isles of the Adriatic. Its sandbanks, then only frequented by a few fishermen, become the native land of entire tribes; the inhabitants of Padua, those of Aquileia, the patriarch of that place and his clergy, had been the first to retire thither, and declaring their new asylum free to all, they drew numbers round them, and the confluence is soon so great, that in a short time the Archipelago sees twelve of its sixty isles filled with men and covered with habitations.

"As their settlements became established, they constituted themselves communities, which had each their pastor and their tribune; and these twelve first tribunes, who were named by the people, were the first origin of the noble families of Venice, and the first who were inscribed, long after, in the Book of Gold. Eleven of these families remain still! *but* one has become extinct, in the lapse of twelve centuries.

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

"Venice has more than a thousand bridges, which are all of one arch, even the Rialto, which crosses the grand canal. Their construction is very light, and being of sufficient elevation to allow the passage beneath of barks and gondolas, they are formed into steps to facilitate their ascent; a mode of building which renders the use of horses and carriages impracticable; so that those of the inhabitants, and there are many, who have never since their birth left the city, have never seen any other quadruped than a dog and a cat.

"At the commencement of the eighth century, the twelve tribunes took the resolution of forming themselves into a regular republic, and giving themselves an elective chief; and having demanded and obtained the authorization of the Emperor and the Pope, they elected a Doge, and proclaimed their independence.

"But it is only by studying the history of this Republic, which presents a character so interesting in its origin, its growth, and the power at which it arrived, that we can form an idea of the deep policy of its government, the genius of the men who directed it, its perseverance in its enterprizes, and the display it presents of what secrecy can effect in a state, even to the supplying the place of armies.

"The Senate of Padua, uneasy and jealous at seeing this nascent commonwealth advancing with giant steps towards independence, endeavoured in vain to retain it under its power. A formidable

fleet,—a position unique in the advantages it offered for commerce with the isles of the Levant,—the flocking of men from so large a part of Europe to furnish themselves in this city with the productions of foreign lands, another route to the distant Indies not being yet opened by the Cape of Good Hope;—these were the causes which contributed to its riches and its increase. It finished by becoming, as if by miracle,—the power which at first had not an inch of territory! —of weight to preponderate in Europe.

"If I have been giving you a host of reflections upon its government, it is because I am still full of a discussion which I engaged in on my way with a Milanese traveller, who criticised all that was done in Venice. Once arrived here, you may be sure we took good care not to resume the interrupted thread of our conversation, though we are at the same hotel. I am told, that if an inhabitant of the city but *lends an ear* to a discussion on politics, he incurs the anger of the three inquisitors of state; and their tribunal is so great, they can condemn even the Doge to instant death. The operations of government must not even be *praised*. Patrician and plebeian are alike subject to all the severity of its laws; but it has rarely shed blood, and without doubt it has hindered many a revolution, which would have poured it forth in torrents. The 'Three' are elective, and are taken from the council of ten; never being named to the office till an advanced and specified age; I believe it is sixty years,—a period when the passions should have subsided into calm, and the judgment become formed by long experience: a set of, as you may imagine, very practised spies, inform the tribunal of all that is said or done in public.

"Yesterday I happened to be in a coffee-house with a Venetian nobleman, to whom I had brought an introduction. We were chatting with other foreigners upon indifferent things, when chance led us to speak of the alliance which was expected between Russia, Austria, and the Venetian republic, in which the latter was to furnish a squadron against the Turks. We questioned him, to know what he thought of it, but he remained mute to all we said, and resembled a statue more than a living man. I thought at first he must be ill, and inquired if he were so; but he assured me not, and upon our leaving the coffee-house, told me that he was not allowed to enter into conversation upon any of those affairs. We said no more upon the subject.

"I afterwards learnt that a patrician is expressly enjoined, upon no pretext whatever, to enter the house of a foreign ambassador, or even to approach him in any public place, upon peril of being punished more or less severely; neither must he seek to draw upon himself the attention and love of the people, whether by a too prominent luxury or generosity, under the risk of losing the confidence of the senate, and falling under the suspicion of ambitious views; in which case he would be excluded from affairs, and probably banished the country, if nothing more harsh were inflicted. Under this government the total abnegation of self is demanded; no other interest must be consulted than that of the republic. Many of its distinguished nobles have been found in the morning hung in the square of St. Mark, between the columns of the cathedral; no one knowing what offence they had

committed, nor what reproach they might have merited from the government: you look upon the dead and hold your peace.

"The more habitual punishments of the Venetians are, however, exile and imprisonment; state prisoners are generally shut up in the palace of St. Mark, where cells have been formed under the leads of the roof, the heat of which is so great, that it is said to be almost impossible to support it long. The families who miss any of their members, are generally ignorant for the greater part of the time what has become of them; and they know beforehand that it is useless to make any attempt to ascertain or to soften their fate. There have been many instances of persons who, once enclosed in these prisons, have never been heard of again. Often, however, after some stay there, they are transferred to some citadel on shore, or in one of the lesser isles, and then news is obtained of them. How these things make one shudder!

* * * * * *

"The nobles are not at all distinguished from any of the other citizens by their dress, always going out wrapped in a mantle, which is the same colour for every one; in winter it is made of cloth, but now that the warm weather is returning, of white camlet or taffety; a colour easily soiled, but you fear no dust in the streets of Venice. The women make their appearance out of doors in a great tunic of black silk. The gondolas, their only carriages, are all alike, and all painted black, the little cabin where you sit being covered with black woollen stuff, so that they look like a long sarcophagus, those of the nobles being quite undistinguished from all others, like the liveries of their servants, which are just the same as everybody else's; ambassadors only are allowed to decorate their gondolas with colours, covering them with decorations of silk and stuffs, and displaying each the flag of their nation.

"There is one liberty, however, which the Venetian people enjoy, and which they would not resign for many others; it is that of masking themselves at different periods of the year, and particularly at the carnival. Still the masks are all in the same costume; that of the domino.

"As for their Doge! he is but the phantom of a prince. I would much rather be a gentleman of France, free in all my actions, than a Doge of Venice. He must never quit the city! within which, observe, he has not an inch of garden. His children and his brothers are excluded from the first employments in the state; and if he is married, his wife is treated with no more distinction than the other ladies of the commonwealth. Solitude and dependence are the habit of his life; for him there is in the year but one single day of royalty,—it is that of his marriage with the sea. The fête is very brilliant; I have been witnessing it to-day. The Bucentaur, his gilded vessel, crowded with the leaders of the state and the foreign ambassadors, steers for the open sea, accompanied by gondolas in thousands upon thousands; and when at some leagues distance from the city, the Doge, seated in all his pomp in the midst of a numerous court, rises, at the signal of his master of the ceremonies, and drawing from his finger a ring, which they fasten to a thread of silk, he flings it into the sea, and draws it

out again two or three times, while, I suppose, some words of magic are repeated, and the marriage is done. The Doge then returns to St. Mark, accompanied by his train of attendants, but without his bride. With illusions like this, men have often governed men.

* * * * * *

"You may imagine, my dear father, that if I began my letter from the summit of St. Mark's, I have not stayed there to finish it! It is rather long; but I had been so astonished at all I saw and heard on arriving here, that I was eager to inform myself upon points respecting which I was in ignorance; and without fancying *you* as unlearned as myself, I yet wished to share with you all I gained of information, thinking that, as you had not reached as far as Venice in your Italian campaigns, you would not be displeased that your son should refresh your memory, concerning facts of its history you might have forgotten. I have another chapter upon Venice for you still.

"Your devoted Son."

---

## DOGMAS CONFUTED.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

The world doth say that such things are
As changing hearts;
Men bid you mark a falling-star,
Scarce knowing what the word imparts;
But we—who know that planets fall not—
The morbid heart's disease miscall not.

The world doth say that woman's love
Blows hot and cold;
Now gently, as the zephyrs move
On summer nights round ruins old—
Now wildly, as when winter dashes
Hail-torrents 'gainst the window-sashes!

The world doth say, that changing ever
Love's nature is:
'Tis idle talk! Affection never
Errs in caprices like to this;
When hearts are base, *then* hearts will alter—
But true love ne'er can fade or falter!

Yet if we change, and if our hearts
From hot to cold
Should veer,—the cause springs from such parts
Of hidden feeling as unfold
Some sickly thing within us breeding,
And not rebuke, but pity, needing!

# THE POOR RELATION.

BY ABBOTT LEE.

EVERYBODY was freshly dressed, and sat as stiffly as possible for the preservation of their good looks. It was the freezing, cutting, cooling, chilling half-hour before dinner, in which the only amusement consists in personal criticisms. The ladies looked at each other's sleeves, and investigated their shape, speculated upon the genuineness of their gems, whether the diamonds were real or only paste; wondered how each other could contrive to spend so much money, and how she could manage to get it, and yet make such a figure of herself. The gentlemen pulled up their shirt collars, and put their ringed fingers through their perfumed hair; stole looks at themselves in the mirrors; and yet time seemed to stand still. The hands of the time-piece must certainly have been stationary: it had stopped; it was backward: it was much later than it indicated. Pity that time, so much more valuable, should ever be heavier than gold.

For our own part we are, even in this late date of our own life, still astonished at the philanthropy of the world. People may talk of its unkindness, and want of benevolence, and hardness of heart, and so forth, but *we* say that its urbanity and tenderness are quite wonderful. There was not one of the guests that day assembled in the drawing-room of Swan Vale, who had not privately declared, that it was the greatest bore and trouble to them in the world to accept the invitation of its mistress to dinner; and Mrs. Mackillop, the lady hostess, had positively affirmed in strictest confidence to every member of her family, that it was the greatest expense, and the greatest annoyance, and the greatest labour, and the greatest nuisance to have them; and yet when they met, every one of the invited guests individually and collectively declared that it was the greatest pleasure on earth to visit Mrs. Mackillop; and Mrs. Mackillop positively asseverated that she had not a satisfaction in the world so large as that of seeing her dear friends assemble round her table. Now this is what we call an emulation in magnanimity and generosity, considering how particularly disagreeable it must have been to both sides.

Now we know that if the preluding minutes of the half-hour before dinner are not honey-drops to the guests, they are certainly poison-drops to the hostess. She is so afraid that the cook will make a mess of things, that what ought to be hid will be shown, and what ought to be shown will be hid; that her visitors will spy out some corner of nakedness, and that she may not well have spread out her field of plenty; that they will by mistake call her poor, and mean, and shabby, instead of rich, and liberal, and hospitable; that, poor thing, she suffers a very miserable sort of martyrdom indeed.

Thus sat Mrs. Mackillop, of Swan Vale, in her drawing-room, in the midst of about twenty guests, trying to smile and smile, and getting all the while a most particularly uncomfortable red face; for,

in addition to the nuisance of having so many guests who had come, she had the additional nuisance of expecting two more who had not come, and she knew that her dinner was frizzing and burning, and soddening, and drying and spoiling; and she knew that her cook was in a most terrible passion, being, like all her profession, of a most pepperish temperament; and she felt the mercury of her own nature rising very high, and indexing itself in her face, and yet she persevered in smiling and smiling on.

The two guests Mrs. Mackillop was expecting were a pair of oppositions. The one rich, the other poor; the one masculine, the other feminine; the one conferring honour, the other receiving it. The first, to be more explicit, was a certain large landed proprietor, a Squire Harrowby, who, having once casually said that Rachel Mackillop, the eldest of the Mackillop brood, was *rather* pretty, it had been repeated that she was pretty, very pretty, interesting, beautiful, delightful, divine, and, snow-ball fashion, when the rumour had rolled up to the doors of the matronly mamma, it had swelled into the magnitude of a mountain of love, and requiring, as the lady thought, her most especial attention; thereupon had originated this invitation to dinner.

The second in this duet of invitations being of the feminine gender, was neither more nor less than a Poor Relation, whom Mrs. Mackillop thought might be made generously, that is gratuitously, useful. Considering that it was one of the misfortunes of a family to have poor relations, since even of the boys it was impossible to make doctors, and lawyers, and clergymen, or even clerks, of them all; and that the long continuance of peace, until the lucky Chinese and Affghan wars, prevented them being killed off half fast enough; and that finding wife-places for all the girls was utterly beyond hope, so few vacancies occurring for upper servants of that class, the club-houses also helping to carry out the Malthusian malversations, Mrs. Mackillop considered herself engaged in a work of most perfect charity, in striking out any feasible plan of appropriating even one of the least of those supernumeraries so much in the way of the world, and thus so very kindly taking her out of its elbowing. The plan which she had thus generously, disinterestedly, and ingeniously struck off was neither more nor less than promoting her to the office of an honorary governess, by which, of course, we mean that highly genteel state of unpaid laboriousness which is its own reward—if rewarded at all.

Mrs. Mackillop was highly delighted with her own generosity and magnanimity in thus providing a place for this atom in the creation, this speck of permitted dust in the splendours of her mansion. It was so very kind to let the poor thing come down to them, she would enjoy herself *so* much, and she would make a better governess than the creatures out of chandlers' shops. And then she had met with so much ingratitude—governesses were such a vile set, such a discontented race—she had had seven in fifteen months; nothing could please them—nothing was good enough. And so happy as they might be! Only thirteen children in the nursery; and though seven of them were boys, and able to amuse themselves, only requiring to be taken care of, and the girls being merely six, and only needing to be set to

work after study hours; yet the ungrateful governesses were so eaten up with nonsense and affectation, that they presumed to think they had too much to do, as if the mere washing, and dressing, and teaching, and making and mending, necessary for only thirteen delightful children, was even worth mentioning! Well, she would invite this Poor Relation down; and if she found her grateful and passable, she would install her in the happy position of honorary governess. It would be quite an amusement for her to instruct the dear children; but then she had not opened out this brilliant prospect to the happy elect: she had only invited her to spend a week or two down in the country with them, that she might inspect her. She might turn out to be coarse and common; she might be raw and rude, with red hands and large feet; she might open her mouth wide, and speak loud, and eat a great deal, and be a horror altogether; she might even be a vulgar blowsy, and turn out quite low, in which case she must go back again a bad bargain. But if she were modest and tractable, and well-behaved, why then she would make her a present at the end of the year, and give her any article of dress that she did not quite like, and pay for her washing, for she had a pleasure in being generous, as nobody could know so well as herself.

But how provoking that the Poor Relation should arrive at so horridly *mal-a-propos* a time as just when they were waiting dinner for Squire Harrowby! A dozen times had the lodge-bell rang, a dozen times had the gate opened, a dozen times had Mrs. Mackillop been disappointed. But, at length, again the bell rang, and again the dogs barked; and the servant who kept the lodge opened one half of the folding gates. There was a cloud of dust, and in the midst of it stood a vulgar stage coach, with the greatest possible number of outside passengers. Poor Mrs. Mackillop, having a certain value for her own gentility, was considerably shocked at the sight, being, as she was, taken unawares, and surrounded by so many dear friends, who would all be so delighted to see her mortified; but her chagrin increased, when she beheld, squeezing out from among the outsides, first one half, and then the other, of a very ordinarily dressed person, whom she saw at a glance, with infinite horror, could be none other than her own Poor Relation.

"Low, vulgar creature!" exclaimed Mrs. Mackillop to herself, of course so as nobody could hear her, "to come in that manner to disgrace us! Why could she not take a place in the inside at least! or she might have had a post-chaise for the last few miles, so as to have presented herself decently! And, there, I declare, as ill-luck will have it, there is Squire Harrowby just driving up in his curricle!"

Just so it was: the Poor Relation was caught in the fact of getting down from the coach-top as the gentleman dashed up, and he was obliged to wait whilst she descended, and that was rather a tedious process—for what with the difficulty of putting one foot here, and another there, standing on a ledge here, and a spoke there, it was some time before she rested upon *terra firma*: but at last she arrived safely down on the ground, and then came the search for her goods and chattels. These could not be forthcoming or come-at-able without uncording the huge heap of luggage that was piled up on the top

of the coach, to find the individual box that was the Poor Relation's individual property; and after this followed a search in the boot for a particular bundle and a crushed-in bandbox; and then an umbrella was required to make up the muster-roll, and a small basket, and a brown-paper parcel, and a boa, and a bag, and a warm shawl for travelling in, though everybody was being roasted alive: and, finally, the Poor Relation, having run over the inventory of her property, and finding it all correct, with the improvement of a few breakings and batterings, took out her purse to bestow her liberality upon the coachman and guard, and having presented each of them with a shilling's worth of the face of our most gracious majesty Queen Victoria, she was treated with a most elegant and eloquent harangue from both the gentlemen, on the meanness and shabbiness of insulting them with shillings, and the desirableness of having them exchanged for half-crowns; to which having presumed to make some slight objection, she was treated to some further personalities, which very ably helped the heat to send the blood up into her face, but did not by any means persuade her to dive her hand more deeply into her purse, thereby manifesting an obstinacy of disposition which the gentlemen of the road were very far from approving, and who, in spite of their benevolent wishes to teach her better, were at last obliged to jump up, the one behind and the other before; and the guard blew a deafening din upon his horn, and the coachman flourished his whip, making at the same time that sort of free-masonic sign of the elbow with which the regulars on the road distinguish their brother whips—which condescension, however, Squire Harrowby did not deign to notice; and having thus aggravated another cloud of dust, the stage-coach dashed off, leaving the Poor Relation standing in the middle of the road.

As soon as the cloud of dust had so far subsided as to give the Poor Relation a chance of seeing out of her eyes, she cast them round by way of reconnoitring what was next best to be done; but as Squire Harrowby seemed to have some slight difficulty in keeping his two fine bays under proper control—they finding it very amusing to champ, and prance, and prove their own importance by raising a commotion, and showing indubitable signs of impatience—emotions of mind common to man as well as beast, and in which Squire Harrowby and Squire Harrowby's servant both sympathized—and altogether uniting to make the Poor Relation aware of the difficulty of her position, and she not very well knowing which way to turn, while the porter belonging to the lodge throwing open the other half of the gate, there seemed no other obstruction to the gentleman driving his curricle, and himself, and his bays, and his servant, triumphantly in, saving and excepting the slight impediment of being obliged, in doing so, merely to drive over the Poor Relation.

"Be so good as to stand on one side, young woman," said Squire Harrowby.

"Get out of the way, can't you, young woman?" called out Squire Harrowby's servant.

"Don't you see—don't you—that you'll be run over?" shouted the man at the gate, and thereupon he very unceremoniously gave a jump, and clutched hold of her arm, and huddled her on one side, and scram-

bling up her various packages, made a clear way for the curricle and the bays, and Squire Harrowby and Squire Harrowby's servant.

These various affairs had been transacted in full front of all the witnesses collected at the window of the drawing-room of Swan Vale, where Mrs. Mackillop was lamenting with all her heart that she had ever been so amazingly silly, that, in fact, she had ever so entirely taken leave of her senses, as to think of inviting a Poor Relation down to her house, and wondering what she could possibly have done to provoke such a piece of ill-luck as to have two such contradictory arrivals together.

Smoothing, however, her ruffled brow, and sugaring over her face with a very sweet smile, she nodded her cap-flowered head with an air of delighted welcome to Squire Harrowby as he drew up his bays at the hall entrance, of which the folding-doors were thrown wide open to receive him, and he was being ushered across the vestibule with all honours just at the moment that the Poor Relation found herself, and her bundles and boxes, and bag and cloak, and boa and umbrella, deposited on the back door-steps of the house. The Poor Relation ventured to obtrude herself into the passage, but here she was most particularly in the way, the ladies and gentlemen of the establishment having felt their patience considerably overdrawn, and having very nearly stopped payment altogether, waiting for the arrival of Squire Harrowby, whose whole and sole fault it was that the roast and the boiled, and the baked and the stewed, and the fried and the grilled, and the hashed and the minced, and the fricasseed, had been in imminent hazard of being reduced to a splendid ruin, and the cook was feeling very much like a general on the brink of losing a battle, when the culprit arrived; and as all the scouts had been upon the watch, no sooner was the event announced, than the cook and her *aide-de-camp* began hurrying and driving, and flurrying and scurrying, hither and thither, and the Poor Relation was knocked from pillar to post, and from post to pillar, in a manner exceedingly dangerous to porcelain clay, which none of the establishment in the least surmised what she was made of; and it was not until the Poor Relation had entered into various expostulations and explanations, that she was finally conducted into a sort of little closet with a slice of a window and a mite of a bed, and found herself installed within its magnificent dimensions, with her boxes, and parcels, and bag, and boa, and umbrella, just as the dinner was announced in the drawingroom.

The Poor Relation looked at herself in a swing glass that was almost large enough to reflect half her own physiognomy, and she saw with her own eyes that they looked very red, and that her face was in a sort of inflammation, that her hair was rather blowsified, and her complexion rather dingified, and that there was not a slight embrocation of dust over her whole dress. She knew very well that she had jostled against the last dish that was going on to the table, and that therefore she had very little time to spend on an elaborate toilette. She looked at her trunk, and saw the impossibility of uncording and unpacking; she looked into the ewer, and found that it was like a dry well—not a single drop of water in it. Well, what should she do? Should she sit down and bewail herself, or should she go down to

dinner just as she was? To tell the truth, though we acknowledge the Poor Relation as our heroine, and are afraid it will discredit her, she was just at that moment very hungry, and she resolved upon going down to dinner, without any regard to appearances or consequences—and so down she went, and in she went.

The Poor Relation's entrance into the dining-room was exceedingly *mal apropos*. The soup was just being ladled out, and everybody was intent on the appropriation act; and, moreover, there was neither chair vacant, nor cranny, nor crevice, into which she might squeeze herself. Mrs. Mackillop, not very well knowing what to do, subterfuged as cowardly people generally do, and pretended not to hear her announced, or to see her entrance; she turned her beflowered head to Squire Harrowby, for whom the post of honour at her right hand had been retained, and though her face was at one and the same time all over of two colours—that is to say, of the hue of the lobster in its mourning suit of nature's providing, and of its after change into military attire—and bespoke the gentleman right lovingly on all the pretty trivialities that her mind could rummage up out of its store of superfluities. Our Poor Relation was thus left in a very unpleasant predicament: she remained standing at the lower end of the room, in a particularly painful degree of embarrassment; first one lady looked at her, then another; first one gentleman eyed her, and then another; and one of the oldest and one of the youngest, the former because he wished to retain the reputation of a man of gallantry, and the latter because he desired to assume it, thought of rising from table and making some sort of stir for her accommodation, but were deterred by a prudent doubt as to the conditionableness and presentableness of the article before them; so they doubted and waited till they should see how matters would turn out, and the Poor Relation was left still standing until every eye but that of the wilfully blind Mrs. Mackillop was turned upon her. Now, reader mine, if you happen to be poor, and by consequence shabby, you will have felt how disagreeable it is to be marked, and hacked, and cut by a parcel of people's parcel of eyes, which are, indeed, just like a parcel of carving-knives; but if you chance to be rich, you will, on the contrary, discover it to be mighty agreeable for everybody to be looking at you, since, in that case, everybody is admiring. The Poor Relation must, we suppose, have felt herself in the first of these positions, for she looked very much as if she were like snow before a fire, momentarily melting away. Howbeit, some chemical change seemed to come over her mental process. She recovered the motion of her limbs and the use of her voice, and walking up to the head of the table, addressed herself, in a slightly husky but still in a somewhat determined voice, to Mrs. Mackillop.

"I have done myself the honour, madam, of accepting your invitation, and since I perceive that you are ignorant both of my person and my presence, I beg to introduce to you your own relation, Esther Granger."

Mrs. Mackillop looked unutterable things, coloured fifty crimsons, mumbled and muttered something as unintelligible to herself as to everybody else, pointed to a servant to make room for a chair at the

lower end of the table, waived the Poor Relation away, perceived that she had made bad worse, tried to look indifferent but could not manage it, attempted to talk sense but only reached silliness, and felt that the whole fault of the matter rested with the Poor Relation.

It was rather a fortunate circumstance that the appetite of our heroine had been rather cooled by the heat she had been in, for by a most remarkable concatenation of coincidences, she found her dinner-plate doomed to be filled with disappointment, rather than palatablenesses,—some fragmentary relics of fish, the drumstick of a fowl, accompanied by some ham parings, and a burnt tart, completed her repast: the servants forgot her bread, neglected to bring her water, no salt was within her reach, nobody asked her to wine with them, and the gentleman who was her next neighbour most politely gave her the benefit of the full breadth of his shoulder and three quarters of his back. Not a creature exchanged a word with her, and if she could only have forgotten herself, she might have been supposed to have passed into utter oblivion.

At length, however, the dinner, like Palmyra, had passed into a splendid ruin; barons of beef had lost their honours, and pyramids of pies had mouldered away, lakes of soup had been swallowed up, and mountains of ice melted into invisibility; a goodly troop of empty bottles had shed the last drops of their vitality, and if they contained no more of the liquid ruby, the red light had only transposed its shining to certain cheeks, and chins, and noses, and foreheads, sitting somewhat lamplike round the table. But at length Mrs. Mackillop, with a sort of sigh of regret, so intense as to seem like the concentrated emptiness of all those glass vacuities, together with the anticipative void of all the future to-be-unburthened ones when the wine should be left to the tender mercies of the gentlemen, gave the signal for retirement. The male agreeables tried with all their might to look dolorous, and stood up to offer all honours; the ladies passed out in file, and as soon as they were fairly over the threshold the decanters began to receive their lesson in dancing, being put at once into a *galope*.

The Poor Relation being last in the train of feminines that filed out of the dining-room, found herself like a loose tassel or an odd glove, or any something for which nobody could find a use, and after an involuntary pause of irresolution, as to how she had best appropriate herself, she found that her deliberation had left her wholly alone, so she adjourned herself up to the little nook of apology for a bed-chamber, into which she had been first installed, and having sat down on the one wicker chair, began to deliberate upon her prospects.

"Shall I cry?" asked the Poor Relation to herself. "Shall I be sentimental? Shall I be poetical? Shall I make my eyes red and my face long, and go as lac-a-daisical as some Rosa-Matilda, or some Clementina-Clarissa? Well, I could be sorry, and I could fetch up a few sighs from the deep drawwell of my heart, and liquefy a few pearls out of the corners of my eyes; but what good would it do? Am I disappointed? Did I expect anything better, or anything different? Could I hope that anybody would attach themselves to one whose

whole aspect shows her attached to poverty? Why that would be uniting themselves in the same connexion. Well then, what did I want? Why only to see if it were possible for my own relations to feel any natural affection for me for my own sake. Well, but simpleton, did you expect love at first sight? That Mrs. Mackillop is indeed a dainty whose heart I do not desire to perforate; but be patient, there may be others here who are worth loving. Be content to be a bystander, and by-and-by you may be invited into the game."

The Poor Relation went to look at herself in the little cracked looking-glass, which, sooth to say, helped to give her the appearance of being rouged with brickdust. "Well, in good truth, Esther Granger, you are so much of a fright, that I should only have wondered myself, partial as I generally am to you, if anybody had shown themselves prepossessed in your favour. Figure! Furbelow! Fright! And then sulky and silent as I have been—to be sure nobody spoke to me—but this is not common justice to myself. Little dear, if you are not fine you have no occasion to be forlorn, and if you are disagreeable to others, why how can you wonder if others are disagreeble to you? Come, come, you have no business to throw your own faults on to the world's shoulders, and then fancy yourself mightily ill-used. Make yourself presentable, miss, if you do look poor and shabby, and make yourself agreeable, Miss, that is if you know how, before you throw the blame on your neighbours."

The Poor Relation accordingly proceeded to beautify herself and repair such dilapidations of appearance as circumstances allowed, by means of personal ablutions and garmentary brushings, and, truth to tell, it was wonderful how these simple processes served to rub off the rust from her good looks. The dishevelled rumpled hair turned out to be rich toned and glossy, and the complexion having subsided to its natural tone, shone out clear and fair; the features were not fine, but they were animated, and a quick eye and ready smile operated very effectively in making those who looked once disposed to look again. It must be owned that her garment was very exceptionable, being a coarse black stuff, but then it fitted her pretty pliant figure to admiration; and though it was as plain as the Friend's first fashion, yet its entire simplicity and freedom from everything in the shape of trimming or furbelowing, together with a rather classical cranium, and a sort of lucky affectation in the braiding of her hair, gave altogether a sort of something that might have been taken for style. The Poor Relation, having thus done her best towards personal embellishment, took up a pair of well-mended mits, and was just deliberating on the expediency of sallying forth, and mustering up temerity enough to self-introduce herself into the drawingroom, when a gentle tap at her domicile's door announced that there was somebody or another in the world who had taken it into their head to remember her existence.

That somebody proved to be pretty Rachel Mackillop, who came in blushing, and holding out her hand, which the Poor Relation took and grasped right lovingly.

"Now, that is so kind of you," said Rachel, "I thought you would have been offended with me for—for——"

"Not noticing me before."

"But indeed and indeed, I could not help it, for—for ——"

"Mamma ordered you not."

"Ah, now you will be offended with mamma!"

"O no, I think she has good taste."

"How so?"

"For not liking to be encumbered with a soiled, shabby, ill-timed Poor Relation. I could almost have pitied her sufferings, if I had not been engaged in pitying my own."

"Ah, can you jest about it?"

"It would be much worse if I were serious."

"Well, I could have cried."

"And I could have laughed."

"How different you are to what I expected!"

"You expected me to be very die-away, and you find me very fly-away."

"How odd!" said Rachel.

"Yes, I believe I am rather odd," said the Poor Relation; "poor relations are generally odd, awkward, and disagreeable. I have yet to find out why your sensible mamma invited me down. I shall soon discover it, for I am gifted with so good a sight, that I can tell the movements of the clock by the index on its countenance, and I can positively find out the shape of the substance from looking at the shadow; so I give you notice that I shall soon look thoroughly through all your mamma's motives."

"Don't frighten me," said Rachel.

"I shall see. Perhaps it might do you good. But no, I think I had better frighten your mamma,—so come along."

"But," said Rachel deeply colouring, "mamma sent me with a message."

"Then stand and deliver!" said the Poor Relation.

"Mamma thought—mamma said—mamma fancied——"

"Something that seems to choke her daughter."

"That—that—if—if—"

"That—that—if—if—but—but," mimicked the Poor Relation; "now if a thousand pounds called me mistress, wouldn't I venture it all that I know what you are sent to say!"

Poor Rachel felt her face scalded with the hot blood that rushed into her cheeks.

"Mamma thought that—that—as you might be tired with travelling, you would like to rest for the remainder of the day in your own room."

"I will go and thank her for her kind consideration."

"Don't be angry, cousin," said Rachel.

"*Cousin!*" exclaimed the Poor Relation, "O, have I one of my own kindred who acknowledges the tie?"

"I will love you if you will let me," sobbed Rachel.

"If I will let you! Why, silly girl, the rich bestow and the poor receive. You might as well ask permission of the beggar to give."

Rachel looked half frightened at the Poor Relation's vehemence.

"Come," said the Poor Relation, "take me under your protection.

Let us sally forth to the encounter of the drawingroom's dreads and dangers."

"But will you—wouldn't you like to rest?"

"O, I'm not tired."

Poor Rachel looked pretty considerably embarrassed.

"Come, coz," said the Poor Relation, "will you patronise me, or shall I patronise you?"

"You me," said the flurried and frightened Rachel.

"So be it then to the best of my ability; and now *allons*."

So arm in arm the Poor Relation and her trembling cousin descended. Their *entrée* into the drawingroom was either very well-timed, or very ill-timed, we really don't know which; but just as they entered at the door, the whole swarm of the dining-room hive crowded in to take coffee and ladies.

So the Poor Relation, in her coarse black stuff dress, with her braided hair, her demure face, and her perfect plainness, with her contrast cousin, pretty, over-dressed Rachel Mackillop leaning on her arm, walked in like a triumphant queen, apparently attended right regally by all the best catches of matches in the country.

Mrs. Mackillop looked as unutterably injured as Queen Constance when she cried, "Here I and sorrow sit!" Mrs. Mackillop might have exclaimed, "Here I and anger sit!" She hurled first a good-sized thunderbolt at Rachel, and then a larger one at the Poor Relation, who, disengaging her arm from her frightened cousin, walked straight up to Mrs. Mackillop.

It so happened that in this promiscuous entrance, Squire Harrowby had been jostled up against our heroine, and having caught acquaintance with Mrs. Mackillop's last edition of countenance, he lounged on in the Poor Relation's wake, apparently unconscious of everything in the world but his gold watch-guard, which he was jingling and tinkling as prettily and amusingly as any baby in yard-and-a-half-long clothes.

"Madam," said the Poor Relation, with a countenance of stolid gravity, yet speaking in accents of singular clearness and precision, so that the whole circle could not choose but hear, "I am come to thank you for your kind consideration in recommending me to keep my room for the remainder of the day."

"I thought you might be tired," said Mrs. Mackillop, in a paroxysm of anger and embarrassment, yet not daring to say more.

"If I had been, madam, I should have felt it my duty to have helped you to entertain your company."

"You are too obliging," said Mrs. Mackillop, with a bitter sneer.

"I cannot feel that my kindness has equalled your example, which I ought to emulate by every means in my power. You were graciously pleased to invite me down to your residence, and I came full of gratitude for your remembrance and condescension. I can assure you, madam, that your reception has made the strongest impression on my feelings. Not one of this company but must have felt how deep ought to be my sense of the distinguished manner in which you welcomed my arrival. And then the kindness with which you relinquished my society, even sending me a messenger to signify that your solicitude for my health and comfort induced you to recommend my

remaining in my own room, certainly deserves that I should make this public mention of it in return. I wish I could have laid claim to similar disinterestedness, for in denying myself the repose you recommended, I could not unfortunately pretend to doing anything but please myself—you would scarcely credit my assertions even were I to make any, that I could feel much regret in exchanging six foot square of white-washed walls, and six inches of skylight, for this honourable company, and—your society—madam."

Everybody tried to look another way and to hear something else, and there was a general cough that was very troublesome to the company universally.

"Perhaps my housekeeper might think that the room she has given you might the better remind you of the one you have left," said Mrs. Mackillop, unable to control her vinous fermentation.

"My home is a back two-pair in Soho," said the Poor Relation. "It is rather dear, but then the light is good for my embroidery frame, and besides I am near the shops for orders. If you could recommend me, ma'am," curtseying to Mrs. Mackillop, "or you, ma'am," curtseying to the lady next her, "or any of this good company would be pleased to give me an order," curtseying round, "I would be sure and execute it well. Though I ought not to praise myself, I can work poodle dogs in wool so that you would say they were done to the life, and if the gentlemen," curtseying to the troop behind her, "wanted any hunting waistcoats—they are very fashionable—and I would do them cheap."

There was a dead silence—and then a little stifling and choking of something that broke on the ear like suppressed laughter, from out of the midst of which sounded out the voice of a friend of the family, "Has anybody got a vinaigrette for poor, dear Mrs. Mackillop?"

"Here is mine," said the Poor Relation, producing an old-fashioned piece of obsolete gimcrackery. "It will do you good, ma'am. I find it very serviceable when I'm tired out with work. You don't know, ladies, how worn out one may feel with sitting at an embroidery frame from five o'clock in the morning till twelve at night. Ah, you who live in happy homes know little of the lonely sufferings of the friendless poor, and therefore it was the kinder in Mrs. Mackillop to invite me down from my two pair of stairs back lodging to this country palace of a place. I'm sure I thought it very kind, and I came with my heart full of fresh milk of human kindness—I hope it won't turn sour," added the Poor Relation in a *sotto voce*.

"Hadn't—hadn't you better—retire—and—and—make some change in your dress?" gasped out Mrs. Mackillop. "I suppose your trunks hav'n't been unpacked, since you are still in your travelling dress—and—and—you see I am entertaining my friends."

"Well, now, I really thought I looked quite eligible; but to be sure, the glass in my room has got so starred and cracked, and unsilvered, that I couldn't very well see myself. But am I not all right," said the Poor Relation, twisting herself round, and endeavouring to look at herself behind; whilst in doing so, she displayed a beautifully modelled figure, and fell into a few dancing steps, that would not have disgraced Fanny Elsler. "I was careful to put on my best dress,

because I wished to make a good appearance—and besides, I gave threepence a yard more for this robe than my last. Don't you think the style good? I shall be very happy to give the pattern to any lady—or gentleman;" again curtseying round.

"Will nobody take her away! *won't* you sit down and be quiet!" gasped out Mrs. Mackillop. "Don't you see I have company to entertain! I can talk to you another time!"

"I'm sure, ma'm, its quite my duty to try to help you to entertain your company, seeing that I'm your near relation. I'm sure I *ought* to help you—and indeed I do try—I am trying—and I hope I succeed. I hope I do help my relation to entertain you, ladies and gentlemen? Don't I help her to entertain you?"

The long, loud, heretofore painfully suppressed laugh, burst out—there was no alternative but suffocation; and the paroxysm was increased and lengthened by the Poor Relation's standing with the most self-satisfied air in the world, and curtseying decorously round, with a puzzling and provoking expression of chuckling vanity in her face.

"Rachel—Rachel! go to the instrument and play me a march—a bravura—loud—loud—anything—only loud!" passionately exclaimed Mrs. Mackillop.

Rachel, as if the atoms of which she was composed would have all dropped into a misshapen heap, tottered to the instrument; but her fingers were unable to add more than a few notes to the discord, and these were flurried and fluctuating.

"My poor cousin is nervous," said the Poor Relation. "Rich people always are nervous, but poor people never can afford to be so. I promised to help Mrs. Mackillop to entertain the company, so if my cousin will just give me her seat—why I'll take it."

The Poor Relation squeezed the trembling Rachel Mackillop out of her seat, and squeezed herself in, and then with a wild, brilliant, startling power of execution, passed her hands over the keys of the instrument, and there she sat drawing round her such a regiment of the spirits of harmony, that even the most dull and lifeless of her hearers became at last enthralled, forgetful of everything but that they were under the potency of enchantment; and so while the spell is on them we leave for the present the Poor Relation.

## ON THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN SIR H. LE FLEMING SENHOUSE, K.C.H.,

OF H. M. S. "BLENHEIM," LATE COMMANDING THE NAVAL FORCES IN THE ATTACK UPON THE HEIGHTS OF CANTON.

Open her annals' pages yet again
Retrace her glories to a wondering world:
Britannia's ensign yet remains unfurled,
Proud as when first it flutter'd o'er the main!
The Discontent may furtively complain,
And prate an envious prattle; but mankind
Will ne'er cast deeds of honour to the wind,
Whence Malice shrinks, where Envy finds no stain:
For though no Waterloo, Trafalgar, Nile,
May now with terror shake attentive nations,
Yet heroes are not wanting for the pile
In which Britannia seeks her dear oblations:
Nor look we for the flaws, when records tell
A tale where England fought, and England's children fell.

Senhouse! 'tis true, a patriot's rest is thine—
Yet could we wish that Fate had led thee hence
To die: nor speak we from a vain pretence
Of cause ill-grounded—for there is a line
Forbidding place to Disaffection's whine,
Set for the sailor and soldier—these
Must please themselves to do as others please—
Battle with Fortune, sink, yet never pine.
It is not this we urge: but who gainsays
That other warfare should have earned thy fame,
Brightened the still bright sunset of thy days,
And spread abroad the lustre of thy name?
Not that thy work were crown'd with fairer end,
But distant sounds fall faint—a neighbour's voice would rend.

We follow'd to the grave. If it be meet
For those to weep whose trade makes many tears,
'Tis no vain moment, after callous years,
When mourning Nature steals from her retreat:
And there were those whose waken'd hearts did beat,
To mark the coffin lower'd, and to see
The last remains of proud humanity
Consign'd to dust—the dust beneath their feet.
England, old England, may indeed rejoice
The veteran's blood; for when her youth are falling,
'Tis fair to think they hear another voice
With her's—while young, ambitious Hope is calling:
When such as Senhouse die, 'tis echoed wide:
A land grown sere in Fame, yields nought of strength and pride!

F. J. S.

*Hong Kong, China.*

## TALES OF A TOURIST.—No. 3.

### PATRONA-CALIL.[1]

### CHAPTER III.

THE revolters had tumultuously stopped before that principal entrance of the seraglio, known under the name of Sublime-Porte (Bab-Humayoun.) Their numbers filled the square that surrounds the outer wall of the Sultan's residence. Muslou and Ali, their standards in their hand, went from rank to rank of the undisciplined crowd, whose backs were to the mosque of St. Sophia, having the elegant fountain, which faces it, in front. They pointed out to their zealous proselytes, the pale Bostandjis, whose long scarlet caps floated in the air like flakes of fire from behind the battlemented ramparts. From time to time, on the platform of some lofty tower, an officer of the seraglio would appear, and with a trembling voice endeavour to harangue the unruly multitude, in order, if possible, to bring them back to a sense of duty; but one universal cry of indignation invariably drowned the faint voice of the speaker. The sword-bearer and Kislar Agha, the two first dignitaries of the palace, were themselves compelled to retire with no better success.

Of the whole body of Janissaries, scarce had a few odas (regiments) remained faithful to their master's fortunes. Amongst the most distinguished of their number were the four companies of Solahs, with their lare uskuifs (caps) overshadowed by lofty white plumes, and the Peïks, another kind of body-guard, dressed in gold-embroidered robes, and helmets of bronze, in imitation of the ancient Byzantian pomp. A few Baltadjis also appeared on the side of Achmet's defenders. On perceiving their pointed caps of yellow felt, each was reminded that their principal privilege consisted in carrying the coffins of deceased sultans.

Patrona-Calil, his sleeves tucked up above the elbow, walked to and fro, his arms crossed fiercely on his brawny chest, amidst that tumultuous throng, whom he commanded with all the precision and authority of a commander-in-chief. His manly features, which the frightful wound that furrowed them from top to bottom rendered still more energetically expressive, seemed inspired by some superhuman thought. His extraordinary foresight left nothing undone. At the same instant of time he would repulse the attack of a hostile force, and distribute his orders that the tranquillity of the capital should not be disturbed. On pain of death, he strictly forbade pillage and violence. The dealers were compelled to keep their shops open; and such was the ascendancy he managed to acquire, that, amidst the general confusion, he had not to punish the slightest infringement of his commands. What Patrona wished, what his party demanded, was the heads of the ministers, and the Sultan's deposition, if he refused to grant them.

[1] Continued from vol. xxxvi. p. 406.

Already had there been long parleys on this subject; and weary of so many refusals, the leader of the rebellion was about to command the assault, when suddenly the Sublime Porte opened, and amidst the general stupor a litter, carried by four men, was seen to advance, on which four bloody heads were placed.

Patrona's gaze rested with conscious complacency on this trophy of his victory. He took in his hand the head that had belonged to the grand vizir, Ibrahim Pasha; and, after having contemplated it for some moments, raised it aloft on his sabre's point, that all might get a view.

"Justice is done!" cried with one voice the appeased populace; "God grant long years of happiness to Sultan Achmet, who has done his injured people right!"

A woman, mysteriously enshrouded in her veils and mantle, approached Patrona-Calil, and lightly pressing her white hand on the naked and blood-stained arm of the hawker of old clothes.

"Thou art abused, Patrona!" she exclaimed.

"By whom?"

"The Sultan."

"Is not this Ibrahim's head?"

"Look closer at it."

As she uttered these words, the woman, with her handkerchief embroidered with gold, and perfumed with essence of rose, wiped away the black and clotted gore that partly covered the so lately dissevered head.

A shout of vengeance burst at once from every lip. Sultan Achmet had in fact attempted to deceive the revolters, by sending them, instead of his son-in-law, and favourite vizir's head, that of a galley slave, which, unfortunately for himself, somewhat resembled the proscribed minister's.

With a single blow, the litter was overturned into the dust, and trodden under foot, with its repulsive load. Patrona, scymetar in hand, was the first to penetrate into the outer court of the seraglio, where the unfortunate vizir darted forward to meet and welcome his own death, whilst entreating mercy for his too indulgent master. Patrona plunged a dagger in his heart. His head was severed from the trunk. The same woman, who had denounced the cheat attempted to be palmed upon the people, wrapped the horrid relic of mortality in a costly shawl, exclaiming as she did so—

"Let no one dare to touch it! 'Tis mine! Remember, Patrona, thou didst promise me this inestimable present the other evening, when I supped with thee at thy house in the Eyoub quarter!"

The ranks instantly fell back to let her pass. Patrona's cheek blanched, as though the angel Azräel had just breathed in his ear the terrible secret of his predestination. He was only drawn from his profound reverie by the thousand times repeated cry of—"Down with Sultan Achmet! Long live Sultan Mahmoud I.!

This expression of the popular will resounded even to the hall of audience, where the wretched Achmet was taking counsel with the divan. One of its members, Imaun-Zadi Effendi, arose from his sopha of cloth of gold, and uttered these words:

"Sultan! thy reign is ended. Thy subjects will no longer have thee for their sovereign!"

"Follow me, all of you," replied the resigned monarch.

And, accompanied by his counsellors, he repaired to the apartment of his nephew, Mahomet.

As soon as he perceived the prince, who was filled with alarm at a visit so unexpected, he took him by the hand, and addressed him in these memorable words, which history has preserved to us: "The wheel of fortune has turned. I yield to you that throne, which my brother Mustapha, under similar circumstances, resigned to me. Never forget that Mahomet IV., that your father Mustapha, that I myself, have lost that mighty post, to which you now ascend, through over confidence in our ministers. See only with your own eyes, judge for yourself—and, above all, beware of the indolence that has brought us all so low. Be severe, but just. I recommend my children and myself to your benevolence!"

Mahmoud I., more alarmed than delighted with the acclamations that saluted him, was immediately hailed emperor by the revolters. He received their homage in the second court of the seraglio, seated, according to custom, on the golden throne before "the gate of happiness." Patrona-Calil, with his unwashed and yet blood-stained hands, seized the hem of his master's robe, and carried it respectfully to his lips. Then the inauguration of the new Padischah was solemnly published throughout the city. Mahmoud put on the imperial ornaments, that is to say, the robe of green velvet, lined with sable, the agraffe and belt of brilliants, and the muslin turban decorated with the famous diamond of Eghri-Capou, found in 1679, amongst a heap of filth, by a mendicant, who exchanged it for three wooden spoons. It weighs eighty-four carats, and is now the richest jewel in the seraglio.

The entire odjak of Janissaries silently ranged themselves in double file from the Sublime Porte to the mosque of Eyoub, where the law of etiquette obliges every sultan to receive the scymetar of Othman from the hands of the Mufti. Patroni-Calil, in the dress of a simple private, took rank of himself amongst the great dignitaries of the empire. His wretched attire presented a singular contrast to the gold and precious stones with which the rest of that sumptuous crowd were covered.

On leaving the mosque, the Sultan was desirous of seeing the author of the unexpected revolution, to which he owed his liberty and throne. Patrona appeared before him without making the least alteration in his humble apparel.

"What recompence dost thou desire of me?" demanded the Emperor.

"I have obtained what I wished," replied Patrona—"the Osmales are delivered from their tyrants."

But, as Mahmoud insisted,

"Since thy soul is open to the voice of gratitude," resumed the chief of the revolt, "I demand a brilliant proof of it from thee;—abolish, this very hour, all the unjust taxes that have caused the death of the tyrant Ibrahim, and the deposition of thy uncle Achmet."

For sole answer, Mahmoud I. caused to be drawn up before his eyes the hatti-cherif, that did away with the new imposts. Ali and Muslou showed a like disinterestedness with Patrona-Calil. Those three extraordinary men, reduced to the most wretched condition, refused to accept the government of three of the richest pashaliks in the empire. The Agha of the Janissaries proposed to the Sultan to make a present of one hundred thousand sequins to the man who had placed him on the throne. Patrona darted a terrible look on the mistaken officer.

"I need no money," he cried, "since every purse in Stamboul is at my service. As for thee, meddle not thyself with what concerns me, and strive to serve thy country faithfully, if thou wouldst not share the fate of thy friend, the vizir Ibrahim."

Mahmoud re-entered the seraglio, cursing in his heart the dangerous protectorate under which he was placed. From his windows he could see the furious multitude disperse themselves amongst the private gardens of his palace, a retreat respected until then, and which another time no man had violated without paying the forfeit with his life. Alas! the daggers of his Bostandjis were now powerless, and the servants of Achmet themselves guided those ferocious destroyers to the very heart of the frail and splendid wonders of the Palace of Mirrors, and with each blow, that felled one of its thousand beauties, they basely inveighed against what they had so lately adored! The crystal columns, the porcelain walls, flew into shivers under the merciless blows of axe and brand; the lovely basins of marble and porphyry strewed the walks of coloured sand with their degraded fragments; the birds were put to death in their golden cages; the hangings of Persia and Bengal torn into ribands; the roses, the luscious jasmins, the beds of variegated tulips, the pride of their fallen master, trodden under foot; of all that luxurious retreat of perfume and harmony, there but remained after the lapse of one short hour a heap of ruins, a hideous pellmell, too faithful an image of that sovereign power, which one day had sufficed to annihilate!

Despite the express orders of the new Sultan, the revolters continued to parade the streets of the capital, arms in hand, for many days. Patrona, Muslou, and Ali, arrogated to themselves the right to enter the divan at all hours and unsummoned. They took their seats without ceremony amongst the ministers, and forced them to decide the most important matters after their own caprices. They distributed the most exalted posts amongst their friends; Patrona invested a Greek butcher with the principality of Moldavia. Muslou named his brother-in-law, a poor woodcutter, lieutenant of the Agha of the Janissaries. The tyranny of this triumvirate became insupportable to the people themselves. Each one in the bottom of his heart hoped that it would soon come to an end, but none dared to give utterance to his thoughts.

One evening the timid successor of Sultan Achmet was taking a solitary walk in one of the least frequented quarters of the city; a simple mantle of dark cloth and muslin turban concealed his rank from the eyes of all. Thus attired, he might at pleasure mingle with

the crowd without fear of recognition. Preoccupied with the sad condition to which the insolence of his protectors had reduced him, he stopped musingly beneath the tall cypress trees of a cemetery, situate near the gate of Adrianople. His gloomy reverie was interrupted by the sounds of mourning not far off. He raised his head, and perceived a female prostrate on a marble tomb, that seemed to have been recently erected.

"O Ibrahim!" groaned she, beating her breast; "thou, whom I loved, and who disdained me, my greatest punishment is to see thee here in this cold grave, to which I helped to hurry thee, and be unable to recall thee to existence, even at the price of my own blood! O Ibrahim! the dearest flower the garden of my love possessed; my life is now all barrenness and desolation, a blasted soil where not a bud can germ, a fountain spring—one long endurance of remorse and baffled vengeance! Baffled, did I say! No, no, not yet. Thy spirit shall not grieve unsatisfied. He yet shall join thee in a bloody couch. Yes,"—and with frantic vehemence she tossed her arms in the air;—"yes, may the Prophet cause my foot to slip on the fatal bridge of Siroth, if I do not avenge thy death upon thy ruthless murderer!"

Sobs stifled her further utterance. She bowed her head on her bosom and wept convulsively. After a time she silently took from beneath her robe a bouquet of flowers, which she scattered on the tomb; then burying her forehead in the dust, she cried, "Infamous Patrona! 'tis this feeble hand, that God has predestined to rid the empire of its tyrants."

Mahmoud made a step forward. The woman arose and fixed her eyes on him.

"I call thee to witness my vow," she said, extending her hand. "Whoever thou art, if thou possessest an honest soul, and a heart in the right place, thou must desire the death of Ali, Muslou, and Patrona.

"Woman, thou art mad," replied Mahmoud, as he glanced cautiously around, lest there should be any eavesdropper ready to surprise his thought.

"I am satisfied," resumed the woman, casting a look of meaning on the Sultan; "I am satisfied that thou desirest, even more than I myself, the speedy punishment of those three tyrants. I want no other proof of that than the sudden pallor that has blanched thy visage. If thou wilt but pronounce one word, thou wilt render my task more easy."

"Woman," interrupted Mahmoud, "thou art mad, I say. To do what thou demandest, would at least require to be the Padischah in person."

"Then summon courage, Mahmoud, to become in truth so, not alone in name!" pursued the woman; "if thou art not desirous to rejoin thy uncle Achmet in his prison, or the Vizier Ibrahim Pasha, the honest, loyal favourite of his unworthy master, in the tomb that covers him untimely!"

On hearing himself recognized, Mahmoud felt a thrill of fear. The

name of Patrona Calil was sufficient to make the absolute monarch, the shadow of God upon earth, the possessor of three empires, tremble and succumb. He would have fled.

"Stop!" cried the courageous female; "I ask thee not to make a single promise. Give me only the ring thou wearest. Armed with it I will seek out the Capitan Pasha, the most resolute of all thy ministers, and to-morrow thou mayest leave me at the mercy of thy insolent and revolted slaves, if I cause not the heads of Ali, Muslou, and Patrona, to fall at thy feet."

Mahmoud threw a scrutinizing glance around, then slipped the ring off his finger, let it drop on the sand, and disappeared amongst the gloomy cypress trees.

---

## CHAPTER IV.

Ali and Muslou were met together in a poor house of the Eyoub quarter belonging to Patrona-Calil. All three seated on a Broussa carpet, the heroes of the revolt were finishing a splendid repast, waited on by three African slaves clad in the richest dresses. The wine sparkled in their goblets; Greek dancing girls, accompanying themselves with castanets and silver-belled tambourines, charmed by their graceful attitudes the generous hosts of the small cabin. The fumes of the wine, and the tumultuous licence of the orgie, had caused anything but a decorous display of dismounted turbans, neckless bottles, and broken glass. The shaven heads of the three excited guests were completely exposed, only adorned by the solitary lock of hair, which all good Mussulmen let grow on the crown of the skull, in order that the angel of the resurrection may one day find the means to bear them off with him to the Prophet's paradise. Suddenly, when noisy mirth and jingling instruments had reached their acmé, the door of the cabin opened. A new female appeared, who threw aside her veil on entering.

"Patrona-Calil," said she, sitting deliberately down beside Ali and Muslou, "pour me out a glass of wine: I am come to ask thee for a supper, as I did the day that preceded the deposition of Sultan Achmet, and the death of the grand vizir, Ibrahim Pasha! I am called Khadidja; dost recognise me?"

"Lovely Khadidja," replied Patrona, kissing her hand, "thou art welcome here. Patrona gives thee the preference over all these Greek girls here, whom my gold has hired. Since the day when I received thee in this house, I have never ceased to think upon thy beauties. To prove to thee how ardently thou art beloved, I here propose to take thee for my wife. Speak! If thou art already bound by marriage ties, my scymetar shall speedily restore to thee thy liberty. Thou knowest how I use it."

"The death of the Sultana Esma is a mark of esteem, for which I owe thee much," replied Kadidja. "As for the Vizir Ibrahim's murder, also in compliance with my request, I reserve myself the pleasure of testifying my gratitude for it to a future occasion."

As she uttered these words, Khadidja convulsively clutched the hilt of a dagger of plain steel, fixed in the folds of her girdle.

" Let's drink then," cried Patrona, " to the recompense thou promisest me."

" I swear to thee," the lady replied, " that thou shalt not have long to wait."

At this moment an officer of the Capitan-Pasha knocked at the door.

" What's this?" asked the master of the house.

A letter from the most powerful Djauoun-Khodja, lord high admiral of the empire," replied the officer, bowing.

Patrona begged Khadidja to explain the minister's missive to him, for neither he nor his two companions could read. In it the Capitan-Pasha gave Patrona to understand, that, in compliance with his wish, he was ready to resign his charge in his (Patrona's) favour; and that the Sultan himself invited him to repair to the imperial divan, in order to receive the investiture of his new dignity.

" Go to the divan, brave Patrona-Calil," said Khadidja to him, hypocritically kissing the sleeve of his djioubé. " Heaven at length accords to you the price which your rare qualities deserve. I will not be the last to congratulate you on the justice which the padischah himself is proud to render."

The next day, in effect, Patrona-Calil, followed by an innumerable cortége, repaired in great pomp to the divan. The rebels who formed his guard were politely induced to wait the end of the council in the first court of the seraglio, where an elegant repast served to beguile the time. Ali, Muslou, and Patrona proceeded on, attired in gorgeous pelisses, which his highness, Mahmoud I., had sent them, confident in themselves, and unsuspicious of all around. Just as they were about to enter the hall where the divan was assembled, the Capitan-Pasha made his appearance, scymetar in hand; at a sign he made, twenty baltadjis darted on the chiefs of the revolt, and laid them dead at his feet. Amongst the arms that struck (each a mortal blow) Patrona-Calil, 'tis said, that one was a woman's. She had kept her oath!

The suite of the popular triumvirs was in like manner massacred in the first court of the seraglio, whose gates had been fastened, so as to cut off both help and escape from the unfortunates. Sultan Mahmoud I., thus delivered from the terrible Patrona-Calil, was desirous of seeing his remains, when he was well assured of the success of the expedition. Whilst gazing on the gigantic corpse extended on the floor, just as he fell, he is said to have repeated the self-same words as Henry III of France over the body of the murdered Duke of Guise:

" He seems to me yet greater after death than whilst he lived!"

## THE GUARD OF THE GRAVE-YARD.

BY LEIGH CLIFFE, ESQ.

"GUARD of the grave-yard, for whom workest thou?
Say, who art thou turning the turf for now?
From boyhood to age thou hast pillow'd the head
On the bosom of earth of the tongue-silenced dead;
The worm, as it crawls from the crush of the spade,
Seems to know that a banquet by thee will be laid,
And he fears not thy tread, and he dreads not thy wrath,
While thus thou art clearing eternity's path!"

"Why should not the worm be a friend, for my breath,
My person, my garments, are tainted by death?
Men shun me: they know that, when life's lease is past,
They must trust to my arm for a mansion at last.
You ask me for whom I am digging a bed;—
'Tis for one whom I lov'd; whose existence aye spread
A sunshine upon me, when nothing else smiled;
Thou son of the stranger, this grave's for my child!

"I stand now alone—branchless—leafless;—for all
My children have slept on the bier 'neath the pall;
And this one, my youngest, my boy, my soul's pride,
Whom nor snow-storm, nor illness, could keep from my side,
Is now gone. He, when 'reft of my children, my wife,
All the comforts of home, all the blessings of life,
Would cling to me fondly, content with the crust,
I have earned by the hundreds committed to dust!

"I am old, I'm heart-broken! This, this is the last,
Of my tasks here on earth,—my vocation is past;
I shall sleep by his side, while beneath us will rest,
*My* wife, and *his mother*, with five on her breast.
I have gather'd the aged and the young to the earth,
From whence, like the first man, they sprung into birth;
And now to the dust *I* shall soon be allied!"
His words were prophetic,—he sorrowed, and died!

## SPAIN AND THE PYRENEES.

BY LADY CHATTERTON.[1]

HAVING been favoured with an early copy of this most attractive work, we congratulate ourselves on being enabled to present our readers with some first impressions of Lady Chatterton's new and welcome volumes, recording the events of her recent tour in Spain and the Pyrenees. The refinement and elevation of mind, the pure morality, the graces of style, and vivacity of delineation, so prominently distinguishable in all her ladyship's works, have had the effect of preparing the public mind anxiously to expect and warmly to appreciate the labours of her pen, and in this last and best effort we doubt not that her popularity will attain its acmé. The two copious volumes now lying before us attest her industry as well as talent, while their varied and versatile contents must find a charm for every reader, wake a responsive touch of feeling from every heart, andan echo of admiration from every mind.

In our consideration of these volumes, we have been struck with the contrast between those who enjoy life selfishly and those who enjoy it unselfishly. The first of these may indeed possess a species of taste and refinement, but it is for their own individual pleasure; they pass through scenes of natural loveliness, they traverse the foot-prints of the mighty great, they linger among time-honoured ruins, they explore the grand and lonely retirements of nature, they climb the mountain and linger in the valley, they inspect mighty buildings, view vast cities, adore a painting, dote on some strain of music's dying fall, "die of a rose in aromatic pain,"—in short, drink in from all the fountains of enjoyment the most varied flavours, the most balmy draughts, the fullest luxury that life can offer. Of all these they are the recipients only, forgetting that they who receive ought also to impart. Our second class, however, has this great distinction,—they receive only that they may impart. Pleasure would not be pleasure were it not reflected back again. Enjoyment would not be enjoyment were they to become mere misers in its possession. The benefits of life would all be negatived and neutralized were they to be buried in their keeping. The selfishness that makes the happiness of the one would turn blessings into curses in the other.

And thus it is that Lady Chatterton's writings have ever reflected her own pure gratifications back again upon the world. A tour of pleasure is with her not an individual but a general benefit. The thoughts of the wise and good are not their own. The richly-stored mind ought not to be a sealed treasury. They who enjoy mental and moral elevation, owe it to society that they should strive to elevate, mentally and morally, their fellow-beings. Lady Chatterton acts on this high theology. She preaches by the force of example. She elevates by leading the way.

Our readers will find it a delightful privilege to follow Lady Chat-

[1] The Pyrenees, with Excursions into Spain, by Lady Chatterton. 2 vols. 8vo.

terton in her wanderings. "Spain and the Pyrenees" are not hackneyed ground, and yet they are ground full of interest. Does she describe scenes of natural loveliness?—her pencil is dipped in the Iris hues of nature, and we seem to gaze on up-piled mountains, to see the waving verdure of the leaves, to hear the pattering of the rain, the moanings of the storm, or to feel our eyes dazzled with the sunbeams dancing over the brilliant clothing of the variegated flowers. Does she describe the peasant in his costume?—straightway he appears before us, with swarthy brow, black eye, and holiday attire. Does she paint a castle?—there it stands, with its lofty battlements frowning down upon us. Does she delineate a city?—we seem to be wandering through its streets with the most delightful companion in the world. In all things we feel that truth and reality, enlivened and refined, not disguised and obliterated, by taste and fancy, have the pre-eminence. We set out on our journey with Lady Chatterton, and she leads us through scenes of natural loveliness, of historic interest, of time-honoured cities, we following the while with charmed attention, forgetful of self, unmindful of aught save the pleasures of our wandering, until, arriving at her last page, we wonder only at the shortness of our journey, and think the hours and the way alike too brief. And it is well for us, that, with this power to charm, Lady Chatterton also possesses the right to guide. Her observations are so just, her sentiments so amiable, her benevolence so comprehensive, that we are most safe when we most abandon ourselves to her influence. The pure feeling and refined morality of her work deserve, indeed, somewhat more than a passing mentioning.

We know not on which point of excellence to fix as the leading merit of this work, so many counterbalance each other. In passing through celebrated scenes, Lady Chatterton has revived their historical remembrances, and gifted them with the interest which hovers over arenas embalmed in national memory. But she has also described the modern aspect of these spots, thus uniting past with present interest. We seem to see them both in gone by times and in the actual moment. They breathe of to-day, and yet they are redolent of departed ages. The footsteps of the men of old still walk with a mighty echo the halls of their proud ancestral homes, but at the same time we hear the merry laugh of our co-existing brother: again, the imaginative and the truth-loving will be equally delighted with those graceful legends which give the work the engrossing interest of fiction, with the still more engrossing interest of fact. Some of the legends with which Lady Chatterton has enriched her book are in themselves delightful little romances, full of taste and grace.

But the admirable illustrations of the volumes offer another proof of the talents of this accomplished lady. They are marked by artistical skill, as well as most felicitous choice of subject. Exquisitely tasteful and effective, and greatly enhancing the interest of the work, these illustrations are gems indeed, and the whole work one of the richest, happiest, and most talented productions of our golden age of literature.

"*July 19th.*—We were up at five o'clock, and had the happiness to see the mountains perfectly distinct, and a brilliant morning; departure for

Spain, of course, resolved on. I in a chaise à porteur, carried by two men, with two to relieve, for which we are to pay forty francs: the rest of the party mounted, and our guide, Benoit, carries on his horse a portmanteau, and various other things—provisions for the men, and a leathern wine bottle, to be used à l'Espagnolle—that is, to be held a certain distance from the mouth, and the stream of wine directed into the mouth, thus really 'making the throat a thoroughfare for wine.'

"The ride up the valley was delightful; woods, and mountains, known before under the gloomy influence of mist and rain, now appeared in all their beauty. We passed the Tour de Castel Bielle, standing out in its fine position, and I found that the 'porteurs' kept up to the usual mountain pace, for in less than two hours we reached the point where the road to the Vallée de Lys branches off, and we entered the Vallée of the Hospice—a valuable property of the Commune of Luchon.

"We soon reached the Cagot's hut; the Cagots seem to have ceased to be considered as a separate race—the only present distinction being their own inclination to remain in the mountains. The family occupying this hut lost a remarkably fine young man, who was killed at Constantine, and their remaining son has now been drawn in the conscription; I saw the wife loading a horse with wood, to sell at Luchon.

"We continued to ascend, enjoying a good view, of which the Pic de Pecade, not visible from Luchon, formed the great attraction: it is a complete sugar loaf of smooth shist, and looks almost as if it had been chiselled. We now reached the forest of Charagan, growing very fine beech and fir, with other trees, and I saw a large cherry lately cut, which is a wood much esteemed for building.

"Soon after leaving the forest, we reached the Hospice, having, by degrees, neared the great heights to which, for many days, we had looked forward with so much anxiety; behind us we saw the fine pasture height of Sobra-Bagnières, and could judge that the view from it must be very good, commanding all the heights; a visit to it might be combined with the expedition to the Valley du Lys. (Mem. for future travellers.)

"The Hospice is a large, substantial house, for which a considerable rent is paid; the tenant is obliged to keep the road to the Port from the Hospice in order, as it is called; and in winter, when he descends into the valley, must leave bread, wine, and firing in the house for the relief of any traveller who may call. It is a point of conscience, which is almost invariably observed, to leave money equivalent to the quantity of provisions consumed.

"Another trait of honesty connected with this passage is the sacredness of property left at the Port de Venasque. By law, the carriers do not cross the frontier; the bales of goods are deposited at the Port, and there they often remain for the day and night, before being removed by the parties to whom they belong, and yet the plunder of a bale is a thing never heard of. And whence is this? Is it that scenes like these, that the sight of nature in its sublimity, the awful terrors of the avalanche and storm in these high regions, have the power of elevating the mind, and rendering it incapable of base and sordid actions?

"A strong religious feeling, too, is connected with the pass: it has all been consecrated, so that the bodies of those lost in the passage may lie in holy ground. I was pointed out a spot, at the side of one of the small lakes, where lie the bodies of five men, who were carried away by an avalanche of snow, in attempting a passage during the winter. It was two months before they were discovered.

"Our cortège stopped at the Hospice a few minutes: we walked forwards, about to penetrate amongst the great heights around us, and with a feeling of curiosity as to how we were to get on—a feeling destined to be far more strongly excited. We had, from a height reached in a few

minutes, to halloo loudly before we could move the main body, still lingering at the Hospice below us.

"And now our hard work began. We ascended by the side of a torrent, the young Pique, I fancy, forcing its passage through a bed of snow. The men took me in my chair over the snow-bridges, being, I conclude, a more practicable mode than passing through the torrent; but this proceeding much increased my alarm, for I could not help thinking how easily the fragile bridge might be carried into the valley below. We knew that part of the snow-bridge over the cascade in the Valley du Lys had been carried away the very night before we were there. We thus corkscrewed our way along, wondering by what miracle we were to get out; fer never did I see a passage, where the effect of enclosure is so complete; even to the last quarter of an hour, the perpendicular wall of rock seems to bar all further progress.

"We continued our ascent, and reached a spot which, to my surprise, was only half way: I did not see how more than another hour could be required to reach the summit which appeared to be so close.

"The Pic de Sobragarde, the highest point to the right of the port, was now finely before us. 'It is not,' said our guide, 'very difficult of access, and the view from it is very fine; the top, when clear of snow, is covered with turf.' The Montaignette lies in front of the pass, and amidst the snow which lay below the point around us, are four or five small lakes, all now unfrozen, except one. The water over the snow at their edges, of a beautiful blue colour.

"We now had a proof of the intelligence of our horses in getting round a projection in the path, a short, but nervous pass, covered with snow. After fording a torrent with some difficulty, we came to so narrow and steep a passage in the snow, that it was thought better to dismount: even on foot it was a formidable business—a false step would have carried one to a great depth, probably to the frozen lake, far, far below.

"Nothing could exceed the desolation of the scene; all appearance of vegetation gone—splintered rocks around us—and, below, the dreary little lakes partly frozen, and fringed with snow. We reached the rock called 'l'Homme,' which serves in winter to mark the direction of the Hospice. It appeared at an immense depth below us, yet, in winter, the guides glide from this to the bottom, over the snow, with great velocity, and in an incredibly short space of time; they direct and steady themselves with a pole, but it requires much skill to do so; for once started, there is no stopping, and any blundering would be fatal.

"We toiled on, the chairmen and horses astonishing us by their power and steadiness. At last, when all further advance seemed impracticable, we rounded a projection, and, between its giant portals, saw the 'Port' above us. The view here is too terrific to be picturesque; but it is truly sublime: we looked back upon the track we had passed, and could scarcely comprehend how the journey had been accomplished. At a quarter to eleven, we reached the Port de Venasque. Then, after all this upward toiling, we did not even attain a platform. No, the ridge passage through the narrow 'Port' is not above a few feet level! And there we looked down—down both ways—there was no help for it—no end to the apparent danger. Nothing would have induced me to return the way we came, and yet, on looking down the Spanish side, it appeared quite as bad. I could see nothing to prevent our slipping straight down into the deep ravine which separates the Port de Venasque from the most awful of savage mountains—the snow-clad, accursed, unclimbed, almost unlooked-upon Maledetta.

"It is the highest of the Pyrenees—the highest mountain in Spain or France; and yet it does not show its head in, I believe, any of the distant views one gets of the Pyrenees. But there it was. We entered the

Port, and though far distant, it suddenly appeared close before us. 'Port' is the term used for all the numerous passes in the mountains between France and Spain: they are, many of them, curious cuts in the gigantic wall of rock which separates the two countries, and at the Port de Venasque, so narrow is the opening, that a good pair of gates might serve as a barrier.

"The Brêchede Roland is another of these; and so exactly do they appear to have been cut, that I do not wonder the imaginative peasantry of these regions should have attributed that near Gavarnie to the sword of their great hero Roland. As we stood in the Port de Venasque, I thought with pleasure on Ariosto's beautiful descriptions of Roland and the Paladins of ancient days. Indeed, it would appear as if he had the very spot, and scenery through which we had passed, in his mind, when he relates the wanderings of Bradamante in search of the enchanter's castle:—

'Prese la via per una stretta valle
Con Brunello ora innanzi, ora alle spalle.
Di monte in monte, e d'uno in altro bosco
Giunsero, ove l'altezza di Pirene
Può dimostrar, se non è l'aer fosco,
E Francia, e Spagna, e due diverse arene.'

"The passage is about ten or twelve feet wide, between two rocks, which rise apparently about forty or fifty feet above it; the level is only a few feet; we passed it, and were in Aragon. Here were lying some bales of wool, left by Spanish carriers, to be conveyed to Luchon. We arrived only just in time, for, fine as the day was on the French side, the Maledetta was collecting clouds around it; we were so high, that this Queen of the Pyrenees did not look to the advantage which she ought; but still a fine object, and the view over her desolate territory is very impressive. The Maledetta, owing to fissures in the ice, is more dangerous of access, than difficult. We saw, round the summit, what appeared to be a road; it is a chasm in the glacier; this chasm, according to Benoit, our guide, is sixteen pans (10⅔ feet) wide, (a pan is eight inches.)

"'Poor Pierre Barran!' said our guide, as he saw me looking at those fearful clefts in the glaciers of the Maledetta; 'I never see that spot without thinking of our good Pierre, who was the bravest and best guide in all the Hautes Pyrénées. It is now full twenty years ago, yet it seems only like yesterday. And his unfortunate son! I shall never forget the poor young man's sorrow. God grant none of us may see the like again!'

"'What was it? What happened to him?' we inquired.

"'Ah, it's a sad story!' said our guide; 'and we had better get safe over all this snow, and down yonder scala, and reach the other side of the frozen lake, before we talk of anything so dreadful; for I would not answer for my own footsteps, much less for the ladies', if I was thinking of Pierre Barran.'

"We went on; and the way, indeed, soon became so difficult as to require all our attention. After descending the scala, and over, or rather through, an awful waterfall, we sat down under shade of some fine chesnut trees. It was now so hot that our thoughts reverted with great pleasure to the frozen regions through which we had passed, and I reminded our guide of his promise.

"'Pierre Barran,' said he, 'was the bravest and most honest man I ever knew; indeed, there was never one like him, except his son—his only son, Charles; and when any strangers wanted to go up to the Port in bad weather, or when there was great danger of avalanches, Pierre Barran was sure to be employed.

"The father and son loved each other more than any two mortals I

ever saw; yet both were passionate, and I have seen them quarrel violently. Charles sometimes accused his father of being fool-hardy, and said he was sure that, sooner or later, he would come to some untimely end. Late in the autumn of 1812, two gentlemen, engineers, came to Luchon, and inquired for a guide to the Maledetta. All the passes were covered with deep snow, and every one of us laughed at the idea of any man thinking of going even over the Port de Venasque, much less up the Maledetta, at such a time of the year.

"'However, Pierre Barran did not laugh; but when it was proposed to him, he gravely said he would go. Whereupon his son flew into a great passion, and said he might as well commit suicide at once; and he swore a solemn oath, that nothing should tempt him up—no, not even as far as the Hospice.

"'Barran was very unhappy at his son's anger; but still, he had pledged his word to go with the gentlemen, and would not retract. It was the custom of both father and son to go and pray together every evening at the cross near Montauban church, but on the night before this dangerous expedition, neither of them were seen there. The next morning, at five o'clock, a neighbour who lived in the adjoining cottage overheard Barran saying to his son—'Do not let us part in anger, my dear boy, for perhaps we may never meet again!'

"'If you think so, then, father, why do you go? For my part, it seems downright madness.'

"'At that Pierre got angry again, and went out without even wishing his son good-bye.

"'The day had hardly dawned when Charles was seen walking up and down before the cottage, in great agitation. 'Oh, that I had not sworn that fearful oath!' he said. 'My poor father, I know he will perish, and I shall not be near to save him. Cursed be my folly!' He was aware of his wickedness in having been so violent, and yet went on swearing still, and saying, 'And to think that I had not even his blessing!'

"'All day Charles Barran was like one wild; and when night came on, the gentlemen returned, but poor Barran was not with them. Everything had gone on well till they came to the lowest glacier you saw in the Maledetta. Though he had succeeded in getting the travellers across, by some unaccountable accident his foot slipped, and he fell in. The gentlemen could hear his groans for a long time, but they had no means of rendering him any assistance; all they could do was to hasten back, and inform us of the sad event.

"'The moment Charles heard of it, he threw himself on the ground in despair. The neighbours tried all they could to pacify him; and one said, perhaps, after all, his father might not be dead, and offered to go with him as soon as morning dawned, and see if they could find him.

"'The moment Charles heard this, he started up, and exclaimed, 'I will give all I possess to any two who will go with me this very minute to the Maledetta!' But none were found to venture.

"'The impetuous young man would not wait; so he went alone, and none of us ever expected to see him again alive. However, next morning we went up to the Port, taking with us ropes, and irons, and everything necessary to restore animation, in case they had not perished. It was a rough morning—more snow had fallen—and none of us expected to return safe. However, the Barrans were so much beloved that no one murmured, and we were all resigned to risk our lives for their sakes. It was past twelve when we reached the Port de Venasque, and we all looked with the greatest anxiety towards the Fente.

"'Fortunately the weather became a little clearer, yet I could see nothing at that distance; but Jean fancied something black moved near the crevice, so we hurried on. Two hours more passed before we could reach

it, for the snow began to fall again right in our faces. Joseph fancied he heard a faint cry, as we approached the fatal spot.

"'They are both dead!' exclaimed Joseph. 'But I am sure I heard a cry as if from the glacier.'

"'We hallooed as loud as ever we could, and a faint voice, that sounded like a distant echo of our own, was heard; so, on approaching we saw Charles standing on a ledge of ice in the chasm below. We immediately let down to him some rope and a bottle of spirits.

"'Let them down further,' said he; 'I will go down for my father's body, if it is at the very bottom of the mountain!'

"'So Charles fastened the ropes round his body, and we let him down full twenty feet. He had tried to climb down, but could only get part of the way; and, as we had promised to come, he resolved to wait And so he had passed all the night half-way down that terrible place, clinging to a projecting bit of ice, not to save his own life, but that he might be alive in the morning when we came, to fetch up his father's body.

"'All night long,' he afterwards said, 'I prayed to God that he would enable me to live till I saw my dear father's body buried in our own church, and he has heard my prayer. Oh, if we had both not been blinded with anger on that fatal night till we forgot to pray! 'Twas the only time in our lives we did not ask God's blessing on our undertakings, and we have been fearfully punished.'

"'Well, we let down the ropes, but it was long before Charles found the body, for poor Pierre had fallen in some way further along the cleft; and then Charles was so benumbed and exhausted he could not lift it for some time. Joseph offered to go down and help him, but Charles begged him not, as he was determined no one should risk the danger but himself. At last, he succeeded in fastening the rope round his poor father, and we drew them both up.

"'Thank God!' said he, as they reached the light of day—'His name be praised! my dear, dear father has a smile upon his countenance!'

"'And so it was indeed; he had never looked so peaceful before. Poor Charles fell into a faint, and it took some time to recover him; but at last we succeeded, and got as far as the Hospice that night.

"'The next morning Charles was hardly alive, but implored us to hurry forwards. 'If I can only live to see him interred in our church, I shall die content!'

"'God heard his prayer. We all reached Montauban by four o'clock that evening; and the good curé and the greater part of the villagers met us, and the mournful ceremony was performed.

"'But Charles Barran never spoke again; as soon as the body was placed in the earth, he fell down senseless on the spot, and two days afterwards was buried in the same grave.

"'And ever since, when any dear friends quarrel, or any of us are going to part in anger, we always remember poor Pierre Barran and his unfortunate son.'

---

"I will now return to our expedition by the Port de Venasque, from which I made this long digression, and thus anticipated our arrival in southern regions, after the toils of snow-paths, and all the difficulties of our route. As we looked from the 'Port' towards the noble chain of mountains before us, Benoit told us that the highest point is the Maledetta; the next, the Pic de Natou, lying more to the south; on the right, the Pic de Perigeo; and at the extremity, the Pic de Paderme. On the left is the Forcanada, and then the fine Pic de Pomero, little inferior to the Maledetta, and which afterwards, as we descended the Vallée d'Artiga de Lin, was so fine an object.

"We descended on the Spanish side, which, though steep, is much less formidable, and arrived at our resting-place, where the men and horses were to feed, at three-quarters after eleven. Here we thought our troubles ended; but we were mistaken. Below us lay a wild valley, on the left of the Maledetta; but it was not our road—it leads to the town of Venasque. At twenty minutes after twelve we again started, and, after occasional ascents and descents, found ourselves mounting to reach a bed of snow above us, over which, some time before, we had seen some Spanish mules toiling, though we little thought then we should have to follow their example; but so it was. We had to pass the Pecade, which separates Aragon from Catalonia. At the commencement of the valley below us we saw the cascade, which loses itself in the T'rou de Taureau, or Toron, and which, after having passed under a part of the range, reappears, as it is said, in the wood of the Pomero, at what is called the source of the Garonne. Our guide told us the connexion has been verified by means of saw-dust thrown in at the fall. To descend to the cascade and return, would have occupied two additional hours; with six hours still before us we were obliged to give it up.

"We continued to ascend, and found ourselves at last higher than the Port de Venasque; we passed, on our left, the path which leads to the Port de Pecade, and which would have been our way had we returned to Luchon; the view of the Maledetta, which we had hitherto enjoyed, was now shut out by a projection of the ridge, and we saw her no more; but a new view opened upon us—that of the summits of the eastern Pyrenees; a vast number of pyramidal points, all partially streaked with snow, and one of much greater elevation than the rest; it is curious, from the number of heights, and the similarity of their shape.

"We passed a circular pile of stones—the division between the two provinces of Aragon and Catalonia. We now entered Catalonia, and reached the ruins of some huts, where troops were stationed during the war."

We add for the pleasure of our readers a delightful Tradition of the Vale of Aran.

"In the year 1198, Comte Bernard of Comminges, accompanied by his only daughter, passed through this valley, and was nobly entertained by the principal inhabitants of Villa Hermosa.

"The young heiress was betrothed to Alphonso, King of Aragon, who was one of the most accomplished and handsome princes of the age—at least, rumour described him as such; but the beautiful Caterina had never seen him, and therefore, as she journeyed towards his court, a thousand fears and apprehensions caused her to tremble, and she gladly seized an opportunity to delay the journey. Her father was obliged to use the utmost persuasion to urge her forward; yet he was by no means a harsh parent, and, unlike most fathers of those times, he had himself superintended her education, and always treated her as a friend and companion; and now he endeavoured, by every tender endearment, to cheer and support her drooping spirits.

"'My darling, noble child,' said he, as they stood on the balcony of the castle at Villa Hermosa, while a bright moon illumined the scene below—'You have, I well know, sacrificed the dearest wishes of your heart for the good of your country; it has been, certainly, a great trial, but God will reward your unselfish conduct.'

"'I want no other reward than your approbation,' replied his daughter; 'that look of deep affection quite compensates for what I have suffered. After all, too, what a foolish fancy mine was!' she continued, blushing deeply; 'but indeed I knew not that stranger-minstrel had made such a deep impression on my heart till you announced the King of

Aragon's proposals; then, indeed, I felt ——but I will never think of him more,' she added, with a sigh.

"'Dearest child, I well knew your feelings: I was aware that such noble sentiments as breathed in the poetry sung by that Spanish minstrel were well calculated to fascinate the pure taste of my darling girl, and had I been blessed with a son, or were France more kindly affected towards my people, I would never have demanded the sacrifice of your affections, but allowed you to dream in peace of the gentle poet, even though my fears had been confirmed, that his rank in life was far too humble ever to aspire to my child.'

"'Nor would he ever, I am certain,' said she; 'for, if you recollect his song it only spoke of hopeless love, of the ennobling effect of deep affection when there was no prospect of its ever being returned.'

"'I well remember it, my child, but indeed we must both try to forget the handsome minstrel. You have declared that the consciousness of acting for the good of our dear vassals has been sufficient reward, and this conviction must support you, even should the King, your husband, not prove so worthy or agreeable as fame declares him to be. And now go to rest, darling, for we have promised to honour the good Abbot of Mitz-Aran by breakfasting in his old monastery, and after that, our journey is long.'

"'And at the end of the day we shall then reach St. Liestra, the place where the King has appointed to meet us,' thought Caterina, as she retired to rest.

"Poor Caterina tried hard to occupy her thoughts with her royal bridegroom, yet tradition says, that in her dreams that night she saw the nameless minstrel who had appeared, a year before, at her father's court at Comminges; and the next morning it was with a heavy heart that she pursued her way.

"That night they reached St. Liestra, but the King was not there: he sent, indeed, a numerous retinue and a splendid litter to convey her to Saragossa. It was a great relief to Caterina; and as she retired to her room, she rejoiced to think that sleep might once more give her the bliss of such dreams as had visited her pillow the night before, without a crime.

"Perhaps it was this thought that inspired them, but certainly on that night the unknown minstrel appeared to her again, and his songs were more beautiful, and his appearance more fascinating, than ever.

"The next morning, the Count begged her to hasten as much as possible, as they were expected at Saragossa at noon.

"Caterina obeyed with a heavy heart, and, attired in her most costly robes, entered the royal litter; but it was near evening when they reached the splendid palace of Aragon, and Caterina became so agitated, she could scarcely see anything.

"But what is this?—a well-known voice greets her ear. Can it be that of the minstrel? Yes; he stands by her side, attired in his simple blue velvet mantle.

"'A thousand welcomes, fairest Princess,' he says—'in the King's name, I bid thee welcome, and have his orders to conduct thee to his presence.'

"Caterina trembled more than ever; for it was very strange the king should have chosen a person of his low rank to greet her, and it seemed cruel in the minstrel thus to intrude. And now he takes her hand, and presses it to his lips. She was almost disposed to be angry, and she scarcely dared to look at him; and yet she could not help wishing that fate had given her such a husband.

"'Come, fairest of mortals, the banquet waits, and the nobles are impatient to do homage to their beautiful Queen.'

"They enter the gorgeous chamber, and the minstrel conducts her to

a splendid throne. There he casts off his simple attire, and stands before the astonished Caterina arrayed in royal splendour. Shouts of 'Long live our gracious King Alphonso, and his lovely Queen!' echo through the lofty halls. It was the King himself, who, disguised as a simple minstrel, had won the heart of his bride.

"'Pardon me!' he exclaimed, 'adored Princess, for deceiving you.'

"'Nay, it was my doing,' interrupted the Count of Comminges: 'I wished to try if my daughter was worthy of the devoted affection of such a prince, and whether she would sacrifice her own inclinations to the good of her people. I am now satisfied. The dearest wish of my heart is accomplished; and may God shower down his choicest blessings on your heads.'

"The marriage ceremony was performed, and Alphonso and Caterina reigned long and happily over the united states of Aragon and Comminges."

---

## THE OPIUM SMOKER.

"I have had a dream,—past the wit of man to say what dream it was:—man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what."—SHAKSPEARE.

THE stout bamboo is wedded to the ground,
The roof of leaves a matted wall embraces;
This looks an honest home! and here abound
Cups, chop-sticks, fish and fowl, and hungry faces.
'Tis night—the wind is whistling at the door—
Fast fade the coloured beacons of the table:*
What matters it! the gude man's boat's on shore,
And travellers care not, when the mare's in stable.

What merry faces! little sons of Han,
Of head half-shaved and consequential tail;
And ye, young daughters of the self-same clan,
Your enemy—I bid ye friendly hail!
Ye too—old grandsire, proud in white moustache,
And stout-cheeked matron of the gold-pinn'd hair—
And brawny son (whose prowess were sans tâche,
Dar'd he do all his foes, the pirates, dare!)

But where's mine host? why sits he not beside
The festive board—his labour being over—
Why shares he not the mirth—or has he hied
To meet a neighbour, like himself, a rover?
Nay, he is there—but not with others, he
Finds food for happiness—their jests distress him:
Opium—the pipe—wins his sole sympathy—
To curse—as some would say—or some—to bless him!

* However poor, the Chinaman never appears to want the means of lighting his dwelling-place. I will not attempt a description of the quality of his candles—suffice it to say, they boast about four inches' length of grease, and half a foot of surplus wick, by aid of which they are stuck into any fitting crevice that may offer—and with a profusion that would startle even the liberal and wealthy inhabitants of the aristocratic purlieus of London.

See, in yon lonely corner, where the voice
Of merriment can hardly reach—and lit
By a small lamp, (not one of reader's choice),
A man of middle age—of limb well knit,
Ruddy in feature, but of sunken eye—
Resting upon the floor—beneath his head,
An oblong pillow—hard for such as lie
In the smooth pleasures of a feather-bed.

In his left hand sustained, and by his right
Foster'd with constant vigilance, he's using
The magic remedy of ill—strange sight,
When through the frame its power 'tis diffusing!
One pipe—another, and another—ten—
And many more—till nought he sees before him—
Borne far from out the pale of common men,
A dream of wonder and of joy is o'er him.

He's very poor—but in his dreams, a mine
Of gold would not suffice to buy his wealth;
He's sick and feeble—but his face will shine,
In all his visions, with the glow of health:
His fare is frugal—but no monarch's board
Could yield the dainties he can now control:
He's dull and careworn—but can boast a hoard
Of joyous fancies in that priceless bowl.

I dare not say "misguided man"—the sin
Finds dread atonement in a sickly morrow;
When every joy the nightly fumes may win,
Has its dark antidote of silent sorrow.
Yet fails he not to meet his daily toil—
His heart's complaint, no man will ever hear it:
On shore—he ne'er objects to till the soil,
At sea—his boat ne'er wants a hand to steer it.

Poor Fisherman, farewell: 'tis not alone
The humble and the outcast who are snar'd
By Lust and Appetite: these have a throne
In rich men's bosoms, firm and well-prepar'd.
And thou dost injure none—while sons of power
Will wake a turbulent and fearful sea:
Of kingly lust a world awaits the hour—
Thine is but known to Providence and thee!

F. J. G.

*At sea, "Bay of Bengal."*

# SAVINDROOG.[1]

BY M. RAFTER, ESQ.

## CHAPTER XLI.

THE TALISMAN.

It was the cool and tranquil hour of evening when Kempé Goud, accompanied by the Bhaut and the Yogie, arrived at the summit of the Droog; where the latter gazed around with intense curiosity, when the eyes of his companions were turned in another direction, though, at other times, as if all earthly considerations were equally indifferent to him, he resumed his look of intense ecstacy and abstraction. The apathy of the pilgrim, while it mortified the vanity of the Chief that any human being could witness the impregnable bulwark of his power without some expression of surprise or admiration, did not fail, however, to enhance, in his superstitious mind, the value of those sacred communings of the spirit, which could cause and perpetuate so total an abstraction from all surrounding objects. The Bhaut partook largely of the religious awe with which the stranger appeared to have impressed the imagination of Kempé, and every now and then congratulated the Chief on the happy accident which had brought him, at so critical a moment, to the Droog; while the attending Bheels, who saw the venerable man climb the steep bosom of the rock, without fatigue or apparent effort, attributed the marvellous circumstance to the presence of some invisible agent, who upheld his footsteps, and bore him, as it were, in triumph through the air.

The lofty gates of the Haram being opened to admit the Chief and his companions, they proceeded in silence towards a close laticed gallery which overlooked the verandah of the Begum's apartments, and whence Kempé had frequently observed the motions of his lovely captive. The descending sun shed a chastened light through the scented screens of Cusa grass which hung between the pillars of the verandah; and gentle zephyrs fanned the features of the hapless maiden, as she sat on her couch in hopeless sorrow; with streaming tears and burning sighs, the sad offerings of a breaking heart. Her back was turned towards the party who were gazing on her with an interest of which she was utterly unconscious, and her eyes were intently fixed on a bracelet, which seemed to contain some cherished object; for she pressed it to her heart and to her lips alternately, with a fervour that appeared to absorb all her faculties, and to render her indifferent to all other objects.

After indulging for some time in this melancholy gratification, from which she seemed to derive a species of negative happiness, the Begum directed her eyes towards the blue cloudless vault; in which a few twinkling stars were already beginning to appear, as the sun was rapidly descending towards the horizon. As if recalled to the

[1] Continued from p. 20.

observance of some customary rite, suited to the evening vigils of her hapless condition, the captive maiden took a lute which was lying by her side; and, after a melancholy prelude, accompanied her voice in the following simple dirge, which she sang with peculiar sweetness and expression, while the tears coursed each other rapidly down her cheeks:

I wish I had the power to fly
  Thro' yonder fields of air,
And had an angel's searching eye
  To seek my lover there:
For this world is sad without him,
  Oh! this heart is sadder still,
And I feel it break when I sit down,
  Of tears to have my fill.

When the sun around is shining,
  He brings no joy to me:
When the moonbeams are reclining
  On the calm and silver sea,
They yield no silent pleasure
  To this heart so cold and chill:
Oh! I feel it break when I sit down,
  Of tears to have my fill.

Yon pathway bright thro' heaven*
  They say the blest must hie,
When their sins are all forgiven:—
  Then I wish that I could die,
For there I'd meet the smiles I love,
  This heart with joy to thrill;—
Oh! I feel it break when I sit down,
  Of tears to have my fill.

My life was blissful dreaming
  When he I loved was nigh;—
Oh! 'twas sweet to mark the beaming
  Of his bright expressive eye:—
Then my heart with joy was dancing,
  Like the sunbeam on the rill,
But now it breaks when I sit down,
  Of tears to have my fill.

Oh! 'twas cruel thus to lose him,
  And still on earth remain;
But the viper in my bosom,
  And the fire within my brain
Are incessant in their labour
  This stony heart to kill;
And I feel it break when I sit down,
  Of tears to have my fill.

* Yama, the God of Death, and Sovereign of Patala, or Hell, is also judge of departed souls, who, at stated periods travel in great numbers to his dreary abode, which was fabled to be situated far to the north-west, for the purpose of being judged. The track of the souls in passing to the place of reward or punishment is fabled to be the milky way.—*Mrs. Graham.*

Farewell, my royal father!
  Thy hairs are gray with grief.
Farewell my gentle mother!
  Heaven send thee some relief.
I go to seek my gallant lord,
  My heart adores him still,
Tho' I feel it break when I sit down,
  Of tears to have my fill.

The plaintive melody of the Begum's song did not fail to impress her listeners with corresponding emotions; and even the stern mind of the Chief underwent a momentary change to pity and remorse, while the eyes of the venerable Rungapa were suffused with tears. Nor was the ascetic disposition of the Yogie proof to the melancholy influence of the scene. He bent a pitying look on the faded form of the Begum, while some powerful feeling seemed to shake his tall majestic frame: it might be sorrow at the recollection of former happiness, or the tremor of declining age; but the habitual mastery of his passions seemed for a moment to have vanished, and to have delivered once more the disciplined mind of the saint to all the stormy impetuosity of humanity. His bosom heaved with sighs, and tears bedewed his veena, which he touched, as if unconsciously, with a trembling, yet a master hand, that produced a strain of wild but wondrous melody.

With a gesture of amazement the Begum sprang from her couch, and gazed around, as if bewildered, but nothing met her sight save the walls of her virandah and the shrubs and flowers of her garden. With her eyes and hands directed towards heaven, she sank on her knees, and exclaimed, in a voice stifled with sobs:

"Merciful powers! have my senses forsaken me? Or is it, indeed, the lute of my lord, chiding me for this delay, and calling me to the mansions of the blest?"

But the Yogie had recovered his self-possession; and whispering to the Bhaut that his instrument would not display its full power, of which he had just been afforded a trifling specimen, without a more immediate personal interview with the unhappy patient, they retired noiselessly from the gallery. Nelleeny being then summoned to the presence of the Chief, was charged with a message to the Begum, in which he requested permission to introduce to her presence a venerable Yogie, gray with years and toil; who stayed his holy pilgrimage, in the hope of soothing her melancholy with the simple strains of his Veena. With a mournful smile the princess bowed her head in token of assent, then drew a veil across her features to screen them from the hateful view of her ruthless tyrant.

The Yogie was accordingly introduced, and made a profound and graceful obeisance to the princess; who, forcibly struck with his majestic and venerable appearance, rose from her couch and returned his salute, with all that sweetness of manner which had won for her golden opinions in happier times. She also received the Bhaut kindly and graciously; but took no more notice of the mortified Kempé than if no such person had been in existence. Musnuds having been placed by the obsequious Nelleeny for all the party, the

Yogie seated himself in front of the Begum; and having entirely conquered the weakness which had previously disturbed the placidity of his demeanour, he drew forth the tones of his instrument with unrivalled skill, in a prelude of unequalled execution and expression.

The effect on all who heard the venerable minstrel was profound: but there was something in his style and touch that seemed to call up in the breast of the Begum a feeling far beyond that of mere surprise or admiration. A sudden joy seemed at first to thrill the bosom of the hapless maid; whose radiant eyes, divested of their silken screen, were fixed in wild amaze on the features of the stranger. But when she saw his hoary hair and venerable beard, her brow resumed its wonted gloom; and thus, with a pang of bitterness, she communed with her labouring breast:

"Fond, foolish wretch! methought the tomb had yielded up its dead, and given to my ardent prayers the Chief for whose untimely fate my heavy heart is breaking. For none but he could touch the lute with such unrivalled skill; and surely I have heard before that sweetly mournful air, from him I never shall behold again. But yet his aged look is at variance with the youthful lustre of his eyes: 'tis surely some device of the tormenting fiend to wring this flinty heart of mine."

The minstrel saw the struggle in the breast of the Begum; and, as if the propitious moment had arrived to try the efficacy of his boasted charm, he struck again the magic chords of his instrument; while his full, clear, and manly voice, swelled on her ear with such all absorbing melody, that the Bhaut loudly declared he must have chewed the leaves of that miraculous tree which overshadows the tomb of the incomparable musician Tan-Sein, at Gualior,* and which have the power of imparting supernatural harmony to the voice. Some such idea seemed also to inspire the breast of the Fawn-eyed maid: her very soul seemed linked to the magic instrument before her; her streaming eyes were fixed on its venerable master, and melting sighs issued from her heaving breast, while in a plaintive mood he sang the following simple stanzas:

Fair mourner cease, nor thus consume
The rosy tint of vernal bloom,
Sad tears thy pallid cheek bedewing:—
Oh! cease, for o'er the silent tomb
The hand of Time his moss is strewing.

Fair, hapless mourner! cease to weep,
Nor wasting vigils longer keep,
Thine ardent soul in sorrow breathing:—
Thy lover sleeps the hero's sleep,
And laurel o'er his tomb is wreathing.

* At Gualior is a small tomb to the memory of Tan-Sein, a musician of incomparable skill, who flourished at the court of Akbar. The tomb is overshadowed by a tree, concerning which a superstitious notion prevails, that the chewing of its leaves will give an extraordinary melody to the voice.—*Hunter's Journey from Agra to Oujein.*

What, tho' he liv'd but in the beam
Of eyes like thine, the liquid stream
Of light should not be dimm'd with weeping:—
For love, they say, is but a dream
Of bliss, unworthy of our keeping.

Like Indra's bow of many a die,
Thro' Fancy's glass its joys we spy
When high with hope the heart is beating:—
Like heavenly rays from Beauty's eye,—
But ah! like them they too are fleeting.

Then listen to the simple lay
That seeks to chase thy cares away,
Nor vainly waste thy bloom in sorrow:—
Oh! think the clouds that lour to-day,
May brighten into bliss to-morrow.

But yet, they say, there is in grief
A gentle balm that yields relief,
Of widow'd hearts their woe beguiling:—
Then taste it, mourner, but be brief,
For Hope, once more, is blandly smiling.

This first essay of the Talisman appeared to produce wondrous effects on the unhappy captive. As if the tones of the instrument, and the voice of the minstrel, were familiar to her ear, and cherished in her heart, her peerless features shone one moment radiant with smiles of hope and joy: but, when her eyes rested on the venerable appearance of the stranger, a flood of tears would gush forth, and her bosom heave with heavy sobs. These unusual emotions displayed by the Begum, were considered by Kempé and the Bhaut as certain indications of the efficacy of the Talisman; and they looked impatiently for another effort to complete the charm, and to restore the lost serenity of her mind.

Again the Yogie touched the silver strings of his instrument, to a livelier strain than the preceding; which produced an instantaneous effect on the Fawn-eyed maid, to whom it had been rendered familiar in happier times by the masterly performance of her adored Kistna. It was one of those soft Persian airs which excite the rivalry of the Bulbul,* and frequently throw the entranced bird into an ecstacy of passion; and the stanzas which the minstrel adapted to it, to suit his present purpose, were in the language of Hafiz and Ferdusi; which, though familiar to the Begum, was utterly unknown to Kempé and the Bhaut. They referred to the wars of the Divas and Peris; during which ethereal contests, whenever the former made prisoners of the latter they shut them up in iron cages, and hung them on the highest trees; where they were supplied by their companions with the richest

* An intelligent Persian declared that he had more than once been present, when a celebrated lutanist, Mirza Mohammed, surnamed Bulbul, was playing to a large company in a grove near Shiraus, where he distinctly saw the nightingales trying to vie with the musician, sometimes warbling on the trees, sometimes fluttering from branch to branch, as if they wished to approach the instrument whence the melody proceeded, and at length dropping on the ground in a kind of ecstacy, from which they were soon raised, he assured me, by a change of the mode.—*Sir W. Jones.*

odours, the usual food of the Peris, though highly disagreeable and oppressive to the gloomy Divas:

A Peri wept within her cage,*
Tho' bright the sun was shining;
And, crush'd beneath the Diva's rage,
Her gentle soul lay pining
For those celestial happy fields,
Where endless Time fresh pleasure yields,
By shady grove and limpid river,
Now hidden from her glance for ever.

But as she heav'd the bitter sigh,
Her tears in anguish flowing,
A sister Peri floated by,
With hope and rapture glowing;
And shaking from her golden hair
Ambrosia o'er the tainted air,
A pure Elysian odour shed
Around the captive's prison bed.

The balmy gale, with sudden sway,
His soul in slumber steeping,
Oppress'd the gloomy Diva lay,
The Peri ceas'd her weeping:
For lo! the messenger of heaven
Her lofty cage has boldly riven,
And, free once more, she springs above
On soaring wings to life and love!

The charm was wrought, and the magic influence of the Talisman was manifest to the wondering eyes of the Bheel, who saw the bitter tears of his captive give way to radiant smiles: the gloomy anguish of her brow was gone, and every lovely feature shone with the most lively expression of joy. With a pure and holy air the Begum raised her hands and eyes to heaven, in silent thanksgiving for some boon divine; while tears of gratitude gushed from her lovely eyes, and her bosom heaved with the most unequivocal transports of supreme felicity.

Delighted beyond expression to see her brightening brow, which he could not help regarding as a most auspicious omen for himself, Kempé overwhelmed the Yogie with thanks and compliments, on the supernatural skill with which he had dissipated the melancholy of the Begum; and calling to Nelleeny, who had also witnessed with joy the sudden alteration, he directed her to present the Paun-siparee to the venerable man, as the most sacred pledge he could offer of his gratitude and esteem.

* In the Caherman Nameh, the Dives having taken in war some of the Peris, imprisoned them in iron cages which they hung from the highest trees they could find. There, from time to time, their companions visited them with the most precious odours. These odours were the usual food of the Peris, and procured them also another advantage, for they prevented the Dives from approaching or molesting them. The Dives could not bear the perfumes, which rendered them gloomy and melancholy whenever they drew near the cage in which a Peri was suspended.—*D'Herbelot.*

Nelleeny accordingly brought in the aromatic preparation of the areka nut and betel leaf, on a golden salver, and was about to present them to the Yogie; but Lachema arose, and taking the salver from her hand, exclaimed:

"This holy man, sent hither doubtless by the all protecting Vishnu, has wrought a wondrous miracle. The magic power of his voice and lute has dried my tears, and chased the gloom that has so long oppressed my heart, and grateful to my dying day my prayers shall rise for him to heaven. To me, therefore, belongs the honor of presenting to this venerable stranger the hospitable offering of the Paun-siparee." *

Then, light and graceful as the fawn that springs across the dewy mead to hail the welcome ray of morning, the Begum approached the Yogie, and held the salver towards him; gazing at his eyes with a keen and searching look, as if she sought to penetrate his inmost soul.

Trembling with undefinable emotions, the Yogie bowed his hoary head, and raised his hand to his brow in a silent salaam. Words indeed were unnecessary; for the simple and customary action displayed, for an instant, a diamond bracelet on his wrist, which he pressed with adoration to his lips. One glance alone sufficed for the delighted Begum: it was he! it was Kistna himself—her lost, lamented Rakhibund Baé! Then raising to his eager sight the portrait ring he had placed on her bridal finger, she turned it mutely inward to her breast.

There is a spell in the eyes of lovers, which, like the vivid lightning flies with rapid glance from soul to soul; soothing all angry passions, and blotting out from the memory all former ills and sufferings. That spell had passed between the Yogie and the Fawn-eyed maid, unseen, undreamt of by Kempé and the Bhaut; whose grosser faculties were entirely occupied with the miraculous change which had taken place in the appearance and manner of the Begum, and which they did not hesitate to attribute to the virtues of the celestial lute. The Bhaut at length ventured to address the happy captive, and expressed a hope that the fatal resolution she had taken might now admit of some delay or modification.

"Venerable Rungapa," said the Begum, smiling with ineffable sweetness, "I have learned from this holy man to curb the natural impatience of my temper; and to await with resignation the will of the gods, who can raise the sinking soul to heaven from the lowest depths of despair."

The party now took leave of the princess, and the delighted Kempé fancied he could read in her smiling eyes some flattering beams of hope, and gentle encouragement for his once despairing love.

* The Paun Siparee, presented to visiters on the termination of a visit, consists of the areca nut split into small pieces, an aromatic leaf (betel), cardamoms, prepared lime, and terra japonica. The rank of the visitor, or the respect in which he is held, is discoverable by the way in which the silver plate is offered, but however ignominiously it must never be refused, and Bernier tells a story of a young noble, who, to prove his loyalty, took and swallowed the paun from Shah Jehan, though he knew it to be poisoned.—*Mrs. Graham.*

## CHAPTER XLII.

### THE DEFIANCE.

The morning dreams of the Bheel, which were glowing with hope and anticipations of triumph, inspired by the successful essay of the Talisman on the mind of his lovely captive, were interrupted by the martial blast of a Collary-horn, which was thrice sounded at the outer gate of the Petah, and effectually roused him from his slumbers. Directing an attendant to ascertain the nature of this early summons, the Chief arose from his couch; and, arraying himself in his customary hunting suit, awaited the return of his messenger. In a few moments Giropa, his one-eyed lieutenant, of whom worthy mention has already been made in these pages, entered his presence; and with a look of sinister import, addressed his chief as follows:

"The rumours which have reached your highness through different channels, of a coalition between your holiday friends and the Brahmins of Mailgotah, appear at length to have obtained some consistency."

"Ha!" cried Kempé, with a smile of derision, "say you so, honest Giropa? In what shape does the cloud appear?"

"In the very suspicious shape of a peaceful embassy, headed by a venerable Brahmin," replied Giropa with a satanic grin, which he meant to be facetious, "and comprising envoys from the Polygars of Nundydroog, Ootradroog and Hooleadroog."

"How!" cried the Chief, with a start of anger, "have the Knaves been admitted even to my Pettah gate, without let or question as to the nature of their embassy?"

"No, no," said Giropa, "they are not such fools as to thrust their heads into the lion's mouth, without a sufficient guarantee. Like sensible fellows, who know their ground, they abide on the borders of the jungle; and have sent a herald to demand a Safe-conduct under your hand and seal."

"They shall have it," cried Kempé, without a moment's hesitation, "a Safe-conduct costs nothing to the giver; and it will go hard if we cannot inveigle the receiver into a forfeiture of its protection, honest Giropa, should it suit our purpose to do so."

Materials for writing having been produced, Kempé completed this necessary document, in the most elaborate and satisfactory form; and handing it to his Lieutenant said, with a smile:

"There, worthy Giropa, despatch the herald with the passport, and let us hear the purport of the embassy. I trust this wise coalition will yet prove nothing better than a rope of sand."

"My idea," said Giropa, "may it please your highness, is this, that, if we can wheedle the Polygars out of the business, we may do what we like with the Brahmins."

"There never were two ideas," said Kempé, "more akin to each other, Giropa, than yours and mine. For many a day have I longed for a fitting opportunity to levy tribute on the rich temple of Mailgotah."

"Nice pickings there," exclaimed the one-eyed Bheel, rubbing his

hands with great glee. "To my certain knowledge there is at least a bushel of diamonds in the sacred treasury, besides rubies, pearls, gold trinkets, and other such inferior commodities."

"Egad," said Kempé, "you make my mouth water for a share of the honey these old drones have been accumulating for ages past: and now to accomplish our purpose. We will receive the ambassadors at the foot of the Droog, for they shall not come up hither to spy the nakedness of the land."

"We should make a show, your highness," said Giropa, "to dazzle the eyes of the rogues."

"Certainly," said Kempé, "send out your collary horns to call in the rovers from the jungle. Arm the best looking with the matchlocks we took from the Mysoreans, and mount your smartest riders on the Arab steeds of the Rajpoots."

"Your highness's orders shall be strictly attended to," said the obsequious Bheel.

"Send forward a guard of honor to receive these wise ambassadors," said Kempé, "and lavish on them the most flattering attentions."

"It shall be done," said the Lieutenant.

"And harkye, Giropa," continued Kempé, "bestow a few words in private on the envoys of the Polygars, and smooth them down a little."

"Leave them to my management," replied Giropa, with a leer diabolically facetious.

"It might be as well," said the Chief, "if you gave them a hint of the bushel of diamonds."

"I know they long to have a finger in the pie," said Giropa, "if they could do it decently."

"A coalition amongst ourselves now," said Kempé, continuing his hints, "might enable us not only to sack the diamonds quietly, but even to cut a slice off the overgrown territory of Mysore, now that Kistna is gone to Patala."

"That would do well enough," replied Giropa, "for the Polygars of Ootradroog and Hooleadroog; but he of Nundydroog is too far distant to benefit by it; and besides he boasts that his mother was a Braminee, and may therefore stand on the one-sided dignity of his caste."

"Then Giropa," said Kempé, "we must make common cause with the others, and fight the Polygar of Nundydroog, if necessary. Go now, therefore, and prepare for the immediate reception of the ambassadors. You and I have set at defiance before now many a worse storm than this together."

The intelligence of the embassy, which, if not actually hostile was, at least, very suspicious, called forth the warlike inhabitants of the Droog and the jungle in eager crowds, all armed and ready for action, if occasion required their services: and Kempé, when he saw his gallant Bheels flocking around him, with all the enthusiasm of their race, felt justly proud of the dignity and strength of his position. The place of audience chosen for the reception of the ambassadors was characteristic of the wild, and predatory habits of the age: it consisted of a level space of ground situated some distance below the

Pettah; and surrounded by lofty trees, over which the towering pinnacles and frowning battlements of the Droog were seen to the greatest possible advantage. At one end of this space a temporary throne was erected for the Maha-Rajah, covered with tiger skins, the spoils of his own victorious hand, and a canopy of cloth of gold was suspended over his head: from the footstool of the throne the ground sloped gently downwards; and the circumference of the area was lined with the hardy followers of Kempé, armed to the teeth, and awaiting in silence, and excellent order, the arrival of the ambassadors.

The loud clangour of collary horns at length indicated the approaching cortege, and every eye was fixed on the narrow road by which alone it could obtain an entrance to the sylvan hall of audience. First came a splendid palkee wherein was seated a venerable Brahmin, the envoy of Mailgotah, followed by a showy train of attendants on horseback. After him arrived in succession the envoys of Nundydroog, Ootradroog and Hooleadroog, with their respective retinues; and the procession was finally closed by the guard of honor, which had been despatched to receive the ambassadors at the confines of the jungle.

Musnuds having been placed in front of the Maha-Rajah's throne for the accommodation of the envoys, and the usual formalities of reception observed with the most elaborate attention to all, the Paun-Siparee was handed round by the royal pages, after which hospitable rite the gallant Kempé addressed his guests as follows:

"Praised be the name of Mahadeo! This day is the pearl of my existence, and the rose-bud of my joy; for I behold in my poor territories the worthy representatives of four great powers, whose friendship I consider as the sun of my happiness, and the consummation of my felicity."

A momentary silence succeeded this politic address; and the envoys having exchanged significant glances with each other, the venerable Brahmin, who was the organ of the party, replied in matter and form following:

"Gallant Chief! your words are gracious, but our reception lacks hospitality; for, verily, the shelter of a roof would be agreeable, seeing that the sun pours on our defenceless heads with unmitigated fury."

"Therein," promptly rejoined the Chief, "am I not to blame, holy father, but rather merit some thanks at your hands; for my Pettah is at this moment afflicted with an epidemic disease, which has already carried off several of our venerable sires."

"Odso!" cried the Brahmin, "if that be the case, the sooner we bring our interview to a termination the better."

"Nay, hurry not your mission," said Kempé mildly, "and thereby prejudice the cause you have undertaken: it is yet possible that the infection may not have descended so low as this."

"May the protection of Vishnu be about us," exclaimed the Brahmin devoutly, but hastily. "The matter in hand, valiant Kempé, is this: I am deputed to you by my venerable brethren of Mailgotah, on a mission of much importance."

"Long and prosperous years to the venerable fraternity!" ex-

claimed Kempé, with a pious air, "I shall ever be grateful for this their kind attention."

"That's as hereafter may be," said the Brahmin, somewhat tartly, "your highness may alter your tone when you hear the purport of that mission."

"The words of wisdom," said Kempé, "are ever pleasing to mine ears. What need I say more?"

"In brief then," continued the Brahmin, who seemed in a marvellous hurry to get out of the infected neighbourhood, "I am commissioned to demand from you restoration in full of certain offerings and presents, intercepted by you on their way from the pious Ranee of Mysore to the sacred shrine of Mailgotah."

"What may be the nature of those pretended offerings?" demanded Kempé.

"The offering," replied the Brahmin, "was a golden Moorut, and the presents to the priests of the temple were rich and costly; though I am not specifically informed of their nature or number."

A momentary smile crossed the features of the Bheel, who next requested the other envoys to declare the purport of their respective missions. One and all said they were deputed by their Chiefs to support the demand of the Brahmin, which they contended was founded on reason and justice. For, however proper it was to levy a tribute on unconsecrated things, offerings to the deity should be, and in fact were, always exempt from such penalty.

"The ambassadors of my brethren," said Kempé, "speak as if I was unacquainted with our forest laws, or guilty of a heinous sacrilege. In common justice, however, I call for the proof on which I am thus apparently condemned without trial."

The envoys of the Polygars confessed they were not furnished with any, not being instructed thereupon by their respective Chiefs. To this the envoy of Nundydroog added, with a supercilious air, that the assertion of the Brahmin was sufficient for him; as it was impossible that a person of that high Caste to which his Chief belonged, could ever, for an instant, deviate from the truth.

"Left-handed Brahmins," said Kempé with a sneer, "are not quite so immaculate. But I now demand of the venerable envoy from Mailgotah on what grounds he rests his accusation?"

"The public rumour," replied the Brahmin, "and generally received impression of an act committed in the open day, ought to be sufficient to convince this assembly of the correctness of my accusation: but, lest any doubt should remain on the subject, stand forth worthy commandant of my guard of honor, and declare what you know of this transaction."

"Here a showy cavalier, of a swash-buckler aspect and demeanor, galloped into the centre of the area: where after caracolling for a moment or two, to display his horsemanship, he alighted, and strode into the space between the throne of Kempé and the musnuds of the envoys, with a look that denoted the fullest confidence in the strength of his backers. Kempé eyed him with a stern and contemptuous aspect, and demanded in an abrupt and ominous voice:

"In the name of Yama, who art thou?"

"Valiant Chief," said the stranger, with a wave of the hand, that was meant to be eminently graceful, "I am Hafiz Bahauder Sahib, commandant of the Body guard of this venerable Ambassador."

"How!" cried Kempé, in affected amazement, "a filthy infidel in the service of the priests of Vishnu! Worthy envoys, I appeal to you if this be not a desecration of that holy religion which you have come hither to support!"

The Brahmin defended the right of his fraternity to employ such agents as they thought proper. Moreover, the person in question, he said, was a gallant soldier; who had long served the Rajah of Mysore, and had obtained promotion amongst the few military retainers kept on foot for the protection of the Shrine.

The envoy of Nundydroog pertly replied that the service of a Brahmin, to which sacred caste his Chief belonged, was sufficient to purify his agents, however profane they might be. The other envoys prudently held their tongues.

"What know you of this affair, infidel dog?" cried Kempé to the startled Afghaun.

"I appeal to this dignified assembly of princes and envoys of princes," said Bahauder Hafiz in a swaggering tone, "against unseemly epithets; for by the honor of my five wives ——."

"Dog of Mahommed!" cried Kempé, in a voice of thunder, "speak to the purpose or abscond."

"Princes and nobles," said the Afghaun, whose voice began to quaver, "this is the fact: may I die an infidel if I lie! I was engaged in the action wherein the golden Moorut was taken by the gallant Kempé Goud; and bravely we fought to preserve it from the hands of the rob—I mean the conquerors."

Here the one-eyed Bheel communicated something in a whisper to Kempé, who sternly eying the witness, desired him to proceed:

"We fought for hours," said the Afghaun vapouring, "and nothing could equal the valour with which we defended our charge; but, overpowered at length by numbers ——."

"Base! incorrigible liar!" exclaimed Kempé in a fury, "I have listened till I can brook thy insolence no longer Swine as thou art, wert thou not drunk and asleep during the whole of that action of which thou talkest?"

"Of a truth," replied the Afghaun, "I may have taken an extra glass, for the day was unusually hot; but with respect to sleeping, I protest I do not recollect ——."

"Speak the truth or dread my vengeance," cried Kempé, in a terrific voice, "wert thou not found drunk and asleep after the action was over?"

"I do not speak of what happened after the action was over," cried Hafiz, delighted at the evasion, "but while it continued, by the holy stone of Mecca!——"

"Didst thou fire a single shot?" demanded Kempé sternly.

"Our matchlocks were all stolen," replied Hafiz, amidst shouts of laughter.

"Didst thou strike a blow with a sword, base infidel?" asked the Bheel.

"The swords went with the matchlocks," said Hafiz, "or else, by the sacred Caaba!——."

"Didst thou not bite the grass in token of submission?" exclaimed Kempé with a frown.

"As to biting the grass," said the Afghaun, "by my mother's honor, I declare at this moment I cannot exactly recollect ——."

"Leave thy mother's honor to shift for itself," said Kempé, "and answer for thine own. Didst thou not acknowledge thyself to be mine ox?"

"At this distance of time," replied the Afghaun, "I cannot exactly say; but on the faith of a true believer, I must have been an ass if I said so."

"Once more I warn thee," thundered the Chief, "wert thou not hoisted up to the top of a cocoa-nut tree, with thy head down and thy heels uppermost, like a Caffre as thou art?"

Here a general laugh pervaded the assembly at the expense of the Afghaun, who began to suspect that he had overshot his mark in volunteering his testimony on the present occasion, and was not even free from misgivings as to a second edition of the cocoa-nut tree. He replied, however, as before, in the *non mi ricordo* strain, which so incensed Kempé, that he instantly ordered him to receive one hundred strokes of a rattan on the bare soles of his feet.

The trembling Afghaun threw himself at the knees of the Brahmin and besought his protection with tears in his eyes; but the latter, disgusted with the testimony he had given, which was calculated to throw an air of ridicule on his mission, declined all interference. Poor Bahauder Hafiz was accordingly laid hold of by two or three active Bheels; capsized in a twinkling, his showy boots plucked off, and the rattan applied to his bare soles, with a perseverance and good will quite gratifying to all but the sufferer himself, who roared and bellowed, at every application, as if the fiends of Eblees were tearing out his vitals.

"And now," said Kempé, "worthy envoys of my respected and powerful friends, you see the nature of the proof on which this heinous charge is founded. This is the gallant soldier, forsooth, of the venerable Brahmin, on whose pestiferous breath the honor of a sovereign prince is called in question. The fact is that, on a certain occasion, I did defeat and despoil a party of Mysoreans, who, you all know, are my deadly foes: this is the head and front of my offending; and I appeal to you, as men of undoubted honor and gallantry, if I was not perfectly justified in doing so?"

The envoys from Ootradroog and Hooleadroog, who, by the way, had got a hint of the bushel of diamonds, both confessed that the matter seemed to have been much exaggerated: their Chiefs, they said, appeared to have entered into the coalition without a full knowledge of all the facts with which they had since been made acquainted; and, for their part, they could not think of taking any further steps in the matter, without fresh instructions.

The Brahmin, on the contrary, maintained that, although the Afghaun had failed in establishing his point, and had evidently been guilty of prevarication, he was, nevertheless, convinced that the golden

Moorut had been actually intercepted on its way to the shrine. He, therefore, still claimed its restoration; and felt assured that, although certain professing friends had suddenly become lukewarm in the cause, the dignity of the shrine, and the honor of the deity, would ultimately be vindicated.

The envoy from Nundydroog followed on the same side, declaring his conviction that the golden Moorut had actually been intercepted; "and if," he exclaimed, with a haughty and supercilious air, "it be not forthwith restored to its rightful owners, I am charged by my puissant Chief, who is moreover a Brahmin of the highest caste, to declare interminable war against the Polygar of Savindroog!"

"How!" cried Kempé, stamping with ungovernable fury, "did you presume to call me the Polygar of Savindroog?"

"Yea," said the envoy, "such was the title I gave you, and to that alone you have a rightful claim."

"False knave!" exclaimed the Bheel, "I'll teach you better before we part. My true and undoubted title is Maha Rajah, by which if you do not instantly address me I'll lay you by the heels for your insolence."

"Never will I address you thus," replied the envoy, "and you dare not violate the Safe-conduct you have given us before we ventured into your territory."

"Produce your Safe-conduct," cried the Bheel, "and I solemnly declare my readiness to abide by its contents."

The document was accordingly produced and read by the Brahmin. It was perfectly formal in all respects, and guaranteed the bearers from all insult, loss, danger or dilapidation whatsoever, during their sojourn in the territories of Maugree and Savindroog.

"Read the signature," cried the Bheel in a voice of triumph.

"Kempé, Maha Rajah," replied the Brahmin.

"There!" cried the Chief, in a burst of laughter, in which he was joined by all his followers. "Can you not see, stupid as you are, that if you refuse to acknowledge me as Maha Rajah, you really hold no Safe-conduct whatever, and lie at my mercy for presuming to enter my territories without one."

The dilemma was immediately seen by all, and the title of the Maha Rajah was universally acknowledged, except by the dogged envoy of Nundydroog, who declared that nothing should prevent him from obeying his orders to the very letter; and he would therefore never acknowledge a title which was self-assumed and illegal. He and his followers were therefore consigned to the dungeons of the Droog, without any ceremony; and Kempé declared that before the sun again visited that part of the heavens in his diurnal round, he would make the Polygar of Nundydroog heartily repent his own temerity and the insolence of his messenger.

The Brahmin and the remaining two envoys now prepared to depart; but before they left the ground, the latter received from the hands of the Bheel certain convincing arguments not only for quitting the late coalition, but also for entering into one with him against the Brahmins of Mailgotah: such is the fearful instability of political friendships. The unfortunate Afghaun was also permitted to depart

without further punishment: this, indeed, was quite unnecessary; for, being refused the accommodation of a horse, the contact of his bare soles with the rugged road, kept the bastinado pretty fresh in his memory.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

### THE CAROUSAL.

Preparations were now made for opening the campaign against the Polygar of Nundydroog with promptness and vigour; and, as the predatory life of the Bheels required them to be always in a state of readiness, before many hours elapsed numerous detachments were sent in different directions through the forest; to hover on the confines of the enemy, ready at a given signal to combine in a simultaneous attack on all points. The policy of Kempé was always to strike terror into the hearts of his enemies by the rapidity of his movements, and to confuse them by the multiplicity of his attacks; for his followers, accustomed to a Guerilla mode of warfare, and having a thorough acquaintance with all the passes of the jungle, were no sooner defeated on one point than they appeared as assailants on another; thus presenting to the distracted enemy an endless succession of apparently fresh troops, and unexpected assaults, which frequently baffled the most skilful efforts of regularity and discipline.

In throwing the envoy of Nundydroog and his followers into prison Kempé had an object beyond the mere gratification of his spleen: for he not only prevented any further plotting between him and the other envoys, but he deprived the hostile Polygar of that early intelligence which might enable him to prepare for immediate operations; and he hoped, by a rapid attack, to reduce him to such a condition as would overawe the rest, and effectually break the neck of the confederacy. It was, therefore, his intention, when all his measures were completed, to start that very night for the scene of action, to take the personal command of the expedition; and, according to custom, he invited all his most confidential chiefs to a grand banquet and carousal, at the termination of which they were to take the field together.

The feast was spread in a large hall of the house occupied by Kempé in the Pettah; and the preparations for the entertainment, though hastily got up, were on the most liberal scale of hospitality. The table was loaded with haunches of venison, roasted peacocks, jungle fowl of every variety, and savoury joints of wild boar, with abundance of fine fish, supplied from the lake at the foot of the Droog. Flasks of Sendi and other wines, and flaggons of potent liquor, distilled from rice and other grain, flanked the huge joints and *entre-mets*, beneath which the table literally groaned: nothing, in short, was omitted which could stimulate the appetite, and urge on the guests to that joyous conviviality, with which the gallant Kempé loved to commence and terminate his most important undertakings.

The Maha Rajah sat at the head of the table, with the gallant Vega on his right hand, and the Bhaut, who came to bless the expedition, on his left. Giropa, the one-eyed Lieutenant, acted as vice presi-

dent, and thirty or forty other leaders, distinguished for their gallantry, occupied places at the festive board, according to their rank and estimation in the opinion of the Chief: for he was an excellent judge of character, and distributed rewards and punishments with equal promptness and impartiality; at least when his reason was free from the maddening effects of liquor, in which, on occasions like the present, he was too much in the habit of indulging.

The rage of hunger being repressed, and the dishes carried off by the attendants much lightened of their savoury burthens, the wine-cup was pushed round with vigour, and conversation flowed with unrestrained vivacity. The occurrences of the embassy were talked over, and the exhibition of the Afghaun afforded many a hearty laugh. The approaching expedition was also discussed in all its bearings; each individual freely giving his opinion as to the plan of operations, and contributing his modicum of information as to the localities of the theatre of war, and the strength and resources of the enemy. The Bhaut was then called upon to bestow his benediction on the projected enterprize, and to consult his prophetic mind as to the result. This he did with that masterly tact and decision, which the practice of half a century had brought to so high a degree of perfection, that he was never at a loss with suitable predictions, to meet cases of the most varied and complicated nature: and though his prescience was occasionally at fault, there was always some good reason discovered for his oracular errors; the general confidence in his wisdom rather increasing, than otherwise, as years and grey hairs accumulated together on his head.

The favourable predictions of the Bhaut, as to the termination of the campaign, gave an additional stimulus to the conviviality of the party; and many a bumper was tossed off to his health. Entering into the spirit of the scene, which reminded him of by-gone years of hardihood and peril, the venerable Rungapa took his veena, and sang the glories of his race, amidst the applauding cheers of his highly excited hearers; who were now fast approaching that happy state of enthusiasm inspired by wine, when reason and judgment alike desert their post, and leave the lord of the creation to the uncontrolled guidance of his passions.

"Odso, worthy Rungapa," said Kempé, "the sound of your veena reminds me of the venerable Yogie, whose magic lute has wrought such a miracle in our favour. Does he still abide in the neighbourhood of the Droog?"

"He is still beneath the Banyan tree," replied the Bhaut, "where I have prevailed upon him to rest his aged limbs a few days longer."

"Beshrew my memory!" cried Kempé, "the impertinence of those churls quite drove the holy man from my thoughts, or he should have been invited to taste my hospitality before his departure."

"I doubt much whether he would have accepted your highness's invitation," said the Bhaut, "for I left him engaged in the most celestial abstraction."

"Oh I warrant him," cried the Chief laughing, "that stalwart frame of his was never nursed on rice cake and cold water; and there is still a fire in his eye that indicates no hatred to the wine cup.

By Doorga! 'tis not yet too late to show our gratitude for his services: and he shall, at least, drink a bumper to the success of our expedition."

In spite of the expostulations of the Bhaut, a deputation, consisting of the soberest of the party, was immediately despatched by Kempé, to entreat the presence of the Yogie at the feast; and they were especially enjoined to request he would also bring with him his magic lute. To the instructions of the chief the Bhaut added a word of advice to the members composing the deputation, which was, that they should observe the most profound respect towards the venerable pilgrim, and on no account make use of any thing like force; for that, by his extraordinary devotions and penances, he had obtained the great *Mantra*, or spell, by which he ruled over the elements and spirits of all denominations, and by their agency, if offended, he could easily scatter them piecemeal to all corners of the earth.

The deputation promising to observe faithfully the instructions they had received, departed on their mission: and during their absence a difference of opinion arose between the Chief and the Bhaut; the latter maintaining stoutly that the Yogie would not accept the invitation, and the former, who was much heated with wine, contending that he would, or else should, if necessary, be forced to pay attention to the royal summons. The contest, however, was at length decided by the arrival of the Yogie; who entered the banquet room with his usual air of devout abstraction, and, advancing towards the lord of the feast, saluted him in a graceful and majestic manner.

"There, worthy Rungapa," cried Kempé, in a triumphant tone, "did I not tell you that the holy man would come at my bidding. Ay, and he will toss off a cup of wine also to the success of our expedition, and troll us a merry lay of amorous gods and frolicksome nymphs, or else I marvellously mistake the merry twinkle of his eye."

Here Kempé poured out a bumper of Sendi wine, and handed it to his guest; but his eye sank beneath the steady gaze of the Yogie, with that involuntary awe which he had once or twice experienced before, without being able to account for, or define the peculiar and novel nature of his feelings. With a graceful obeisance the Yogie declined the proffered hospitality. Wine, he said, had long been a stranger to his lips, and the strict observance of his creed forbade the tempting indulgence; but, if it lay in his power to contribute to the hilarity of the evening by the humble skill he possessed, the Maha Rajah had only to signify his wishes to meet with his ready compliance.

"Gramercy, old boy," exclaimed the Chief, with a flippancy of manner by which he sought to conceal, even from himself, the humiliating nature of his feelings in the presence of the Yogie. "We accept your offer with thanks, and shall be gratified to hear again the sound of your instrument and the melody of your voice."

The Yogie accordingly took his seat at some little distance from the table, and while he tuned his instrument looked round with an observant eye on the convivial party. It consisted of men whose aspects denoted an intimate acquaintance with the vicissitudes of a

predatory life; and whose limbs and faces were all more or less scarred by the fangs of the sylvan prey or the weapons of the enemy. Their manners were joyous, and even licentious; their gestures were full of spirit and energy, and the style and purport of their conversation indicated a total recklessness of the accidents of the world, and an enthusiastic devotion to their Chief. It was a novel and startling position for the noble Kistna to be placed in; surrounded as he was by his sworn, hereditary and ruthless foes; but the great stake he was playing for braced up his nerves to the accomplishment of his task; and the ready compliance he yielded to the wishes of the Chief, indicated the fixed resolution of his soul, to sacrifice all personal feeling to the safety of the incomparable being, who now solely depended upon his judgment and firmness for a release from her almost hopeless and deplorable captivity.

The loud buz of conversation, in which all were eagerly engaged, and the joyous laughter that ran round the merry circle, were suddenly hushed beneath the magic influence of the Yogie's lute and voice, whose rich melodious tones broke on their astonished ears with a burst of harmony altogether new and delightful to the hardy and unsophisticated Bheels, who had never been accustomed to anything superior to the hacknied ditties of the Bhaut. He sang the wars of Rama, and the glorious delivery of Sita from the tyrant of Serindib; the insult to Droopdevi which led to the deadly feuds of the Yadus; and the Rape of Canouj, which subjected the Hindoo to the dominion of the Islamite. In all his varied strains he chaunted with a poetic fervour, that won the hearts of his auditory, the influence of those beings whose beauty has overturned kingdoms, and commuted the sceptre to the pilgrim's staff; who watch and guard our infancy, are the companions and solace of our manhood, and the soothing nurses of our declining years.

A cheer of admiration followed the performance of the Yogie, which made the lofty hall ring again, and many a bumper was quaffed to his health; some even carrying their enthusiasm so far as to rise from their seats, and stagger towards him for the pleasure of grasping his hand and giving it a hearty shake. The one-eyed Bheel, indeed, was so inspired by the united influence of wine and music, that he expressed a wish for the presence of some of those delectable creatures whose charms had been so feelingly sung by the Yogie; and the idea was caught up instantly, a dozen rugged voices shouting at their highest pitch, "A nautch! a nautch!"

"Brother soldiers," said Kempé, willing to gratify his devoted followers on the eve of so important an expedition, "you shall have a nautch, the very best the Droog can afford: and, more than this, you shall be honoured with the presence of my future queen; whose melancholy has been miraculously cured by this holy pilgrim, and who will doubtless be happy to display her peerless charms to her devoted soldiers and loving subjects."

This was an effect of his musical powers which the Yogie by no means anticipated; and he could not for a time believe that Kempé was serious in his proposition. To his infinite mortification, however, the Chief, who was now in a high state of excitement, despatched a

messenger to the summit of the Droog; to command the immediate attendance of Lillah with a troop of Bayaderes, and to request the presence of the Begum of Mysore at the royal banquet.

In the course of a few minutes the messenger, whose zeal appeared to have lent him wings, returned from the Haram, and informed the Chief that Lillah and the Bayaderes were preparing to attend his summons, and would descend speedily to the Banquet chamber; but that her highness the Begum had decidedly refused compliance with his wishes.

"How!" exclaimed Kempé, stamping with rage at so humiliating a refusal in the presence of his captains, whose high opinion he was now more than ever solicitous to maintain. "Did you say the Begum had refused to attend my summons?"

"In the most decided, and, may it please your highness, I might almost say, in the most contemptuous manner," replied the messenger.

"By the eternal Doorga!" exclaimed Kempé, almost frantic with passion, "she shall come. Worthy Rungapa, you shall have the honour of conducting her hither."

The Bhaut, in a mild and tremulous voice, ventured to remonstrate with the Chief; and begged that, for that night, he would not insist on the presence of the Begum. But he preached to the winds; for the stormy soul of Kempé was all in commotion, and the wine which he drank in large rummers rendered him totally deaf to reason and argument. The Bhaut, therefore, finding his efforts fruitless, begged to be excused from the mission; as his great age and feebleness rendered the ascent of the Droog, particularly at night, extremely painful to him, and even dangerous.

"Rest in peace, old man," cried the Chief in a voice of anger, "I forgot your age and weakness; but here," he cried, laying his hand on Vega's shoulder, "here is a messenger, young, active and willing, who shall convey her highness hither with the speed of an antelope."

To his astonishment, however, Vega remained as if glued to his seat, with his arms folded, and his eyes fixed on the ground.

"Why! how is this?" cried the Chief, with a yell of surprize and indignation. "Didst thou hear me, Vega, or art thou both deaf and drunk?"

"May it please your highness," replied Vega, "I have heard you distinctly, and with sorrow."

"Ha!" cried the Chief, with a ferocious stare.

"With submission," continued Vega, "I think her highness might be spared to-night from witnessing a scene like this."

"Ha!" reiterated Kempé.

"And as I know you would regret to-morrow her exposure to such an indignity, I think it better she should not be brought hither against her will."

"Traitor!" shouted the Chief, dashing his clenched fist into the face of the Bheel, with a violence that made the blood gush from his mouth and nostrils; "base cullion, darest thou dispute my orders? Seize him, guards, and bear him to the loftiest pinnacle of the Droog: there let him lie, unsheltered and unfed, until my leisure enables me to award him an adequate punishment."

A general commotion took place in the assembly: the merrymakers arose in a confused mass, and drew their daggers; understanding but very imperfectly the cause of their Chieftain's wrath, and supposing that some attempt had been made upon his life. In all probability, therefore, poor Vega would have fallen a victim under the effervescence of zeal and liquor; but, fortunately for him, the guards, who were rather more sober than the guests, rushed in, and seizing the culprit, bore him off to his lofty place of confinement. This was a solitary group of rocks, appropriated to heinous offenders, that crowned one of the summits of the Droog; the other being occupied by the Haram of the Chief.

Up rose then the one-eyed Bheel, and holding fast by the table to support his tottering limbs, he spake as follows:

"May it please—hiccup—your highness—you shall never—hic—want a friend while I can—hic—stand. I'll bring the Begum—hic—curse me if I don't." Here he waved his arm to evince his zeal, and losing thus his principal support, down he tumbled on the floor, amidst shouts of laughter from his companions; some of whom, in the effort, went also, as if to keep him in countenance.

But Kempé was not to be turned aside from his purpose: his pride was up, and the dogged nature of his disposition urged him on to the accomplishment of his object far beyond the bounds of prudence and propriety. He declared therefore that, as some of his followers were traitors, and the rest drunken sots, he himself would go for the Begum, and bring her to a proper sense of the duty she owed to the sovereign of Savindroog.

The Yogie now saw it was time for him to interfere: hitherto he had kept aloof from the contest, waiting for the moment when it should attain such a head and consistency as might enable him to direct the storm to some useful purpose. That period had now arrived, but the safety of the Begum entirely depended on the coolness and prudence of his conduct: any attempt to stop the Chief in his frenzied state of excitement would, he knew, be fatal both to her and himself; his resolution was, therefore, instantly taken, to yield to the folly of the moment, accompany the Bheel to the summit of the Droog, and there act with the promptness and decision required by the exigency of the case. He accordingly coincided fully in the opinions of Kempé, and even requested permission to attend him; for, he suggested, the magic lute might be necessary to sooth any temporary irritation in the mind of the Begum, whose perfect cure, it was possible, might not have been yet thoroughly effected.

"Gramercy, old boy, for your offer," cried the Bheel, warmly grasping the Yogie's hand. "Though a perfect stranger, you have done me more service than all my churls together. Come along then, in Doorga's name, and we'll give the Begum a serenade she little dreams of."

Fortunately for the staggering Chief, the moon was at the full, and shone with unwonted splendor on the steep and dangerous path that led upwards to the Haram: though, even with the assistance of the brilliant luminary, his motions were so uncertain and tottering, that it was next to a miracle he did not topple over the tremendous pre-

cipice, and thus put a period at once to his turbulent life and singular adventures. But, exclusive of his inebriety, there was a danger of which the Bheel was utterly unconscious: for, close upon his footsteps, followed one whom he thought numbered with the dead, the avenging Kistna; full of life and vigour, and his breast inflamed with all those feelings of revenge inspired by wrongs and outrages of such unpardonable atrocity. They were alone, and the slightest effort of the Rajpoot's powerful arm would suffice to accomplish a speedy and a just retribution: but his noble nature disdained to take advantage of the weakness of his foe; and, with his accustomed chivalry, he resolved to await a more generous opportunity, when the Bheel, in the full possession of his faculties, should present an enemy more worthy of his avenging arm.

They arrived at length at the Haram; and obtaining immediate admittance, they proceeded towards the apartment of the Begum, which the Chief entered abruptly and without being announced. Lachema was sitting in the verandah, gazing on the brilliant orb of night, and indulging in those happy thoughts and joyous anticipations with which the existence, and actual presence at the Droog of her lover had inspired her breast. A well grounded confidence in his discretion, judgment and bravery, had dissipated all those clouds of despair and gloomy forebodings which had so long oppressed her mind; and the conviction that he was at that moment strenuously engaged in some plan for her deliverance filled her bosom with a delightful calm, to which it had been long a stranger.

But the abrupt intrusion of the Bheel, at such an hour, scattered at once the happy delusion in which she had been indulging; and such, indeed, was the confusion of her faculties, at so unexpected and alarming an event, that she did not immediately perceive he was followed by the Yogie, who was also partially concealed by the obscurity of the chamber. With a voice of indignant surprise, the Begum demanded the reason of so unwonted an intrusion on her privacy; and the Bheel, endeavouring to steady himself, answered her to the best of his ability:

"Highness," said Kempé, "your loving subjects—hic—await your beauteous—hic—presence at the banquet"

To her horror and dismay, the Begum now perceived that Kempé was by no means sober; and, in a voice of mingled alarm and disgust, she desired him to quit her presence instantly, or dread the consequences.

"Dread a fool's cross bow!" exclaimed the Bheel, with the idiotic laugh of a drunkard, "am I not your—hic—lord and master, my pretty—hic—queen of the jungle? Nay, if you frown on me—hic—I must use some—hic—gentle force, so—hic—here goes, my fawn-eyed maid."

The Bheel staggered forward, for the purpose of executing his threat; but, quick as lightning, the Begum rushed out of the verandah, crossed her little garden, and sprang upon the terrace that constituted the very edge of the awful precipice; holding on by a slight iron pillar, fixed in the rock to support the railing, the only thing that now stood between her and the terrific gulf beneath.

The fearful position of the Begum imparted to her attitude an air of sublimity, as her lovely form stood out in bold relief against the sky, which was brilliantly illumined by the full radiance of the moon; and her voice broke the silence of the night in thrilling tones of sweetness and majesty, as she cried to the astonished Bheel:

"Monster! quit my sight, or in a moment I plunge into eternity!"

Scarcely had the words passed her lips when the tall figure of the Yogie emerged from the obscurity, which had hitherto concealed him from her view; and the loved melody of his lute, sounded on her ear as the harbinger of hope, and the assurance of protection. As for Kempé, the sudden and fearful action of the Begum had completely sobered him: with a cry of horror he sank on his knees; and, holding up his hands, he implored her to descend from her perilous position.

"Never," cried the Begum, with a voice of fixed determination, "until you swear by your gods that you will instantly quit my sight, and never again intrude without permission."

"By the awful names of Doorga and Mahadeo!" exclaimed Kempé, trembling with alarm for the safety of his lovely captive, "I will obey, in all respects, the wishes of the fawn-eyed maid."

He then arose from his knees, and, accompanied by the Yogie, quitted the apartment of the Begum; who, being assured by Nelleeny that she had secured the doors against any further intrusion, descended at length from her terrific position; and, sinking on her couch, yielded to a copious flood of tears, called forth by the conflicting emotions of so fearful and extraordinary a scene.

---

## CHOREEN AGRA!* OR, THE WANDERING HARPER.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

CHOREEN AGRA! my mountain maid!
When roaming far away from thee,
O'er purple heath, or pathless glade,
Thy sunny smile comes back to me.
I see thee tripping o'er the flowers,
That spring to kiss thy fairy feet,
While fancy wakes in distant bowers
The echoes of thy warbling sweet.
Choreen agra! my mountain maid!

Choreen agra! my mountain maid!
When shades of night around me fall,
I seek some lowly cabin's shade,
Or tune my harp in castle hall:
O! then thy darling image brings
The spell, that wakes its sweetest lays,
While flutt'ring o'er its bounding strings,
Love whispers tales of happy days.
Choreen agra! my mountain maid!

* To music by Miss Eliza Courtenay.

## THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN IRISH BARRISTER. No. XXVIII.

### CHIEF BARON BRADY.

It is an old truth, but not the worse for its antiquity, that strong minds are developed by circumstances. The place, says Lord Bacon, proves the man, or in other words, it is only when a man is raised to that rank where, as in a crucible, all his talents are tested to the uttermost, it is only then that we discover how much the pure metal predominates over the alloy, or inversely, the dross over the substance. It is said, that strength will hew a way for itself through all difficulties. Like gunpowder, every obstacle must yield to the pressure of its energy, as it struggles from obscurity to reach the sunlight of fame and reputation. This is very fine as a figure of speech, but, like all such figures, it overcolours and exaggerates. Without a little co-operation *ab extra*, all his strength might remain pent up in his own understanding, and the world know nothing at all about the matter. In fact, all the powerful or brilliant minds, who have left the seal of their character on the age in which they lived, were evolved from the fatal cloud which closed round the names of others as worthy, though less fortunate, by the influence of circumstances. We have no desire to compare the Chief Baron with these "lights of the world;" nor would he be at all pleased with such an outlay of extravagance, if we were so to panegyrize at the expense of truth. He is a plain, simple, sound-hearted man, without any pretence to a rank of that high order, neither are we disposed to confer it. He is to be valued at his real worth, and no more: our duty will be to determine the value. Reverting, however, to the principle contained in our preceding observations, there is no man at the bar who has been less indebted to the support of circumstances than the Chief Baron. Without, of course, their partial concurrence he could have made no more head-way than a sailless ship against the trade-winds; but what we mean to infer is, that in early life, the season of vigour, ambition, and of hope, they were not of that favourable nature which elevate some men into renown almost before they are conscious of its presence. We hear of persons awaking from sleep, and suddenly finding themselves in the full blaze of the world's favour; we know of men, just now rating very high in public approbation, who, in spite of their intellectual and professional weaknesses, have been hurried forward by the pressure of fortunate events, without the remotest merit on their sides. The Chief is none of these, he stands indebted to no happy conjunction of planets in filling an early space in the general eye—*Themis* and *Fortuna*, the goddesses who preside over the destinies of lawyers, did not take him under their special protection—the former was willing enough, but the latter was too busy in squandering her capricious favours on the less worthy. The one event only, of being placed on the bench, was the great circumstance of his life which showed his powerful intellect, and the advantages which the public and the profession might have derived had it been sooner brought into operation. It is as little our purpose to flatter as to

detract—one is as injurious to the object as the other; but it is not going one hair's breadth at either side of the simple line of truth to declare, and as every lawyer at the Irish bar, of whatever party, will cheerfully testify, that the Chief Baron is an accomplished master of the art judicial. We all remember the dissatisfaction which prevailed in certain quarters when "Maziere Brady" was raised to the bench. One jested, another sneered, and all, good-natured souls! laughed heartily at the richness of the thing. Here was a glorious appointment indeed! The Whigs at last crowned the pyramid with the master folly! Here is a man who, half-a-dozen years ago, was almost unknown—who was distinguished for nothing but his gaiety and good humour, and whose briefs at the bar were scarcely more numerous than his years. To see him fill a seat around which still lingered the recollections of such a model as Chief Baron Joy, was almost an indignity to justice. But Sergeant Warren was more sagacious than the thoughtless and indiscriminating herd of decriers. He saw the future distinguished judge in the object of this vulgar vituperation. An eminent solicitor, on whose authority we communicate the anecdote, had occasion to see Mr. Warren on the day of the Chief's appointment. The hard-pressed equity lawyer spared a moment to deliver his confidential opinion on the last Whig promotion. "I have long formed," said he, "an opinion of Brady, and I believe him to be one of the soundest lawyers at the bar. He has qualities for a judge beyond any man I know—great learning—a clear judgment—the best of tempers—and a most conciliating manner. Depend upon it, in a short time neither the bar nor the public will regret the choice." Like all good prophets, he has been in advance of the event, if he so predicted. Our reflected authority is quite at the service of the curious or inquisitive.

Mr. Brady entered Trinity College as Pensioner in or about the year 1812, where he distinguished himself in various ways. He was the contemporary of some of our cleverest men, among whom we may mention the Rev. Charles Wolfe—Doctors Graves and Apjohn—the present Bishop of Ossory—the Rev. G. N. Wright. He was more substantial than showy, although there was a sprinkle of the latter, too, in his college career. He made no striking addresses to the Historical Society—he did not close the session with any of those grand displays of emulative eloquence which prefigured the future glory of the youthful orator. He was too slow to witch the world with such precocious feats of genius, and was content with the humbler duty of making himself a good classic, which, with all the incentives to forgetfulness, he is up to the present day. It is a fair criterion of his classical attainments, though not an infallible one, that he obtained a high scholarship. We have said that he distinguished himself in more ways than one. On the next head of distinction we are almost afraid to venture, as our readers will be as incredulous as the apostle of old, and require proofs palpable of such a wonder. We must, however, out with it—the Chief was once a Poet. There is nothing miraculous about the matter. Many a more unpoetic head, and in truth there are few less suffused with the ideal light than the Chief Baron's, contained within the thoughts that "voluntary move harmo-

nious numbers." How he now disports himself with the Muses we have no opportunity of knowing. Very like he has neglected the sacred sisterhood and their ancient haunts, and laughs at the merry time when, like all the thirsting craft, he, too, filled his pitcher at wan Pyrene's fountain; but laugh at it as he may, he was a visitor to the double-peaked Parnassus, and culled his daisies at the bottom, for, we fear, he did not ascend much higher. The external representative of the poetic consists, according to the best authorities, in a graceful, slender form—a countenance pale—expressive—and radiant with an ineffable something—an eye animated and piercing, but subdued into tenderness by the emotions of the beautiful and pathetic which are constantly telegraphed from the imagination. A drooping lily is the true type of the poet who feeds on nothing more substantial than fancies. If this abstract picture be correct, then the Chief could be no more a poet than ourselves. He more resembles a strong unbending oak than one of your pretty "flowers o'the Nile." His compact, square, powerfully-built frame is indicative of anything but sentiment. And yet he had moments of dalliance with the bright-eyed daughter of Phœbus and Flora, though the intimacy was not of that close nature to warrant the parents in bringing an action *propter quod servitia* in the sovereign Court of the Muses. We should very much like to see a specimen of his poetry, but all we could collect were two solitary lines—the first couplet of a prize poem on the death of the Princess Charlotte, which has floated down among the traditions of the bar, and which, in their isolation from their sister rhymes, it would be unfair to copy. We have heard that the poem was one of considerable merit, although such works of mechanical adaptation are generally the very serviceable material which should go to the chandler or trunk-maker. Far are we from insinuating that the Chief's early labours deserved that dismal destiny of many a genius, from the days of Blackmore to our own—we wish it to be taken only as a running commentary on the poetic parturition of the whole prize tribe who have given to the world so many white mice. Some years ago he was counsel for the liberals in a contest for the city. In an interval free from hot contention in the assessor's room, jokes began to take wing, in the shape of written slips of paper, between opposite counsel. One of these, by a desperate Conservative wag, contained the opening lines of the Chief's prize poem. It was handed across, and all at once his face "glowed deep with modest red." One would imagine, says our informant, that he had been conscious of some great crime, so guilt-confessing was his look. After all, it was not very criminal to have erred in the direction of such a taste, though the race of the Dryasdusts, who are very numerous at the bar, regard such a propensity as little better than professional suicide. Let an attorney once discover that you are apt in numbers and harmonies, and forthwith you are numbered among the thriftless and godless, more worthy of a strait-waistcoat than a stiff wig. And yet some of our best judges and lawyers have erred in that behalf. There is the late Chief Justice Bushe, as skilled in exquisite epigram, and as prone to the agreeable mischief just now, as when he emptied his polished quiver at the Kilkenny Theatricals. And who will censure his learning in

the law, or judgment in decision? We have a few more secrets to tell, touching sundry accomplishments of the Chief Baron, which we must reserve for a future page, as we have not yet called him to the bar. He arrived there in due course of mastication, in the year of grace 1819.

Great as have been the disappointments of men of superior abilities in seeking and failing of success—many as are the sacrifices of the able and deserving to the pretensions of the forward, and frivolous, and shallow, there is no more memorable illustration of the contrast than the subject of our memoir. Too modest to push himself forward into the busy bustling throng in which, as at the siege of Damascus during the Crusades, every man seeks to reach the parapet over the shoulders of others, he was content to remain quietly in the back ground, leaving the race to them who know best how to take advantage of public gullibility. Modesty in a lawyer is one of the most fatal of natural dowries. In all other professions it is no impediment, while in some it is a decided advantage. At the bar, if a man be drenched with this quality, he may as well renounce, for many a long day, the glorious visions of red tapes and parchments. That is a field in which he must be prepared to encounter the insolence of some, the vulgarity of others, and the rough and robust contention of all. He must shake himself clear of the dead weight of delicate feelings and high-wrought sensibilities, and assume a thick skin and sturdy conscience. This is the only true recipe for fighting his way against craft and cunning; if he mix with the melée, he must battle with the arms which alone are efficacious in the encounter. Mr. Brady was always a firm and fearless man, but these attributes are perfectly reconcileable and consistent with a modest and retiring demeanour. A strong-minded man may be, and often is, calm and unobtrusive. He is not the less powerful because he has not more impudence. The forward man is generally the more infirm. He makes up in brass what he wants in gold. His boldness, like his argument, is all on the surface—he is all confidence so long as he meets with no resistance; but when irritated or impatient authority confronts him with a rebuke, his courage undergoes three stages of transition—paleness, palaver, and apology. This malady of submission to superior power is not confined to this class, although their condition is less to be commiserated, for they provoke the quarrel which ends in their own voluntary prostration. The rude insult or more stinging taunt, however provocative of retort, are often submitted to by strong and gentle minds, lest any unseemly altercation should weaken that respect and reverence which all are bound to render to the great fountain of justice. This may be carried too far; there is at present a gentleman of first rate eminence in the profession, who has been driven from a lucrative practice in consequence of some personal dislike on the part of a learned judge. A lawyer of his rank and station has ever the power of righting himself. It is only necessary to be firm but respectful. Backed with ability and skill, these qualities can always resist with success.

These observations are not irrelevant to our present purpose. We remember to have been once in a court which shall be nameless, where the judge displayed an harshness to Mr. Brady, then solicitor-

general, which seemed to be derived from political causes. Mr. Brady made an application to change the venue in a libel case. In the progress of his statement he was interrupted by the learned judge: "Mr. Solicitor, this I conceive to be a very unusual application, taking into consideration the grounds laid for it in your affidavit." Mr. Brady.—"With great deference, my Lord, I do not think so—the law on the subject appears to me to be quite clear."—"*Oh, Mr. Solicitor, there may be many things not law which you may conceive to be law,*" was the reply. This smart and sarcastic, but ill-founded rebuke, would have excited a temperament more swayed by angry feelings than Mr. Brady's. He blushed, said nothing more, and sat down. We admired his equanimity, though there was ample room for a display of irritation. But the sacredness which should surround the administrators of justice suffered no diminution of its impressive character at his hands. He was sinned against, but sinned not in return. The only motive for thus offensively snubbing an officer of the crown could be, that he was the representative of a liberal government, and advocated opinions which found no favour. It was such a fine thing to impair the authority of a law officer of a Whig administration, and insinuate his incompetency, though there was not a man in that court who did not feel its injustice. A very few years more, and the same judge looked up to the opinion of the Chief Baron with the respect due to its weight. They are now, however, the best possible friends. The bench, like the grave, buries all past animosities. The feuds of the bar are forgotten, and the ermine unites all in cheerful and sympathizing brotherhood.

To Mr. Brady's inaptitude for the ruder contentions of the forum, we must ascribe the little way made by him during his early career, and even down to all but his last few years at the bar. His appearances in public were at all times exceedingly rare, considering his high pretensions; but for a long time he had good business as a pleader. He was among the first, perhaps the first, of that class at the bar. In ordinary pleading there is much of the mechanical; but to be a sound scientific pleader requires the union of many sterling qualities. As a mere advocate, a man may contrive to make a very effective show with a very moderate degree of knowledge. Tact, address, much flippancy, and little learning, will carry him forward, and give the world assurance of a clever fellow. It is only necessary to be daring and venturous—to argue when there is nothing to argue about—to refer to a waggon load of authorities, of which he has read nothing but the marginal notes, and which bear the real Monmouth and Macedon relation to the case—to have always something to the point, which is sure to be as pointed as the flat crown of his wig—to nod at judges, and wink at juries—and to throw up his brow in astonishment during an adversary's argument. These, with some more strokes of sound professional policy, will give a shallow man the reputation of an active advocate. But it is not so with the pleader. The ghosts of demurrers are for ever haunting his imagination; and to check their visionary incursions, he must be skilled in the exorcising powers which are only known to those who minister in the inner sanctuary of the law. A good pleader must necessarily be a sound lawyer. He

must also be wondrously cautious and acute, as these same insidious demurrers are always ready to take advantage of his negligence. Omit a single word, and one of those special envoys which are ever at the service of ingenuity, will pop in its mischievous head through the aperture, and at the same time upset the labours of the pleader, and deprive the attorney of his costs. Mr. Brady had a large troop of those skirmishers for continual service, while his own citadel was so well secured as to defy invasion. In this department, when other business was slack, he had always enough to do. It was a good discipline for his mind, and enabled him to read more carefully and profoundly, and digest at his leisure the tough nutriment of the law, than if he was to run up a number of loose cases for prompt service, and forget them again as soon as read. There is a lawyer who has the reputation of so constructing his pleadings, as to make them hidden snares for the feet of the unwary. He inveigles the incautious and the unsuspecting, to pick demurrers on seeming omissions or defects, and afterwards securely bags the game, for the trap was intentional, and he is well aware of the result. We take this to be wholly at variance even with the lax morality of the profession. This triumph of artifice may be a source of rejoicing and of profit to an unscrupulous trickster, but no gentleman would or ought to have recourse to such frauds. Baron Pennefather was the first to detect this flagrant poacher. In his own quiet way he exposed his contrabandism; and ever since there are no demurrers which run the gauntlet of the Exchequer with more difficulty than this gentleman's. Mr. Brady once surprised this Autolycus of pleaders in his own fashion. He, as usual, exposed a crevice, and watched impatiently for the unlucky adventurer, who fain would speculate on his own quickness. Mr. Brady discovered the little loophole in the declaration—thrust a bold special into it; and when the causes were assigned, Autolycus found one on which he did not calculate, and asked leave to amend on the uncomfortable condition of paying costs.

He went the north-east circuit for many years, with little advantage either to himself or the public. Though well known to all his contemporaries as a sound lawyer, he very rarely conducted a case, and even few second-class briefs fell into his hands. Juniors, to him very infants in knowledge, wriggled themselves into business, while he looked tranquilly on like an unconcerned spectator. This unjust preference did not disturb his good humour, or render him fretful or impatient. He was always gay and cheerful—at mess laughed and joked, drank his wine, and, if it be not profane to narrate, sang a pleasant song. All his brethren of the robe speak of him with fond enthusiasm. Maziere Brady was the great favourite of the north-easters, particularly the younger members, whom he assisted with his advice, and enlivened by his puns. Nothing appeared to fall amiss with him. If he had no briefs, that was not his fault. If unmerited neglect was his portion, why, that was a fortune which he shared in common with the greatest minds. To repine at this condition was an infirmity to which he was indisposed to yield, and he travelled along with a heart as light as if he were filling the three-and-a-half per cents with the fruits of his industry. He had one friend who

knew and valued his eminent qualities as a lawyer and a man—that was Judge Perrin. When a sort of professional excommunication was the understood penalty of a liberal and independent course on the north-east circuit, they were the only two men who continued stedfast and unwavering, and never hesitated to express their convictions with the same ample sincerity as they entertained them. The present times are very unlike the past. Now there is a fair distribution of the forces, and there is no ban for liberality. It was not so then, and Louis Perrin and Maziere Brady had to fight the good cause almost unsupported. This identity of political sentiment soon brought them into close union. If common fame be any authority, Mr. Perrin found his friend very useful in the construction of his law arguments—not that he was inadequate to the elaboration of any case, but he confided in the abilities of his friend, who, not having much of his own employed, was happy to give Mr. Perrin the benefit of his otherwise unproductive time.

Nor was Mr. Perrin forgetful, when the occasion arrived for advancing the interests of Mr. Brady. When a commission was issued to inquire into the municipal corporations, under the presidency of Mr. Perrin, he was appointed assistant commissioner, and aided in the preparation of the report to parliament—one of the ablest and most searching papers, and most pregnant with utility, that has appeared of late years. Afterwards, when Mr. P. held the office of attorney-general, his friend filled the subordinate but confidential one of "her Majesty's Devil," to follow the Four Courts slang. In this occupation, he materially assisted in the first draft of the Corporation Act, which afterwards shared the fate of Sir Toby Butler's stockings, and received the sign manual after one of the severest struggles on the records of parliament. The most favoured attorney-generals, when once on the bench, are said to have outlived their influence with the governments they served. They whose nod at one time directed an administration, become so many *capita mortua*. It is no longer knock, and it shall be opened—the gates are closed against them, and the succeeding lord of the ascendant has the distribution of the dole. Be this as it may, Judge Perrin had sufficient influence to have his friend appointed advising counsel to the chief secretary, and he proved the safest and most skilful of advisers. Some of the far-reaching lawyers smiled at the appointment, on the principle *expers negotii, expers scientiæ aut salutis;* but Lord Morpeth differed widely from their comprehensive views, for he boasted that he never knew a person of more consummate judgment, and in whom he reposed all the complicated affairs which daily reached his office with a more thorough reliance on his knowledge and discretion. He was now on the highway to success—his merits were discovered and appreciated, and when a vacancy occurred in the solicitor-generalship, he was instantly promoted. His predecessor in the Exchequer, the lamented Wolfe, one of the

"Salt of the earth—the chosen few, who season human kind,"

was Attorney-General. He and his brother Solicitor worked harmoniously together, but the principal weight of the law office fell on Mr. Brady, from the indisposition of the Attorney-General, and his

general presence in parliament. On his elevation, Mr. Brady, in due course, succeeded. "Only imagine," observed the "*Mail*," with a voice reflected from the idle group that sits in daily judgment hard by the gas lady in the Hall—"only imagine Maziere Brady Attorney-General!" Shades of the mighty! and has it come to this? Such a man the successor of Saurin, Plunkett, Joy, and Blackburne! Alas! the constitution will never survive it—like poor Le Fevre, it 'will march, by G—d.'" Not yet awhile; we warrant you the constitution will acquire health and vigour under so intelligent a physician.

To the great astonishment of all who did not know him well, he was not only a good Attorney-General, but the very best we ever had in Ireland. That is now universally allowed. He filled the office with the greatest satisfaction to the government and the country. His superiority over all his predecessors consisted in this, that he was enabled to apply himself to his duties without interruption. The late Mr. Drummond, a no mean authority on the efficiency of a public officer, declared that the business of the country was never more expeditiously and satisfactorily done, and, what redounds to his honour, it was stated by the same authority that he never applied for any office or emolument whatever for any friend or connexion of his own. This delicacy is a rare quality in public officers, and we believe it may be generally asserted, though many will deride such a statement, that the Whig officers, as a body, were in this respect singularly abstinent in their demands on the Irish government. Mr. Brady never asked a favour. Could there be a stronger proof of purity and honour? The only exception to this delicacy of feeling, if it be an exception, touches on the anecdotical. When asked whether he would allow an unfortunate hanger-on at the castle to act as his assistant, he answered that he had already appointed Mr. Corballis. He and Mr. Brady were class-fellows in college, and intimate friends. Many moons ago, before Mr. B. had any expectations of such a spring-tide of fortune, he jestingly promised Mr. C., that if he should ever be Attorney-General, Mr. C. should be his "Devil." Years rolled on, his hopes were realized, and the long-forgotten contract came fresh on his memory. He sent for Mr. C., reminded him of his ancient promise, and installed him in the Satanic chair. This period was his life-time of business. There were two occasions of a public nature in which he displayed eminent ability—the prosecution of the Ribbonmen in Cavan, and of Jones, the leader of the Leinster contingent. His speeches were models of perspicuous reasoning; and while he exposed the anomalous confederacy, and laid open their absurd designs and objects with forcible clearness, he did not forget the higher duty of the public prosecutor—which, not long since, we have seen singularly violated—that the prisoners should have a constitutional trial. On the death of Chief Baron Wolfe, there were sundry movements among the secondary judges. Claims were advanced, and old promises touchingly alluded to. All in vain. It was impossible to overlook the paramount claims of the Attorney-General. He had already yielded to the solicitations of the government to continue in office [while his junior passed on to the bench. He had served them long and ably—the time

for reward was come. He was raised to the dignity he adorns, and we hope will continue to adorn, through many a future lustre.

Time performs the same services for reputations which distance does to visible objects. It obscures and gradually annihilates the small, but it renders the great more positive and distinct. It is not by grovelling among the irregularities of its surface that we can know the true form and bearing of a vast mountain range, but by observing from afar the direction of its ridges, and the gigantic outline it traces along the sky. So is it with those who live in our day. We cannot contemplate them under the sober aspect which belongs to the future. We are so mixed up with the events in which they have taken a part, that we weigh their characters, not according to their true merits, but our own passions and prejudices. We flatter or detract, just as our sympathies are in unison with or antagonistic to theirs. Independently of this bias, which enters into all contemporary history, though with every possible anxiety to be strictly just, it is still very difficult to seize the general effect, in which only are preserved the leading and permanent outlines of character. The minute and unimportant will be always forcing themselves on the notice of the contemporary writer, and the result will be, rather a transcript of his individual feelings than a true estimate collected from impartial testimony. It will be our duty, as it certainly is our desire, to keep as close as possible to the truth, and if we cannot be as just in our award as Prince Posterity, we will give a few hints to assist that universal referee in arriving at an impartial and unbiassed judgment. The Chief Baron has taken the bar wholly by surprise. It was the most absolute heterodoxy to contend, not half a dozen years ago, that he possessed any qualities beyond the very ordinary ones which are found among the great mass of secondary, or even tertiary, lawyers. The contrary opinion was the only genuine and orthodox one. It is now universally admitted, not merely that he is an able judge, but among the best that ever sat on the Irish bench. Friends and adversaries alike make no exception. One large class, with whom Baron Pennefather is judicial perfection, incline to the belief that the Chief follows close on him. Without balancing the merits of one learned judge against another, it is a high compliment to the Chief to equalize their efficiency, for a better judge than Baron Pennefather there could not be.

It does seem curious—to many it appears unaccountable—how a man who filled so humble a rank as a practising lawyer—whose voice scarcely ever rose above the clamorous hum of the Four Courts—who never had the management of important causes, and was only engaged in that description of business which tends to sharpen and contract, rather than expand the intellect—should, as it were by intuition, acquire that versatility, promptitude, and knowledge, which characterize the Chief Baron. We think it is Lord Brougham who says that no lawyer can be a good judge without the experience of leading cases. The subordinate practitioner cannot, he assumes, take the larger and more commanding view which the leader naturally adopts, and confines himself more to details. Hence, at least before the experience of trying many cases has given such lawyers expertness, they feel difficulty in grappling with complicated questions, and are apt to lose

themselves in particulars. His lordship's experience in the profession has been very long, and ours comparatively short, so that it may savour of presumption to differ from so high an authority. Now, that which he lays down as the general rule, seems to us the exception—at any rate, his induction is very unsound. On the English bench, at present, they who once were first-rate leaders are very second-rate judges. Lord Abinger was a superb leader in his day, while Mr. Justice Pattison was a modest pleader. Who would compare the judicial capabilities of the two? Lord Cottenham, one of the best chancellors who ever was in England, had very little practice. The same rule prevails among ourselves. Baron Pennefather and Judge Burton were, it is true, not less distinguished as leaders than judges, but there were others who had "experienced leading cases," and on the bench sorely disappointed the public expectation. Leaders, generally, make only inferior judges, and for the opposite of Lord Brougham's reason. It is because they do not apply themselves sufficiently to the details of practice, which constitute three-fourths of a judge's business. We can understand "commanding views" in many other professions and pursuits, but what does it mean in the law? The physician, philosopher, poet, or historian, may take "commanding views" in their several departments, but authority is ever at hand to restrict the roaming propensities of the lawyer. In Lord B.'s sense, "commanding views" would soon leave the speculative barrister without clients. Chief Baron Brady was not a leader, and none will dispute his power as a judge. His expertness, too, did not wait on the "experience of trying many cases," for he came fully equipped in the requisite knowledge.

His appears to be one of those healthy minds which are rather slow in acquisition, but in which the process of assimilation is constant, always affording nourishment to the intellectual system. His powers were only gradually evolved; they did not spring up into sudden maturity—dazzling at the bar, decaying on the bench—the forced and unsubstantial produce of a position—but they were the strong and robust fruit of study and attention, gaining vigour and strength at each succeeding step. It was, perhaps, fortunate for him that his engagements as leader were so few. He might have been a more wealthy man, but more inefficient judge. He started from the outset rich in all the high attributes of his calling. One said, he is a tolerably good lawyer, and time will ripen him into a passing fair judge; another, he is mediocre of knowledge, though hard of work, and will prove of some service, though not until after many days; another, what a man to stand above Baron Pennefather! All the irrational growlers were disappointed. Where all before was discontent, it is now unqualified panegyric. On the first day he took his seat, the prophets of evil began to stare incontinently at each other. Don after don of the inner bar dropped in, bowed to his lordship with the usual conventional reverence, laid their bags on the table, rested the chins between the thumb and fore-finger, and waited impatiently for the first tough motion, to witness the noviciate's success. They returned to the Hall wondrously puzzled at what they had seen and heard. He was master of his business *in limine*. No initiation into the judicial

mysteries was necessary to enable him to enter effectively on his grave and multifarious duties. Inferior in the knowledge of court practice only to Baron Pennefather, who has made that entangled labyrinth quite his own, and, minotaur-like, possesses the direct clue to its unravelment, the Chief Baron does not sink below him in any other department of duty. He has not the surprising quickness, that extraordinary and almost intuitive perception of every case which is the great and unequalled merit of Baron Pennefather; but if his judgment be more slow, it is not less solid and sure in its conclusions. Equality, or even approximation to the Baron's intelligence, will be regarded by his numerous partisans as little short of heresy. We are content with the martyrdom, although we are assured that the Baron himself would be the first to order our release from the stake. Far are we from a desire to weaken the general esteem for that most excellent of men and of judges. He is eminently gifted for the one station, which is adorned and popularized by his well-recognized qualities in the other. But the most anxious of his admirers, and we are of the number, will not deny that there are some points in his judicial character which might be improved. We purpose not a full sketch of his lordship here, but, in order to illustrate the qualities of the Chief Baron, a little digression from the main object may be not only pardonable, but necessary.

Baron Pennefather is among the most acute and penetrating of living judges. The moment the first unfinished features of a case are presented to him, his masterly sagacity pierces at once through the details, and grasps its merits before they are half developed. His rapidity of comprehension is astonishing. It seems a sort of instinct. In the correctness of his quickly-formed opinions he is rarely mistaken. His intellectual vision far outstrips the arguments of counsel—he sees the object far ahead of their wearisome logic, and leaves them toiling on to their destined end while he has already reached the goal. Mixed up with this mental speed, there is sometimes a little precipitancy—indeed, to avoid it would be impossible—and, as we often see in minds similarly constituted, this superiority generates a self-reliance on his own clear judgment which is overcome with some difficulty. The bar know this well, and the adroit among them resort to all kinds of innocent glosses to weaken the tenacity of his first impressions, or prevent their taking early root. When he has once satisfied himself of the correctness of his views, he is most astute in supporting them, and argues out the question sharply, but with habitual good temper. He will often refine on plain argument, and even force it somewhat, to make the law square with his conclusions. Still, he is neither impetuous nor dogmatical; he will not coerce counsel to his opinions, but if unduly resisted, as he conceives, he can snub after a fashion of his own, by stooping down and stroking the calf of his leg, which bit of pantomimic action being interpreted, means, that he would rather hear no more of the tiresome argument, as he is convinced that you are wrong, and he is right. He does not, however, set off his ingenuity as a foil to his learning, for he is thoroughly acquainted with all the erudition of his profession, and brings it into action with the most powerful effect. In this respect he is a match for the Chancellor himself—as quick, clear, and universal,

The Baron prides himself on his dispatch—the Chief, we should say, on his coolness. Let us suppose Mr. H—— wheedling the court with one of those frail motions which rest on the rotten basis of well-prepared affidavits. Mr. H—— begins with quite a moving picture of the sufferings of his client—a most respectable attorney—who is dragged before their lordships without the shadow of a cause. Poor suffering gentleman! All the finer sympathies of our nature are aroused in his behalf—we revolt at the oppression which has been exercised against him—the statement of his eloquent counsel is a blaze of mingled pity and indignation, and he resolutely appeals to his affidavits "In the matter of Simon Screw, solicitor, against Isidore Dillon, of Galway, gentleman," to order the master to re-consider his report. The baron twigs at once the hardships of the Connaught practitioner, and commences a most exciting skirmish with his expert counsel. With all his mystifying resources, he cannot escape the sharp vision of the Baron, whose mind's eye reaches the truth beneath the accumulation of irrelevancy, perversion, and suppression. He does not wait for the solemn peroration, but begins with his plaguy prickings before Mr. Screw's ingenuous statement is well started. This, in practice, is confoundedly puzzling—the most elaborately-studied artifice cannot stand against it. Counsel does not know where to rest his weary inventiveness—every question becomes a sort of land-slip in his argument—and though he has the usual unshaken confidence in his case, the Baron's drilling has left him *sine pedibus*.

The Chief listens silently, leaving his more adventurous brother his useful course of cross-examination, but he listens not inattentively, for on delivering judgment, the exquisitely-framed averments are dissected carefully and closely. In the repose of the one, and the watchful energy of the other, there is a strong contrast. The Chief is gifted with the most exemplary patience. This quality is on the bench what charity is in morals, or drapery in painting,—it covers a multitude of faults. The inferior judge who speaks little is more acceptable to the bar than the clever judge who will not suffer the lightest feather to flow down the current of an argument without throwing up a verbose barrier to check it. Baron Pennefather, of course, does not fall within this description, for what he says is always concise and cogent. But other illustrations are not wanted, and our readers are at liberty to cull for themselves. Whether the Chief talks judicially, or extra-judicially, his opinions exhibit both sound sense and sound law. He is always listened to with pleasurable attention, be it a passing remark or an elaborate judgment. There may have been abler judges on the bench. Chief Baron Joy might have been a more profound lawyer, but he was cold, sarcastic, and oppressive—he slumbered for his own favourites, and was broad awake for whosoever had the misfortune to fall under his personal displeasure. He was a far better lawyer than judge. Chief Baron Brady unites many of his best qualities to others peculiarly his own. He is just as minutely and extensively conversant with all branches of the law. There is no department in that venerable deposit of centuries which he does not comprehend, and cannot summon to his exigencies. He has only, like Aladdin, to rub the lamp of his memory, and the genius of the law starts

up at his bidding. This is not a very subservient spirit. Even the bench, about which he is supposed to be for ever fluttering, cannot universally compel his presence. On some he is always ready to wait—some he condescends to visit only after long incantations—while to others he is altogether invisible. To descend from the figurative, the Chief Baron is a very accomplished judge—master of all the broader principles as well as the more shadowy and subtle distinctions which complete the totality of the lawyer. Baron Pennefather outstrips him in the keenness with which he pursues what Lord Coke quaintly calls the "nugæ judiciales," or in the vernacular of the bar—hair-splitting; but in the loftier walks of the law, the Chief is inferior to none.

It might be safer, and harmonise better with the general opinion of the profession, if we were simply to state that both are first-rate judges; but there is no value in the criticism of character without discrimination. The difficulty of tracing distinctions is considerable, more especially among lawyers, whose habits of life tend to erase all the more prominent points which distinguish men's minds, and create that uniformity of intellectual character which almost sets discrimination at defiance. It has been observed that a writer on such subjects may expect the same degree of success as an artist in painting eggs, the resemblance being as strong in the one case as in the other. To this theory we cannot subscribe. There are shades of difference, sometimes well and sometimes ill defined, between the capacities of any two minds of an apparently similar order and power. We are not so vainglorious as to suppose that we have touched off all the delicate lines of distinction between the Chief and the Baron—neither would we have ventured on so perilous a field, one fraught with extreme danger, and to be travelled with the most scrupulous caution—if it were possible to avoid the juxtaposition. We have done so, we trust, with fairness, truth, and temper. We sought not to exalt one at the expense of the other. We weighed the relative merits of both with as much faithful accuracy as the limits of our space would permit, and if the professional critics should find just cause for censure, we are in their mercy. We reverence Baron Pennefather. A more constitutional judge never held the golden scales—a more humane judge never tempered the severity of the law with clemency. Twenty-four years on the Irish bench, and through times less favourable to liberty and life than the present, is a trying ordeal. He passed it without a stain. We could not conceive a light thought of one so true and time-honoured. He is the idol of a large party, who regard any comparison with his excellence as an impertinent freedom. We have taken that liberty—in what spirit let them judge. We would not even hesitate, if necessary, to appeal boldly to Cæsar himself, and stand fast by his clear judgment. Comparisons may be odious, but they are useful if dictated by a sense of, and reliance on, truth.

The distinguishing traits of the Chief Baron are his intrepid firmness and uncommon patience. Of the first he is a model, while in patience he rivals the grave immobility of Judge Burton himself. He affects no "captious hearing of the councillors at the bar," but bears with all their rambling discursiveness with philosophic fortitude. This is a

great merit, when we consider the severity of the test, and the provoking penalty it imposes. Baron Pennefather has a peculiar mode of signifying his impatience of "linked reasoning—long drawn out." One we before mentioned, the soothing the calf of his leg, as if the irritation arising from a dull argument had settled in that quarter. The other consists in playing with his eye-glass, as if it would charm away the drowsiness which floats up in impalpable particles from the learned dissertation of Mr. Longwind—anon he takes up a gray goose-quill—smooths down the delicate plumes—looks with half-closed eye at the nib—pretends to write—and incontinently lays it aside. His mute language seldom fails of success—the dullest comprehend, and are influenced by its expressiveness. The Chief gives no outward manifestation of dislike—he watches the process of unmeaning elaboration with as much apparent anxiety as if it were pure flax thread, instead of the spider's attenuated and useless weft. His good humour is as remarkable as his patience. He has always a smile for the occasion, and that strong hale frame of his shakes with laughter whenever a good thing is said, which is not very common. Mr. Holmes, who has the prescriptive right of saying what he pleases, knocks to pieces now and then the gravity of their lordships—even Baron Lefroy cannot resist the involuntary contraction of the labial muscles whenever the veteran of innumerable jokes renews his old loves. But it is on the Chief that he produces the strongest effect. He heartily enjoys a jest or stroke of humour, and though he does not at present practise the "wicked and malignant art" of punning, which Swift foretold would bring down God's punishment on the offender, yet he was once of great celebrity in that way, as Mr. B——, of the north-east, can testify. He still retains a trace of his former fires, and though he no longer provokes the divine wrath by graceless punning, yet his relish for a good one is as keen as ever. We had a few reliques of his lordship's fatal facility in this godless art, some of which would secure him the unqualified reprobation of Doctor Johnson, who hated puns of all kinds, and particularly good ones,—but we must not hazard his lordship's reputation for seriousness. Mr. B——, too, must command a deaf ear and silent tongue.

His style is terse and clear. There is no circumlocution—no waste of words. He takes no care about them, and, as usually happens in strong minds, they shape themselves exactly to the subject matter. Except when using technical language, his words are like his person, strong and healthy. His object is to express in the shortest and clearest manner the ideas he intends to convey, and always to keep them single, never allowing one to trip up the heels of the other, which is habitual with confused thinkers and speakers. His manner of speaking and his mind are in close keeping;—the latter intent on its objects—the former conveying the results of his knowledge to explain or confirm them, forcibly and succinctly. If it cannot be considered the highest judicial style, it is such an instrument as no judge ought to refuse to play with. It is simple without insipidity, or descending to the too familiar. Some would pronounce it admirably fitted for judicial use—others as somewhat bald, intent on nothing but

the fact and the law, and to that sacrificing every redundant grace. We look on it as the natural style of a clear, powerful, matter-of-fact understanding, which penetrates the subject of investigation to the quick, and busies itself more with a true exposition of its nature than any refined accuracy about the mode of explanation. If he be slow to express, he is quick to perceive. He has the facility of rapid perception, but kept under the control of unceasing caution, and through which he is never caught speaking injudicially, or hazarding opinions which it is afterwards so disagreeable to withdraw. We have known some who could not resist the temptation of throwing out "views for consideration," which it had been far more prudent to withhold. Put forward without much reflection, and serving only to embarrass the argument, they were sent back from the bar to be considered more maturely by the owners. If we were asked what are the loftiest qualities bestowed on man, we should answer—Conscientiousness, justice, firmness, caution, judgment, perception, and perseverance. There is not one of these, which in a greater or less degree is not found in the Chief Baron. We appeal even to the men who are accustomed to turn his capabilities to a right merry jest, and laugh, most humorous hearts! at the pleasant idea of his lordship ever rising above the tranquil level of an ermined log. Fuller says of the Jesuits that they never owe any man any ill-will, because they make present payment thereof. A certain class should now be the Chief Baron's greatest panegyrists on the same principle, for so long as they had political reasons—personal or professional they never had—for popping off their spleen, they left nothing for the future, having made prompt payment with usurious interest. From them we will take judgment, and we are satisfied the result will be in favour of our estimate.

At nisi prius he is seen in great perfection. Able judges in banc are often very middling judges at nisi prius. The knowledge of books is something different from the knowledge of man, and the complicated twistings, social and moral, which accompany his appearance before a jury. The laws of the human mind do not exactly fall under the government of the laws of evidence, and until a judge is well practised in that learning *dehors* the law, he will not be accomplished in nisi prius business. The Chief Baron is well disciplined in this department. He was not a leader at the bar, and yet he has outstripped the foremost of our leaders as a nisi prius judge. You never hear him barking at counsel, or disturbing the course of the evidence by untimely interference—though he will not suffer gentlemen to slip in those innocent and well-guarded interrogatories which paint a case from the lips of their own clients, but labour under the objection of being illegal in their innocence. Most judges will do the same, but now and then an insidious question is suffered to pass, if it be argued out with prolix effrontery. The Chief checks the treachery the instant it is unmasked, and always gives his reasons, the rule of evidence or that of common sense, and from that there is no appeal. He is quite up to all the little tricks of the trade, and indulges their legitimate use without restraint; but their abuse is temperately though firmly controlled. He listens to counsel with patience, and refutes all their roguish reasoning

with facility and good humour. Of all qualities promptitude is the most useful to a nisi prius judge. He must, to use the common phrase, have his wits all about him, for there will be a constant draw on his discernment and despatch. He cannot fall back on the strong prop of the "*curia advis vult*," but must decide without delay and without doubt. In nisi prius matters, the understanding and knowledge are put to a sharp test. Some judges will get off on the light wings of humbug—they will propound a few legal truisms, to meet not controvert an argument, and address juries with solemn and sonorous gravity on questions of fact, leaving the lamp of the law under a bushel. But something more is necessary. There is a constant demand, where the business is well done, for the most vigorous reasoning and comprehensive learning. Heated controversies, too, overflowing with that conventional hostility which, like a certain insect, dies almost with its birth, are continually springing up; and to bring these to a prompt and decided close is another department of active judicial duty, which the Chief, *inter alia*, well understands. He allays the fermentation without impairing the consequence of the combatants, and chastens them into good humour with themselves and the whole world, if the world feel any interest in the matter.

In the first pages of this paper we touched on the general attainments of the Chief Baron, which are exceedingly rare in the profession. Young men are, now-a-days, so deeply engrossed with the one all-absorbing idea of getting on, that they have not a moment to spare for any of those elegant pursuits which elevate and refine the understanding, without interfering with the more severe studies of the profession. Swift's sarcasm, that a learned practitioner of his day was "a gentleman though a lawyer," is not inapplicable to our times. We are far from disputing that lawyers are not gentlemen in the ordinary sense of the phrase. There is in truth a vast multitude of them, but Swift's gentleman-lawyer was of a different order. He did not mean every person entitled to a coat-of-arms and "to set Esquire after his name," for they were proportionally as numerous then as now at the bar; but his "gentleman" was a man of cultivated intellect, who was sensible of other enjoyments besides year-books and black letter. In this enlarged sense, we have many lawyers and few gentlemen. They think their brains are framed for nothing else than absorption of law—like a certain description of fowls, they swallow all sorts of unassimilating substances—pebbles and bits of gnarled roots are their daily nutriment, and with such materials it is not surprising their stomachs should grow hard and their understandings sickly. Any other course of regimen is proscribed, and the consequence is an injurious dislike to anything of a generally improving character. In the old times—aye, and in times not far removed from our own—men were not the less able lawyers and accomplished advocates for cultivating some extra erudition. They did not leave behind them a less memorable reputation because they stole away a few hours, which might well be spared from their graver occupations, and devoted them to the study of science and literature. The sacred Moralist wisely thought there was a time for all things, but the truth of the maxim is reversed, and we find time for nothing except the deep engrossing law. This

is rather a long prelection—how does it apply? Very closely. The Chief Baron is one of the Dean's "gentlemen," albeit a lawyer, and a sound one. The diversity of his talents will to many appear scarcely credible, but they who enjoy his acquaintance, assert that the Irish bar does not boast a more cultivated mind. His knowledge of botany approaches the skill of a professional inspector of

> "Varied plants, green-coronetted trees,
> Round milky buds, frail blossoms, curious flowers,
> Tropic or temperate."

But Linnæus does not alone claim him—his scientific taste has also wandered in the direction of mineralogy. This was always among his favourite studies, of which a late learned predecessor of his, Chief Baron Joy, was also intensely enamoured. Several years ago, when Chief Baron Brady's means were more limited than at present, and he could ill afford to speculate, he embarked all his available capital in working some of the Irish mines. At first they were not productive—the shares rapidly depreciated—instalment after instalment was demanded—the original subscribers dropped away, but the Chief held firm—fortune began to turn—the shares rose with as much rapidity as they had fallen before, and the Chief now enjoys a fine income from his successful speculation. The fine arts have also found in him an intelligent admirer. We have heard one of our most distinguished painters say, that a more correct taste than the Chief Baron's he had never known. As an illustration of this, he informed us that he accompanied him once to an exhibition of the old masters in Dublin, which contained a *chef d'œuvre* of the Flemish school. The name of the painter was in the catalogue. The Chief at once denied its originality. The exhibitor was positive, and smiled at the connoisseur. The Chief then named the real artist, in his opinion, and some time after, when the picture was put up to auction in London, a competent judge declared it to be a clever copy, and by the same painter! We are almost afraid to venture farther, lest we may be charged with transcending even the panegyrical; but we have stated only simple facts, the truth of which moderate inquiry can ascertain. With this guard against incredulity, we give another effect of his cultivation. The fine arts, like Canova's Graces, are linked in harmonious union. Music is the third sister, and with her he has formed an intimate acquaintance. He essayed the catgut not with the flexible precision of a Paganini or Ole Bull, but quite enough to amuse himself. Such a circle of knowledge and taste is vouchsafed to few lawyers, and many will disbelieve its existence, but it is not the less true. We erred not in classifying the Chief among the Dean's gentlemen.

There are times when all men whose opinions are of any value must attach themselves to a party, or expect the fate of the flying-fish—to be pursued by the albatross when out of the water, or by the dolphin when it falls in. Such times in Ireland were the years which preceded Catholic Emancipation and Reform. The Chief Baron did not hesitate in his course. He adopted liberal principles when they were not in much fashion, and worked them out openly and firmly. He stood apart from the rest of his family and friends, who embraced

the opposite cause, and laboured on to the end without change or suspicion. If there be merit in an independent course of conduct, that merit is greatly enhanced when sacrifices are made to sustain it—when the prejudices of birth and education are cast aside, and the closest ties are severed or relaxed. This was his fate or fortune. He entered public life as a reformer, and as he commenced so will he end. We do not like to meddle with the political opinions of judges. The law charitably presumes they have none, and public justice requires the sacrifice. It is a wise and good principle—we shall not disturb it.

---

## LINES WRITTEN UPON A PICTURE.

Scene:—Rome and the Capitol in ruins—Brennus the Gaul surprised by the appearance of the dictator Camillus.

One scene of desolation reigns around!
The marble palace and the gem-decked throne,
Street, temple, statue, tower, and capitol
Mingled in shapeless ruin!—o'er th' imperial wreck
Gaunt havoc stalks, begrimmed with dust and blood.
And lo! beside a ruined arch which once
Hailed the proud warriors of all-conquering Rome,
Returning from the triumph of a world,
Stands the huge Brennus with his ruffian band.
"More gold!" he cries—again the scales are poised,
And the grim savage of the North has flung
His sword into the scale—"more gold!" he shouts—
"Ye Roman slaves, bring more—yon scale is light.
Here, on the ruin of what once was Rome,
Weak, wounded, gasping, prostrate at my feet,
With chains of gold I'll bind thine eagle now."
He smiles, he grasps the gold, but hark! a shout
Of joy and welcome rings upon his brain—
A trumpet's blast, the clash of arms, a soldier's cheer—
Camillus stands before the painted Gaul—
He looks the genius of revenge, just sprung
By magic from the ruined Capitol.
"Dost want our gold?—'tis *iron* we Romans give
To those who ask us for our freedom's price—
Rome has *no other* metal to redeem
The priceless jewel of her liberty.
Fool! didst thou think, because his pinion flagged,
The Roman eagle was destroyed? He lives,
And he shall soar *again* with prouder wing,
Safe from thy chains, *beyond* thy pigmy shafts.
Back to thy deserts, Gaul—dost ask for gold?
This is my answer—'tis the falchion's edge."

Civis.

## TALES OF THE PUMP-ROOM.

### No. VII.—THE WALTZ.

" Voulez vous danser, mademoiselle ?"
ANON.

I HAVE little claim, I fear, to the title of a philosopher, unless it be philosophy to have learned, from long sojourn in this our " working-day world," great distrust of myself, and daily increasing toleration for others. " I have been young, and am now old," and the only practical fruit which, as an idle lounger, I dare perhaps flatter myself with having reaped from the pilgrimage—is a greatly enhanced sympathy with, and power of entering into the feelings, and sharing the joys and sorrows of, those who are still (as I once was) the sport of impulse, and the dupes of appearance.

This sort of disposition, rare, I have been led to think, in a solitary old bachelor, has often carried me, in all climates, to that epitome of youthful hopes and fears, the ball-room. And as the melancholy Jaques sought and found " sermons in stones, and good in every thing," I have not only reaped, amid the glare and glitter of the festive scene, lessons of deep insight into the arcana of our wayward and wondrous nature—but owned, like him, that all things, even a waltz, (about the most useless, and some would say, pernicious of them all,) could be converted into a source of moral discipline first, and subsequent dearly-earned happiness, to a pair of very interesting young creatures; who, if waltzing had not been invented, might never have known or suspected, the one the strength, or the other the weakness, of the dissimilar yet amiable points of their not less admirably suited characters.

Dancing, it may be supposed, has, like everything else dispassionately considered, its good and bad side; and what seems at a distance, and under another aspect, the veriest old woman's prejudice, may, after all, have a solid and rational foundation. The question of waltzing especially, I conclude, must always remain one of latitude and longitude; and till the latter is discovered, we may abstain from wondering why that which is natural and harmless on the banks of the Rhine or Elbe, should be unnatural and demoralizing on those of the Thames. That it is so, is a point now practically denied by many: but that it was thought so by an English parent, whose like we shall not soon look upon again, gave rise to the incidents of my simple old man's history.

Indifferent health—that degree of indisposition which so often lends motive to idleness, and colour to love of change—carried me some fifteen years ago to the German baths of ——, whither at that time, so shortly after the re-establishment of communication with the Continent, but few of our migrating countrymen had yet found their way. A beautiful young Englishwoman—an heiress into the bargain—was consequently not only, as is still the case, an object of respectful

admiration to the motley group of men of all nations by whom such resorts of idleness and profligacy never fail to be thronged—or of advantageous contrast with the rouged and bronzed female votaries of dissipation or play, by whose presence the healing waters are too often polluted—but absolutely, to many of both sexes, a novel and nearly unknown subject of curiosity and speculation.

Jane Dudley (whom I am forgetting that no one knows but myself) was, when she arrived at S——, the very *beau ideal* of an untravelled young Englishwoman, whose delicacy of mind, features, and disposition, like the virgin snow of some Alpine cleft, respected alike by storms and suns,—no contact with vulgar rudeness on the one hand, or fashionable levity on the other, had ever for a moment been suffered to sully. Brought up by the most careful and judicious of mothers till the critical age of eighteen, she had passed directly from that long-mourned parent's cold and stiffening embrace, into the almost maternal guardianship of a gray-haired soldier-uncle; one of those veterans of the old school, whose own firmly-tempered sensibilities, and innate polish of mind, a long course of service had been insufficient to blunt or impair; and who watched over the tender flower committed to his care with as undeviating attention to the tenor of his poor sister's instructions and wishes, as ever in the days of youthful subordination, he had testified to the glance of his superior officer on a day of battle. Jane must not do this—Jane must not go there—my sister would not have allowed it;—were words even oftener in his heart than on his lips; though their frequent audible utterance certainly contributed to confirm, in a daughter of the gentlest though firmest character, those sentiments of deference to her mother's opinions and memory which she was before sufficiently inclined to cherish.

These opinions, as might have been concluded of a member of one of those old noble families of our own country, which, shaken to their very centre by the disorganization of the French revolution—associated with foreign manners perhaps more than their legitimate share of odium—were thoroughly, essentially English; and well-informed, candid, and liberal (in the old sense of the word) as Lady Anne Dudley certainly was, the possibility of her daughter's marrying a foreigner, nay, even of her visiting the Continent, would have been viewed by her as a serious misfortune.

The specimen which, on the arrival of the allied sovereigns in this country, her own "dutiful attendance" (for such she thought and styled it) at court had afforded her of the highest class of continental visitors, had failed to dispel the prejudice. The then novel *moustache*, which she stigmatized as savage, always appeared to her to veil either ferocity or profligacy under its unseemly shade; and truly but too many of the whiskered physiognomies of that day were associated, in records too well known to be questioned, with public and private vices amply justifying the good lady's prognostics.

But it was the basilisk fascinations of the gaming table, as enhanced by the grace and *abandon* of its fairer votaries, which made her, for the first time in her life, thankful that she had no son to be seduced or entrapped; and while shuddering in pious horror, at the hitherto unseen realities of the waltz, she rejoiced, in right honest English

gladness of heart, that her only daughter was yet in the nursery! Ere Jane had wholly emerged from thence, and shortly before the death of her mother, the fashionable dance had begun to creep into a few privileged or unscrupulous drawingrooms; and her fine taste, perhaps, as much repelled by the awkwardness with which (under the united influence of English *gaucherie* on the one side, and shyness on the other) it was *lumbered* through at the last Christmas party Lady Anne was able to join, as by its, in her eyes, irredeemable violation of feminine decorum—it was on their return from that first scene of festivity in which, from home, her daughter had been permitted to partake in, that she enjoined her, with all the force of indignant maternal eloquence, never so far to forget her birth or breeding as to join in a dance so objectionable.

Jane—even had obedience to the commands of love been less a matter of course with her than it was—felt not the slightest inclination to withhold the promise required of her by her mother. In addition to the questions which, at sight of the novel exhibition, she had put to her travelled cousin, (to the latter's infinite amusement,) of whether it did not make her a little sick and excessively giddy, there was something within the timid, retiring, yet even then self-possessed Jane Dudley, which whispered—"Not for worlds would *I* be whirled about by a perfect stranger in that romping, hoydenish, unbecoming sort of manner!" Jane's decorum savoured as yet, it is true, of the language of the nursery and school-room; but its source lay deeper, and she who could not have told *why* such familiarity was revolting to her every habit and feeling, felt too truly that it was so to dream of disputing her mother's opinion or wish.

This wish, like every other, however casually expressed,—of that invaluable mother,—soon, alas! acquired with Jane the force of a law, by the death of the only parent she had ever known; whose long years of widowhood had been passed in unwearied devotion to the culture, moral and religious, of her child; and who could close her eyes in the delightful certainty that, under the blessing of that Higher Power by whom she was habitually guided, they had been in no common degree crowned with success.

There is generally in every education a mainspring by which it is openly or tacitly conducted: a watchword which mingles more or less avowedly in the intercourse of parent and child. With Lady Anne Dudley this was "principle." She had too much feeling herself to make a display of it. She feared it too much in her daughter to talk of it otherwise than as a domestic tyrant, to be watched over, and if needful repressed. But the words of "duty" and "principle" were for ever on her lips; and, what was of infinitely more consequence, their practice was for eighteen long years held forth, that he who ran might read it, in that mirror of example by which—in preference to a thousand musty precepts—children will, on its reflection, true or false, infallibly dress themselves.

Jane Dudley was consequently, in addition to, or rather as the firm basis of a whole host of lovely and feminine qualities, a young woman of principle; and it would be well if, amid the glare of accomplishments which have now ceased to be a distinction, that rarest and

most enduring of them all, were more common and more cultivated.

It cost General Fielding, who (it was a family failing) was a man of principle also, some struggles between his strong sense of duty to his deceased sister, and the urgent state of his own health from an ill-healed troublesome wound, before he could allow the latter consideration to prevail so as to carry, in defiance of her mother's English predilections, his niece beyond the pale of her own country. But Jane, who (superadding female quickness to masculine vigour of understanding) was as frequently her uncle's counsellor as his pupil—saw at once to which of two conflicting duties the scale of right feeling and right reason inclined. Her mother did not wish her, it is true, to go abroad; but would she, if alive, have tolerated that her darling brother should travel in sickness or in suffering alone and unattended? Jane had not so learned religion, as to strain at gnats and swallow camels. In going abroad there might, notwithstanding all warnings, be danger; but staying at home was ungrateful, undutiful, and unkind. So without further thought of her mother's well known and highly respected anxieties, than the extra vigilance by which she trusted to be enabled to render them superfluous, Jane, in the full consciousness of doing—her mother's favourite phrase—"a right thing"—set off, with a light and happy heart, to extract from even the poisoned atmosphere of B——, health for her dear uncle, and innocent amusement for herself.

The former happily soon ensued on the use of the baths, so celebrated for their alleviation of the veteran's painful scars; and, her heart cheered by her uncle's daily amendment, Jane had full leisure to enjoy all the diversion so novel and motley a scene could afford. She had never been told that it was in the least wicked, or even vulgar, to be amused. Her mother, on the contrary, with all her propriety, was (as our ancestors would have phrased it) as witty as she was virtuous; and her honest uncle's laugh was contagion itself. So they chatted and laughed together to their heart's content, over the heterogeneous olio presented by the surface of society at B——; and when the general, as a sort of salvo to his conscience for exposing her to its contact, lifted up for her a little corner of the courtly veil by which the worse than hollowness of the whole thing was, from a youthful eye, perhaps perilously concealed, Jane thanked heaven that her mother's dread of her marrying a foreigner was so very unlikely to be realized.

But there was in that vigilant parent's instructions no proviso against a half *un*-naturalized Englishman. And what were soon all the whiskered Germans, theatrical Poles, and revolutionized Frenchmen, and hyperborean Russians at B——, in Jane's eyes, compared with a certain Mr., or (as she hated to hear him called) *Monsieur* Wentworth, (by the courtesy of B——, Ventoort,) whom the precisely opposite foreign prohibitions of his only parent had left—even at the risk of a total suspension of intercourse with her darling son, on her own escape from detention by Napoleon—to be educated at Lausanne.

Happily, in spite of his mother, Jack Wentworth, with half-a-dozen

years of English schoolboyism as a groundwork, with a manly, reckless disposition, true British impetuosity of character and intention, dislike of "missy" men on the one hand, and of duellists, gamblers, and blacklegs on the other, was not the right stuff of which a good foreigner could be made. A few years of the continent had only, in the meantime, succeeded in spoiling a very good Englishman; and to use a very homely, but intensely English phrase, Jack, when he came to B——, was neither fish nor flesh, neither a manly consistent John Bull, with his native rust about him, nor a really polished, cultivated, (happily for all nations there are such,) respectable foreigner. There was in Jack, however, a great deal of good; and from sympathy, I presume, of country, Jane Dudley was not long in suspecting it. Her kind-hearted uncle went much faster—he found it out at once; and from the moment his poor wounded arm felt the half welcome, half dislocating hearty shake of the hand, which Jack could never among the Alps lay aside, he became to the old veteran as a son, and (after ascertaining that he was English on both sides the house, and had a fine unencumbered estate in Yorkshire to wipe out the stain of his Swiss education) his prospective nephew also.

Jane, though she generally saw further than her good uncle, could not see quite so fast; but, to shorten an already perhaps tedious old man's tale, she at length saw enough to convince her, that with her greater proportion of ballast, and her judicious cultivation of the excellent sterling English qualities which the young man unquestionably possessed, they might be, in due time, a very well-assorted couple.

But there was one, I fear, English quality in her lover, (to whose foreign devotedness of attention she became by the bye wonderfully soon reconciled,) on the strength of which she had not calculated; and that was "unreasonableness"—a tenacity in trifles, a jealousy, not of the affections of his mistress, but of his influence over her—which Jane observed, first with surprise, and then with pain. Being herself as yielding on minor points, as she was immoveable when duty was concerned, she, for a time, generally gave way; but as indulgence made (as it always does) her lover more encroaching, she was just, from a sense of principle, looking abroad for something worth while to make a stand on—when it presented itself, in that most sacred of all shapes, adherence to her dying mother's injunctions.

The death of another relation had, since Wentworth's arrival at B——, prevented Jane from entering into the gaieties of the place; and their acquaintance had consequently ripened into intimacy, nay even attachment, before he had an opportunity of meeting her in a ball-room. Jane had once or twice previously been present at the public rooms; on which occasions her mother's prohibition, and her own inclination, had concurred in inducing her, though fond of, and excelling in dancing, to decline joining in the waltz. In vain was her sylph-like figure urged by the courteous, or her English prudery sneered at by the supercilious; Jane indemnified herself for sitting still half the night, by dancing—better and more keenly than any one in the room—the other; and, by smiling alike on courtiers and critics, not only silenced, but conciliated all.

But in vain did she summon her loveliest smile (that of the heart)

to sweeten to Jack Wentworth the positive refusal to make him an exception to her inviolable rule. "Not waltz! and with *me!* absurd! *inouï, inconcevable!*" added he; relapsing, as people are apt to do when angry, into the language with which he had latterly been familiar, and in which it is so much easier than in English to say very rude, unjustifiable things.

"It would be much more absurd, and much more inconceivable, my dear Wentworth," said Jane, (for she, when displeased, was always mild,) "for me to break through, in your single instance, a rule, for which I have been already not 'a nine days',' but a nine hours' wonder, in B——. To do so, I must either proclaim an engagement, which, in such a place, we have both agreed would be in the last degree ill-judged and inconvenient—or affront in your person (which is rather less safe than my own) all the fops in the room; or what is even to me of more consequence, and which I am sure you would never wish me to do, fly in the face of one of my dear mother's last and most earnest requests."

Now nothing, to you or I, can seem more unanswerable than this, spoken especially as Jane Dudley spoke it, with the sweetest deprecating tone, and most fascinating smile in the world. But though, the moment the *déraison* (we have no such good English word for it) was over, no creature could be more open to conviction, or more penitent for folly, than Jack; he was, while the fit was upon him, about as accessible to the voice of the charmer, as the deaf adder itself. Having once set his heart on waltzing—to her evident annoyance, and his own certain exposure to insult, with Jane Dudley—he would no more give the matter up with a good grace, than any other spoilt child, who has never been taught that "giving up" something is half the business of life.

"I don't see the force of your alternative," said Jack Wentworth, drawing himself up with the consciousness of being *le plus beau danseur* of the soirées of Lausanne—"a lady is surely at liberty to choose with whom she will or will not dance."

"Yes, and to expose the happy man to be run through the body by half the coxcombs of B——," said Jane, good-humouredly.

"Bah! a duel about a waltz!" replied Wentworth, contemptuously—"that would be *une peu fort*, even here."

"There have been duels, as you well know, about less matters, Mr. Wentworth," said Jane, more seriously. "Be that as it may, the reason I have assigned, one sacred in my eyes, methinks should be no less so in yours."

Even this appeal, calculated as it was to touch his better feelings, failed, in his present mood, to bring Wentworth to himself. After totally spoiling, by his ill-humour, Jane's enjoyment of the set of quadrilles, through which, in smothered indignation, he rather dragged than danced with her, he flounced off, on their conclusion, in mere schoolboy dudgeon, to seek a partner in the waltz, which, for her sake, he at least, he protested, (though caring not a farthing about the matter,) was determined not to forego. But while Jane, in the simplicity of her heart, half smiled, half sighed to see how delightedly his Swiss education, she supposed, could make him forget, in the whirl of

the national dance, alike her refusal and his own behaviour under it, she never, in its innocence, dreamed that a design of exciting her jealous feelings had any share in this ill-timed *dansomanie*, or that, by an unhappy misapprehension, the jealousy of another was destined to be more seriously excited.

The young lady whom (on the mere strength of a light figure and small foot) Jack had singled out for his untiring partner in that waltz by which Jane's feelings were to be retributively pained, happened to be the betrothed bride of a young Prussian, who, not being in the secret of the violent flirtation by which Jane was, at second-hand, to be agonized, took it, as was natural, extremely amiss, and, as was national, testified that he did so by a decided affront to Wentworth.

With the insulting and too significant gesture of the German (observed by himself and a few others alone, who instantly left the room with the parties) vanished in one moment all Jack's indignation against every one concerned except himself. Towards Jane, it flashed upon him as with a sunbeam, he had shown himself an unreasonable fool—towards the German, an unjustifiable coxcomb; and though Jack was as brave as a lion, he would, on that conviction, have apologized almost as readily to the latter as to the former. But apologies—these manly sacrifices at the shrine of something higher and holier than mere worldly honour—are unknown in the system of foreign duelling: and for a blow, or its equivalent, there is, even in England, no answer, alas! but the sword.

"A murderer, as well as a fool!" sighed Jack to himself, when time and place had been settled for him by a lot of wholesale duellists, by whom the affair was scarcely more thought of than a score at billiards. "Jane! Jane! you would not waltz with me, lest I should be drawn into some foolish quarrel about you, and here I am, risking my life for a woman I have only once talked to—against a man I never spoke to at all!"

Before Jane slept, the affair had reached her, as at watering places all things do, in five hundred different versions, with herself, however, (fortunately for one of her retiring disposition,) as the heroine of none of them. She, however, felt that misjudging love for her was at the bottom of Jack's, she was sure, long-since-repented folly; and instead of fainting and screaming like some, or even alarming her uncle, as most English girls would have done, she despatched (with no steady hand, however) a note to Mr. G——, an eminent retired English surgeon, whose solicitude for the recovery of his friend the general had detained some time in his tour at B——, entreating him to go at break of day to the spot, avert the meeting, if possible, by his weight and influence, and, if that should prove impossible, apply his skill to whomsoever might be its victim, which (to any extent almost, short of life) from the dreadful agonies she knew injury to another would inflict on her good-hearted lover, she could almost have felt tempted to hope might be Jack himself.

It was better, however, and more wisely ordered, for his mental discipline, and her future influence over him; for Mr. G——, who, in spite of all his benevolent activity, unfortunately arrived too late, found that the young German had already been conveyed by his own

medical attendant, severely, though not desperately wounded, from the field. Jack, as the original aggressor, had really resolved either on firing in the air, or (to avoid ostentation and a further prolongation of the affair) in such a manner as not to injure his antagonist; but he had not exactly calculated on the effect of a wound in the leg which he himself received, the start occasioned by which carried his ball with too good, though random aim, full into the body of his adversary. In vain did he beseech Mr. G—— to follow and attend on the victim of his rashness—his own wound, though not very serious, was likely to be enough so to require instant attention; and the good old man, the friend of all parties, was by no means disposed to let slip the opportunity it afforded of lecturing Jack, and hanging over him, in *terrorem*, the alarming prospect of being, *at least*, lame for life.

The unhesitating belief and sobered resignation with which Wentworth received this announcement of a threatened evil—whose only foundation existed in the good doctor's wish to cure him at once of unreasonableness and duelling, (for Jack, in his penitence, had made a clean breast of the whole affair,) inspired that friendly but rather romantic personage, on his way home to B——, with the idea of extending the hoax to Jane, and thus ascertaining, by the most decisive of tests, the exact measure of that affection for Wentworth which he had so lightly and rashly called in question.

In answer, therefore, to her agonized inquiries respecting the result of his expedition, he informed her, with a professional *sang froid* for which she gave him very little credit, that her lover had come off better than he deserved, at the expense of only an inveterate halt, which would for ever spoil his dancing.

With Jane, like her downright lover, to hear was to believe; and in answer to the penitential and valedictory letter of one who confessed, with genuine tears of contrition and self-abhorrence, that, in losing the hand of one who was dearer than life, and the use of a limb which would for ever remind him of his errors, he had but incurred the just penalty of egregious folly, she wrote, with the consent and hearty acquiescence of an uncle, who could neither be expected to regard a waltz with the suspicious eye of a deceased sister, nor an affair of honour with the feminine disapprobation of her gentle and right-minded daughter, the following consolatory epistle.

"Dear Wentworth—Since, from what Dr. G—— tells me, you are not likely to quarrel again with me or with any one else on the subject of waltzing, and since you know I had promised to be your partner on every other occasion, I feel bound to say that I do not consider late events as any bar to that previous engagement, *provided* (jesting apart, dear John, which ill becomes the solemnity of the subject) you will adhere as conscientiously to your resolution of never again wantonly trifling with the feelings of the living, as I did from needlessly violating the injunctions of the dead. If so, the loss of a limb will be amply compensated to us both; and if matrimonial waltzing (even on crutches) ever comes into fashion, you may claim in me an untiring partner."

That this frank and forgiving billet brought Jack, in a transport of

love and penitence, to the feet of its unprudish writer, may readily be imagined. That it was "sans crutch" the reader has already anticipated—whether Jane liked him the better or worse, we have no positive means of ascertaining: but one thing is certain, that I have seen her, in defiance of maternal admonition, waltzing in an old English hall with *one* delighted partner, while little twin fairies, their tiny arms linked in playful imitation, swung gaily round in the mazes of a dance calculated to display to the utmost the graces of female childhood; and which, thus performed, reminded one of twin lilies bending on one slender stem—or of the yet more pure and silvery gleam of rival sister sunbeams sporting in fantastic evolutions athwart the path of the cheered and admiring traveller.

---

## THE KINGCUP.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"I wish I were rich!"
LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

Oh! gay and luxuriant flower of the field,
Whose brightness my infantine gaze could bewitch,
How worldly a phrase in thy leaves is reveal'd,
How sordid a motto—"I wish I were rich!"

Such language methinks might be fitting and just
Were it breathed by some plant in a close London square,
Encompass'd by houses, besprinkled by dust,
And fann'd by faint eddies of smoke-scented air.

All, all in its neighbourhood languish for gold,
And modern Alnaschars lay daily designs
How best to accumulate treasures untold,
By railways, insurances, tunnels, and mines.

But thou, the most cheerful and hardy of flowers
That ever in England's fresh meadow-land smiled,
Revived by the sunbeams, refresh'd by the showers,
And loved by the playful and light-hearted child;

Can'st *thou* wish for riches? and proudly incline
To quit the fair daisies that spangle the grass,
Amid forced exotics to dwindle and pine,
And view the glad world through a prison of glass?

The plants of the greenhouse, poor, languid, and weak,
I prize not—I cherish the flowers of the glen,
And love their mute language, but not when they speak
With the cold calculation of worldly-wise men.

Thy image, bright Kingcup, my childhood renews,
When oft in my rambles I slacken'd my speed,
To watch the gay aspect thy tints would diffuse
O'er the sober unvarying green of the mead.

I picture thee still beneath Heaven's blue vault,
Still fondly retain thee in Memory's niche,
And think the translator was surely at fault,
Who coupled thy name with the wish to be rich!

# TALES OF A TOURIST.

## TALE III.

## THE MARCHIONESS OF ARGEVILLIERS.

*Macbeth.* Which of you have done this?
MACBETH.

*Ghost.* Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural!
HAMLET.

*Alonzo.* Oh! it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prospero!
TEMPEST.

THE eve of St. John, in the year 1660, the consuls of the good town of Aix came, according to ancient custom, to set fire to a heap of faggots and brushwood, piled in a pyramid in the Place des Prêcheurs, and surmounted by a standard with the silver lilies. Anon a bright flame illuminated with its flickering glare the lofty houses, the aged elms, that surrounded the square, and was reflected in the lozenge-shaped windows of the ancient ducal palace. Then the people clapped their hands, and fell to dancing the farandoule* around the bonfire; from time to time a cracker would fall amidst the startled crowd, and remind the more prudent that it was time to beat a retreat.

About nine o'clock, when the *fleur de lis* strewn banner was consumed, the consuls retired, and the mimic war commenced. Since the invention of gunpowder, there never passed a year without much of it being burnt in honour of St. John; the municipal authorities tolerated this species of *combat à armes courtoises*, as it was called, though many persons died through hurts and burns, the consequence of the unforeseen explosion of some enormous serpent, or ill-managed squib.

So, on St. John's eve, doors and windows were closed and fastened by sunset in the good town of Aix; and every prudent person was careful not to risk their safety in the streets amidst the fire and smoke of thousands of crackers, which the officers of the regiment in garrison, the clerks of the provincial parliament, and the cadets and students of the university showered on all sides. The Place des Prêcheurs, where the two former belligerents had been contending for the last hour, seemed, as it were, covered with Greek fire. The populace, who occupied the place of judge of the lists, and applauded every well-aimed blow on either side with noisy shouts, had retreated

* A dance still popular in the south of France.

to the shelter of the neighbouring streets. One man alone, covered with an ample cloak, and his broad-brimmed hat slouched low over his brow, so as to throw a deep shadow over his features, remained, his back leant against a tree, and his eyes fixed on the hôtel of the first president of the parliament.

"Hollo! Master Loubet," cried one of the clerks, as he passed him, you are unarmed; take care of yourself!"

The advocate, for such he was, turned quietly round.

"Bravo! Marius Magis," he replied: "the officers have peppered you pretty handsomely; but I think they've got as good as they brought."

"Or it shall not be my fault, the swaggering red coats!" said he, as he shook his leathern pouch, still full of crackers, the basochien.* "But I pray you withdraw, Master Loubet; you run a risk of getting your face roasted; it's as hot as a furnace here."

"A little gunpowder—nothing more; I've got a good defence here," replied Master Loubet, pulling his cloak more over his shoulder.

"Call it an ægis," interrupted the basochien sententiously; "an ægis, that's the proper name."

"Agreed; but I find it rather too heavy at this time of the year, so I'll e'en go home and rid me of the burden. Good night, and success attend you, Marius Magis. I'm sorry I can't see the fight out."

He saluted the basochien with a gesture, and made his way to a small house that stood in the Rue du Portalet. The door was barricadoed as in a time of civil war, and not a glimmer of light to be seen in any of the windows of its three-storied front.

He entered softly, and found himself in a narrow passage that served as a vestibule, and opened on a small court. Scarce had he closed the door after him, than a cracker exploded on the threshold.

"What a noisy and boyish amusement!" muttered Jaques Loubet, as he entered his study, situate on the ground floor.

The heavy curtains of purple cloth were carefully drawn before the windows, a lamp burned on the bureau, covered with papers and parchments; chairs of walnut wood, as black with age as ebony, were ranged along the wainscotted walls; about a hundred volumes, each with its brazen clasps, reposing on two dusty shelves, and a time-piece in frame of carved wood, completed the furniture of the apartment where M. Jaques Loubet, advocate, received his numerous clients.

He quickly threw aside his cloak, and sate down in the huge arm-chair of red leather, almost as old as the flood; then dipped his pen in the identical ink-horn from whence the Loubets had, for three generations, drawn such long and learned pleas. But, for once, the lawyer needed inspiration; an invincible absence of mind caused the ink in his pen to dry, and left the sheet of draft paper, open on his desk, fair and unspotted. Anon he grew weary of the struggle between duty and inclination, between his own will and the fixed ideas that besieged him, and throwing away his pen, he passed his hand

* Officer of the company of clerks to the parliament.

through his clustering locks, and yielded unresisting to his revery. His eye wandered purposeless over the neatly arranged files of papers crowded before him, mechanically did he read their titles: "The heir at law of the late M. Guillaume Choppin, deceased, *v.* Messire Walter Fonqueteau;" "The Sieur Girard, assessor, *v.* the Commune of Hans, for not repairing a highway," &c. &c. But some tender and profound pre-occupation animated his deep blue eyes: he smiled sweetly on his books, his dusty parchments, or rather on the precious recollection which he hoarded in his heart. At times, however, some bitter thought arose to sadden his silent transport, and then Jaques Loubet would press his clasped hands to his throbbing brow, and murmur, in broken accents,

"O God! what idle dream am I indulging in? Whither does it tend? 'Tis utter madness but to yield to its delusion even in thought!"

And again he would endeavour to fix his attention on his papers; but in a moment the same fixed idea would return, ardent, tenacious as ever, and the advocate fell back into his reverie.

"Cousin Jaques!" gently cried the voice of a young girl at the door of the study, "will you come to supper?"

He hastily arose, and, at once brought back to his daily round of occupations, busied himself in arranging his papers for the night.

"My aunt is waiting for you—are you coming, cousin?" timidly repeated the same soft voice.

Then he took his lamp, and followed the young girl.

In those times, advocates were not the great personages they now are, both in France and our own country, and their houses bore no resemblance to a modern French hôtel. The study, or office, or whatever it was called, occupied the principal room; there was no other apartment, save a corridor, and the family lived in the kitchen. There dwelt the mother and young cousin of the advocate Loubet; all that it contained was clean, shining, and well kept; the modest opulence of honest (if obscure) middle life breathed in all those little household matters, which the mistress of the house saw carried on under her own eye.

An immense dresser, loaded with bright pewter, faced the wide hearth, whose lofty chimney-piece was adorned with little china cups and pots of flowers. The table on which supper was laid was of dark walnut wood, finely grained, and covered with a cloth of extreme fineness, and white as the driven snow. A well-stuffed arm-chair of red leather marked out the place of the head of the family, the advocate Loubet; their old and only servant had also her stool at a respectful distance from her master, with whom she took her meals.

The advocate's mother was a woman full of good sense and piety; she was much respected in her quarter for her exemplary life and good works. Although she had brought her husband a fortune of three thousand crowns, she had not ventured to give herself the title of madame, but was simply called Misé Loubet. Her niece, Catharine Loubet, was only eighteen; she was a charming girl, fair-haired and delicate—a creature so sweet-tempered and gentle, that she even inspired the hard-hearted and selfish with admiring interest. An orphan

from childhood, she had been betrothed to M. Loubet, and was to marry him before the year was out.

"Cousin Jaques," said she, fixing her soft dark eyes on his, "you read too much; you'll do yourself some injury; your poor eyes look as dim as if you had been weeping;—look, aunt."

"Tis nothing—nothing, I assure you," hastily interrupted the advocate. "I sat up, perhaps rather foolishly, last night, but I'll go to bed early now."

The young girl took her place at the table beside Misé Loubet, and mechanically unfolded her napkin; then casting a sorrowful glance on a seat near the advocate, that remained empty, she burst into tears.

"Come, come, Catharine," said he, with a sad and almost severe air, "you have wept long enough for that unhappy girl. God be merciful to her—we can do nothing more!"

"My poor, misguided sister!" sobbed Catharine—"who knows what has become of her! where she is gone! Who knows whether she is not now much to be pitied, notwithstanding all! Ah! cousin Jaques, if you could but tell me some news of her, I think I should be more resigned!"

The advocate and his mother exchanged a sorrowful look.

"You can never see her more, my child," said Misé Loubet. "She is, as it were, dead to us. She has left our house of her own free will, and, being of age, we could not detain her against her will. May God have mercy on her, and preserve her, despite herself! Beauty of form and feature, my dear Catharine, is a very unhappy gift, when unaccompanied by a love of virtue and horror of sin!"

"Let us never mention this sad subject more," added Master Loubet; "the name of the wretched Claire must be forgotten in this house. From this time forward, Catharine, painful as it may be, you must never call to mind that you once had a sister: promise me, cousin, you will do so."

"I promise you never to remember her save in my prayers," she answered, with a sigh.

During this conversation, a great tumult raged without; squibs, crackers, cries, shouts, continued in the *crescendo*, until the wild uproar rang like a sudden explosion throughout the length and breadth of the little quiet Rue de Portalet.

"Holy Virgin!" cried the old servant, "I hope no one will get killed—but what an awful noise!"

"The year the late king died," said Misé Loubet, "a clerk of the Bosoche was killed by a serpent, that burnt him horribly about the face and neck."

At this moment, a greater uproar than ever arose in the street—yells, bursts of rude laughter, might plainly be distinguished. 'Twas evident some one was hotly pursued. The explosion of a whole legion of serpents was heard, followed by the shriek of a woman. Almost at the same moment, some one gave a hurried knock at the door of the advocate Loubet. He arose, and ran to open it, and scarce had he drawn back the bolt than some one darted into the house, and throwing back the door and tremblingly securing it, said, in a faint voice,

"Are we alone, Master Loubet? I must be seen by no one within."

For a moment he remained stupified, then, without uttering a word, seized the person's arm, and hurried her, for it was a woman, into his study. Catharine came to the door with a light; the advocate took it from her—his hand shook.

"Go, cousin," he said, "remain with my mother—I wish to be alone." His voice trembled.

The cries and yells without continued to alarm the street, but Jaques Loubet had locked the door of his cabinet. The lady to whom he had given such prompt asylum in her hour of need was fallen, overcome, exhausted, fainting, into the arm-chair of red leather. In horrible anguish did she listen to those rude, hoarse voices, that seemed to be yet pitilessly pursuing her. The advocate, pale, unmanned, remained standing by the bureau. There was a moment's silence; then M. Loubet cried,

"You! you! Madame la Marquise!—at this late hour!—alone too! Good God! what can have happened at Monsieur the First President's?"

"Nothing," gasped she, in scarce articulate tones—"nothing! I'll tell you why I went out—'twas an act of imprudence—of folly, for which"—she stopped short, as if the words choked her.

She who thus spoke was a young woman, so delicate, so small, that those who did not see her face would have taken her for a child; but her features, of regular and striking beauty, told of more years than her form, slight and fairy-like. A spirit impetuous and uncontrolled, violent passions, flashed forth from her bright hazel eyes; a single premature wrinkle between the eyebrows, already deeply marked, furrowed the polished surface of her high, pale forehead, and imparted to her physiognomy a character of severity, which her fair and silky ringlets softened down. She was dressed in mourning, and wore a large, black, hooded mantle.

"Master Loubet," she resumed, striving to overcome her emotion, "it was a happy circumstance that I chanced to be near your house, for some insolent fellows pursued, insulted me: but, thank Heaven! they knew me not."

"Madam, my astonishment was extreme on hearing your voice. But why did you go out, and alone too?"

"I had forgot it was St. John's eve," she replied, in brief and rapid tones, stopping between each word, as though sense and speech were about to fail her. "After the accident which befell to-day, I wished to see my sister, so at nightfall I left the house by the garden postern, without letting any one know—indeed, at this very moment, I've no doubt they fancy I'm in my oratory. I spent an hour at the visitation, and it was on my way home that I was unlucky enough to meet—and then they enjoyed my alarm, and so——" She stopped again.

"The President shall be informed of this, and have such insolence punished as it deserves."

"No—no—no!" interrupted she hurriedly. "Can you think of such a thing, Master Loubet? I should be lost were it known I left home to-night! My father-in-law would never forgive me! His son,

my husband, killed by a fall from his horse this very day!—the body still in the hotel, and I gone out! O God! O God! and now—how shall I return?"

She clasped her hands in affright, and seemed to listen anxiously; the noise died away; not a voice was now heard in the street. The advocate, leant against his bureau, mechanically crumpled up a paper that lay within his reach. He trembled violently as he gazed with ardent interest on the marchioness. Suddenly he exclaimed, on coming nearer her, with a gesture of affright:

"O heavens! madam, there's blood on your arm!"

One of the marchioness's exquisitely shaped arms, naked to the elbow, was smeared with red stains, that had been half wiped away; the other, covered with a mitten of black silk, was saturated with gore. She drew her mantle over her breast with a hurried movement, her countenance became of a livid paleness, and her dry and fevered lips moved without uttering any articulate sounds.

"You are wounded," continued the advocate, "wounded in the arm, Madame la Marquise!"

"'Tis nothing—nothing, I assure you. I fell as I was endeavouring to escape from those men. Leave me alone—leave me alone, Master Loubet—I am well—quite well—I'm not in the least pain"

As she spoke, she endeavoured to pull her mitten off; but her trembling hands were powerless to effect it—she seemed seized with a horrible vertigo. At length, tearing away the silken network that covered her arm, she murmured in a stifled voice,

"The sight of this blood makes me feel faint! Loubet, I suffocate here—I am ready to drop."——She staggered.

The advocate rushed to support her.

"'Tis nothing," she resumed, repulsing him with affright, "nothing but a silly weakness on my part—a mere scratch. Don't trouble yourself, Master Loubet—in truth 'tis nothing.

"Ah! did I but know who has dared, it may be, to lay hands on you, madam!" he cried, with flashing eye. At this moment the deep-toned bell of the Hôtel de Ville tolled eleven: the marchioness shuddered as she counted the strokes.

"I must return!" she cried, "I must! But how—O! how to cross the Place amidst that never-ceasing contest of fireworks? Little do I heed the danger of being burnt—but were I to be recognized!"

"Good God!" said the advocate, "what a situation! The clerks and the officers will be there till daybreak."

"I must—I must return!" she passionately repeated. "O! gladly—gladly would I give my fortune, my name, all that I am, all that I possess, to be now in my oratory! There is but this frightful Place to cross to reach my garden-door—but how to effect that—O! how!"

She paced to and fro with an air of madness. The advocate, overwhelmed with consternation, gazed into the street through the joints of the shutters. After the lapse of a few despairing moments, the marchioness ran hurriedly to him.

"I am saved!" she cried. "Loubet, listen to me. See, I am little, and you very tall: this cloak will suffice to conceal us both. You can carry me—will you?"

The advocate turned pale; powerful emotion made his knees sink under him. Without answering a word, he threw his cloak over his shoulders. The marchioness, trembling, faint in body but firm in mind, her gaze fixed and animated, leant on the arm of Master Loubet, first wrapping her mantle close around her face and form. He raised her in his arms Her head was completely hidden, and her little feet touched not the ground.

"Now," said she, "let us begone, and quickly!"

Jaques Loubet clasped her to his breast with a passionate strain; then, cautiously opening the door of his cabinet, gained the corridor. Catharine was crossing the court.

"I shall return anon," he cried to her.

And noiselessly issuing forth, in another moment he was in the street.

A few spectators, whose curiosity was greater than their timidity, stood there to watch; further on, at the Place itself, it was one continued blaze of fire. The Basochiens had taken up their position on the steps of the stone gibbet, that permanently faced the palace. There they defended themselves as in a fort. The officers kept up a constant siege, and often had to retire with loss. Report after report rang on the deafened ear, and showers of bright sparks fell like unintermitting rain on the scorched and singed trees.

The advocate glided cautiously along the high wall of the church of the Dominicans, and passed slowly on his way in sight of both parties. The marchioness was pressed to his bosom: he could feel the hurried beating of her heart, could drink in the perfume of her long hair, every pulse in his frame responded to the wild throbs of hers, every nerve thrilled,—and closer, still closer, did he strain that slight form, which he dreaded every moment would slip from his grasp. Once he stopped short, overcome by sensations at once so sweet and terrible. Then the marchioness gently pressed his arm, murmuring in a faint voice:

"Go on, Loubet,—go on, in Heaven's name!"

At length they reached the other side of the Place, at the entrance of a small street. The marchioness gently slipped to the ground, and, whilst the advocate covered her movements by his lofty stature, promptly opened the door of the garden and disappeared. The Basochien, Marius Magis, was only a few steps off. He instantly recognized Master Loubet.

"Hollo!" said he, "still here! You wish to see the end of the battle, eh? Our side fight like true heroes; but, hang the red coats! they've better ammunition than we."

"You should sound a retreat then, and retire in good order."

"Not yet, Master Loubet, not yet. By the by, tell me who that woman was, whom some scholars pursued, and who took refuge in your house?"

The advocate answered not a word.

"I endeavoured to protect her," continued Marius Magis, "and had she deigned to accept my arm——but tell me who she was?"

Master Loubet hesitated, then he answered drily enough:

"My cousin, Catharine Loubet."

"Catharine Loubet!" repeated the Basochien in astonishment.

"Yes, Catharine Loubet. If I knew who those were who pursued her in so brutal a manner, I'd teach them the respect due to a modest maiden."

"And do you know where she was coming from at that hour?" interrupted Marius Magis, with a suspicious smile.

"From the convent of the Visitation," replied the advocate, with an air the more indifferent to conceal his inward trouble and inability to sustain so close an interrogatory.

The clerk turned on his heel and cried:

"See, Master Loubet, how our old traditions are fading away! There's our fellow-clerk Beauregard leagued with Captain de Lausse; they've kept together all the evening. Only fancy one of ourselves wasting his powder against his own body—'tis absolutely suicidal! By the by, do you know that M. de Lausse, Master Loubet?"

There was a sarcastic something in the manner in which these words were said, that did not escape the advocate. He saw in it some malicious allusion to his cousin Claire, a young girl of lively and coquettish manners, whom the public voice surnamed "La belle Loubette." His cheek was crimsoned, and he said, as he tightly pressed the arm of the Basochien,

"Your tongue is a two-edged sword, Marius Magis; you have some scandal to tell me—yes, I see it in your eyes. Apropos to what do you speak to me of M. de Lausse?"

"Apropos to nothing, Master Loubet. You're so impetuous—you take fire in a moment, for all the world like the match of an arquebus—one can never reason with you, or tell you the least thing, but you're all in a blaze. Besides, there's no harm in what I've to say—not the least—M. de Lausse is in love with 'La belle Loubette;' and he's not the first or the last that will say soft things to that sweet creature. Although she's full twenty-three, she's yet a lovely rose-bud; as fresh and blooming as her younger sister."

"Make no comparison between them," abruptly broke in the advocate; "one is an angel of virtue and piety! the other—God in his mercy save her from a reprobate end! I have often predicted it would befall her."

Marius Magis raised his eyes to heaven with a certain air of mocking compassion, that not a little raised his companion's ire; then, touching the advocate's shoulder, he said,

"My poor deluded Loubet, happily the regiment leaves us to-morrow. Those conceited officers are terrible rivals it must be owned. There's one there now who can boast of having made terrible slaughter amongst the virtue of the women of our good town of Aix."

As he finished these words, he pointed with his finger to M. de Lausse, and ran to join the Basoche on the field of battle.

He left the advocate a prey to mingled feelings of shame and anger; the ambiguous words of the Basochien had awakened within his breast a source of painful regret, of poignant humiliation; he reproached himself for not having kept a stricter watch over "La belle Loubette," for not having devised some means of preventing her eagerly-indulged coquetries. His brain filled with these sad, almost remorseful thoughts, he leant his back against a tree, and mechanically gazed

before him. The mimic war had slackened by this, the pouches were getting empty; already had some of the more prudent beat a retreat; Marius Magis had just launched his last dozen of serpents, and was in search of fresh ammunition. As he passed by the advocate, he said in a hurried whisper,

" 'La belle Loubette' has a rendezvous to-night with the handsome Hector de Lausse. Don't say I didn't tell you of it beforehand, Master Loubet."

The advocate answered not a word, but glided within ten steps of the captain. Midnight tolled.

M. de Lausse threw his pouch at the foot of a tree, and passing his arm under that of the cadet Beauregard, said as he pulled his hat over his eyes,

" I've burnt enough powder for to-night. This mimic war almost made me forget the hour. The devil take the whole Basoche! They'll perhaps be the cause of my being too late at this last rendezvous! Come with me, Beauregard; should I be pursued by these soldiers of St. John, you shall keep them in play."

The cadet cocked his hat fiercely on one side, and closing his yet well-filled satchel, replied,

" I'm quite ready, captain."

They went off in the direction of the platform at the foot of the ramparts; the advocate followed them at a distance. In a certain solitary street, which abutted on the convent of the Visitation, there was a small garden inclosed in high walls. A magnificent old horse-chestnut threw its deep shade over the arched door, and its tufted branches, now glorious with their spiral blossoms, loaded the sighing breeze with perfume. The street was grass-grown as an open field. On the other side arose some ancient and now dilapidated houses. Not a living soul was to be seen at that advanced hour of the night. A silence deep and unbroken reigned around.

M. de Lausse and the cadet Beauregard entered the garden; the advocate, who had expected to see them enter a neighbouring house where " La belle Loubette" resided, remained sentinel at the door.

'Twas a splendid evening—one of those lovely summer nights when the nightingales pour forth their melodious strains beneath the moon's peaceful rays; the air was heavy with vague perfumes; a gentle wind kissed and rustled amidst the broad leaves of the chestnut. The garden resembled a basket of flowers; the deep blush of the damask rose and the dark azure of the iris, bordered its narrow alleys; pomegranates and Persian lilacs formed a sombre clump, above which a young tulip-tree gracefully balanced its party-coloured clusters. All was calm, smiling, in that small inclosure—a veritable paradise of love for the handsome Captain Lausse. He went straight up to the pretty little pavilion that arose at one end of the garden, and gently cried,

" Loubette, my lovely Loubette, where are you?"

*Not a voice, neither any that answered!*

" She's not there," said Beauregard; " the door is open, and there's no light."

" I suppose she was tired of waiting. And yet she had it much

at heart, she said, to bid me a last adieu. O! these women—these women!"

"No doubt she thought you would come to her house."

"Not I—mort Dieu! Does she take me for her very humble servant? Her lover, if you please; but that's not quite the same thing, and I'll prove it to her."

"You'll have a quarrel."

"I'll strive that it sha'n't injure my health then—besides—as I'm going——"

"But, when you return."

Lausse laughed to hide his vexation.

"When I return," he said, "who knows whether it will be for the dark eyes of Loubette? You see, Beauregard, I'm weary already of these bourgeois amours. And yet she's very lovely too, my —— Loubette! Ah, I'll never forgive her for not waiting for me to-night!"

He walked about the garden for a moment or two, as if to bid the pretty retreat farewell;—then, returning to Beauregard, he cried,

"I can scarce tear myself away—you'll see me back soon:—I don't care to enter some garrison on the frontier of Piedmont, and first of all I intend spending my two months leave in the county of Venaissin."

"Why not here?"

"Because I don't wish to remain behind my regiment. For a moment I entertained the idea of taking Loubette with me."

"A bad one, captain; it might have caused her family to——"

"Well! what?" interrupted Lausse with a contemptuous air.

"Bring an action against you for seduction."

"That would frighten me more than twenty duels. 'Tis just what one risks in vulgar amours like these. Damages instead of the thrust of a sword."

"A bourgeois like Master Loubet could scarce call you to account in any other fashion."

"And why? I never refused giving any one satisfaction; and when going out is the question, all that I require is, that he, whom I so far honour, knows how to handle a sword. I've already fought five duels the other side the Var, and were't not for the king's ordinances, that forbid one gentleman's cutting another gentleman's throat on pain of death, I——but come, let us go, Beauregard. I'll never forgive Loubette for her want of patience to-night."

"Whatever you say, I believe you would make any sacrifice for the little bourgeois, even to the favour of a certain great lady."

"I don't deny it; the person you speak of fills me with alarm."

"Alarm! A man like you!"

"Yes, she's too fond of me," said Lausse, with a self-complacent fatuity, that rather suited his strikingly handsome though somewhat effeminate features.

He made one more tour of the garden; then entered the pavilion to shut the window, that had hitherto remained half open. The moon shone full into the only room on the ground floor, and formed a large circle of light in the centre of the floor, leaving all around in dim

obscurity. M. de Lausse fastened the window-shutters; then closing the door, on whose threshold the cadet Beauregard had stopped, he said,

"'Tis singular! *there's like the smell of blood within!*"

They went away.

The advocate saw them gain the hotel of the Black Mule, where M. de Lausse was staying. Then, almost convinced that Marius Magis had told him an impudent lie, he decided on returning home.

The first thing he saw on opening his study was the black mitten, which the marchioness had let fall in the hurry of her departure. He snatched it up with a sort of thrill: it was soaked in blood. For a long time he gazed upon it, then covered it with kisses, and carefully locked it up in one of the drawers of his bureau.

When daylight appeared, the advocate was still seated in the same place; his eyes, fatigued with watching, closed involuntarily before the first rays of the rising sun, and he murmured as if in a dream: "Louise d'Argevilliers! How grand a name it is! the lovely Louise d'Argevilliers! The noble widow of a colonel in the Garde Royale—I held her here—yes—close pressed to my heart! Poor fool!—poor Jacques Loubet! in love with the Marchioness of Argevilliers!"

---

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF SHAKSPEARE.

### "SHE NEVER TOLD HER LOVE."

TWELFTH NIGHT.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

SONG V.

"SHE never told her love," but deep within
Its virgin shrine she hid the cherished flame;
"She never told her love," as though 'twere sin
To let the listening echoes catch his name.
"She pined in thought," yet beautiful in woe,
Her patient smile beguiled the gazer's eye,
While on her fading cheek, the fitful glow
Told that the young, the beautiful must die,
"She never told her love!"

"She pined in thought," and withered as the flowers,
Sweetest and fairest of the opening year,
That die unwedded in their primal bowers,
And leave no token of the blight they bear.
And while his eye that mark'd her slow decay,
And lighted her to death, looked on and wept,
With all her hidden griefs she pass'd away,
And like a sculptured saint in marble, slept.
"She never told her love."

# THE FORTUNES OF AN AUTHOR.

BY MRS. ABDY.

It was a fine morning in March, and a large party of visitors were assembled in the library of Mr. Darfield, a fashionable publisher at the west end of the town.

"Have you anything new?" was the general demand; a question which in this age of novelties is fortunately not very likely to be answered in the negative.

"Perhaps," said Darfield to the young lady who addressed him, "you would like to read the last tale of Percy, the domestic novelist; it is full of truth and nature."

"I detest the term 'domestic novelist,'" said a pert stripling, "it always puts me in mind of the play-bills of the minor theatres."

"And I cannot bear novels that are full of truth and nature," remarked the young lady; "one meets with truth and nature enough in real life, without being obliged to go to novels for them."

"Do you, indeed?" said a cynical old gentleman; "you must then be singularly fortunate in the circle of your acquaintance."

"I like philosophical and metaphysical novels," pursued the young lady; it is pleasanter to attain knowledge that way, than to have the trouble of attending scientific lectures."

"And I prefer historical novels," said her younger sister; "indeed, I never wish to read history but in a novel; how dull Hume and Smollett seem compared with Sir Walter Scott!"

"Do you not think Percy outwrites himself?" demanded the pert stripling familiarly of the publisher. Darfield cast a nervous glance towards a dark corner of the library, and then replied to the sprig of nobility who addressed him.

"He is a favourite with the public, my lord, and is naturally desirous to retain his situation in their good graces."

"Query," said the cynical old gentleman, "would he not be more likely to retain his favour with them if he did not make such constant demands on their powers of endurance?"

"He ought never to write prose," said one of the young ladies; "he succeeds tolerably well in poetry."

"Now I differ from you," said a pale pensive young man, who dressed to imitate the portraits of Lord Byron; "I think his poetry mere trash; and so indeed is all modern poetry, with very few exceptions."

"Your own poetry, of course," said the young lady, "is at the head of the exceptions; you put me in mind, Sir Charles, of the saying, that 'poetry is like brown bread, those who make it at home are always discontented with that which they meet elsewhere.'"

"Perhaps," said Darfield, "the recent publication of the gentleman in question will please all tastes; it is a tragedy, 'The Venetian Bride,' and unites the beauties of poetry with the interest of a well-

sustained narrative." And, as he spoke, he produced a copy, and put it into the hands of the young lordling.

"I know nothing of this tragedy," he observed, with a supercilious air; "pray at which house was it performed?"

"At neither, my lord," replied Darfield; "the author considered it more adapted for the closet than the stage."

"In other words," said the cynical old gentleman, "I conclude that it was returned on his hands by both the managers; and that he resolved to 'print it and shame the fools'!"

"To pursue the quotation," said the poetical Sir Charles to the publisher, "allow me to ask if you exemplified the line,

'Lintot, dull rogue, would think your price too much!'"

"The author has published it on his own account," said Darfield.

"A very losing account, I predict," observed the old gentleman; "how many copies, Mr. Darfield, do you conjecture you shall dispose of in the course of the next three months?"

Darfield, directing another apprehensive glance to the dark corner of the library, took refuge in the safe rejoinder, that "he really could not tell."

"If I meet with a trunk-maker in search of waste paper, I shall direct him where to apply," said the young lord.

"That is as it should be," said the cynical old gentleman; "waste paper is better than wasted time; it was part of the employment of the guests at the Castle of Indolence to 'turn o'er some idle rhyme.'"

"Where was that castle?" asked the young lady who had contemned Hume and Smollett; "I dare say it is a very pleasant place to stay at in the summer-time."

Her elder sister, whose governess had duly administered to her select doses from the standard poets, whispered to her not to expose her ignorance; and then remarked, "I wonder that Percy's patron, Lord Orrington, does not get him forward in the literary world; I always thought that an author was sure to succeed who had a titled patron."

"If you knew much of the world, you would not make that observation," said the old gentleman; "patrons were very valuable in former days, when few people read, and still fewer thought for themselves; but now an author will never do well unless he have the public for his patron."

"And such, I hope, is the case with Percy," remarked Darfield.

"It was once," said Sir Charles; "but Percy is decidedly going off, he perpetually repeats himself."

"So does everybody," said the eldest of the two fair sisters; "I am sure my partners say the same thing to me night after night."

"Little is to be expected from a partner," said Sir Charles, sententiously, "much from a poet; Percy has come to the end of his very limited powers; a phrenologist would say he is deficient in the organ of ideality."

"And very deficient in that of order," said the old gentleman; "there is no method and arrangement in the style."

"And decidedly wanting in that of wit," said the elder sister; "he never makes me laugh."

"And in that of pathos," said the younger, (forgetting that there was no such organ,) "he never makes me cry."

"I can combine your phrenological objections in a word," said the young lord; "he has, as one of our modern wits describes it, 'an organ for writing but so so;' and now pray let us call another subject, for Percy is quite unworthy to have engrossed so much of our precious time."

"I am disposed, Darfield," said the cynical old gentleman, "to sport a quotation in my turn, and say, 'you will certainly print this bright conversation!'"

Darfield smiled, but he felt hurt; he was the friend as well as the publisher of Percy; he was vexed at the opinions he had heard; and as soon as the party in question had quitted the library, he repaired to his private study, whither he was speedily followed by the mysterious figure who had been quietly sitting in a dark nook of the library for the last half hour, and who was the identical Percy, whose merits, or rather demerits, had been so freely commented upon!

"And is it indeed come to this?" exclaimed the sensitive young author; "is this the reward of my midnight toil, my anxious musings, my contempt of worldly interest, my devotion at the shrine of literature? I have lamented that I had no near relatives to share in the brilliancy of my success. Oh! how grateful do I now feel that I have none to partake the bitterness of my mortification."

Darfield replied in the approved form of consolation, when nothing better is to be said.

"Calm yourself;" and Percy, according to all precedents in books and real life, became far less calm than he had been before the injunction was given to him. "I could have borne censure, malice, aspersion," he said; "but this cold, rallying, heartless way of deriding and decrying my well-meant and once highly-valued efforts, is more than I can endure; oh! why did I labour for an ungrateful public?"

"Do not call the public ungrateful, my dear Percy," said Darfield; "you know that you wrote as much for your own gratification as for that of others, and you have been repaid both in fame and money for a certain term of years; as to the light jesting manner which has so greatly discomposed you, it is not so much a proof of a bad disposition as of bad taste in those who practise it. Ridicule, Miss Landon aptly observes, is 'the dry-rot of society;' it is the fashion of the present day to speak of everything, however sublime or elevated, in a mocking and bantering strain; and, like many other fashions, it is followed by those whose better feelings would have prevented them from being the first to assume it."

"You tell me," said Percy, impatiently, "that the public has given me fame and money for a certain term of years; do you consider the public like the Wood-Demon and his fraternity, loading those who trust in it with benefits for a time, and then hurling them to destruction?"

"No," said Darfield, laughing, "I should rather say that the author's situation with the public is somewhat like that of the Sultaness Scherezade, in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, with the

Sultan her spouse; she was sure of his affection and attention, so long as she could entertain him with amusing narratives; but the moment that her stories flagged in interest, she was aware that she should be ordered to the block."

"But I am not aware," said Percy, proudly, "that my stories *have* flagged in interest."

"Neither have they," said Darfield, kindly; "I consider your genius to be unimpaired in freshness, while your style has acquired a tact and terseness which it originally wanted; but alas, Percy! you have many rivals; intellect was at a very low ebb in the days of the Sultaness Scherezade, else an opposition narrator might have started up, and the Sultan might have considered his wife's abilities, as I am sorry to say the public seem to consider yours, a little the worse for wear."

"Everything conspires against me," said Percy, "the ——— Review, which has always praised my writings, has a cutting notice of my last work."

"I can tell you the reason of that unfortunate circumstance," replied Darfield, "the ——— Reviewers have been lately accused very uujustly of commending every book published by my house: to show their independence, they resolved on cutting up the next work that I introduced into the world, and yours unluckily was the one in question."

"It is hard," said Percy, "that I am to be the sacrifice to their injured feelings; and I think they would have shown far more real independence, had they spoken of the next work you published in the terms that it deserved, without troubling themselves about the unjust aspersions that may have been cast upon them; I have, however, a more serious trouble; the editor of the ——— Magazine wrote to me this morning, saying, that 'as he had many clever articles waiting for insertion, and the public liked variety, he must beg, with much regret, to decline the honour of any further contributions from me.'"

"Remember," said Darfield, "that I warned you, when you announced to me some time ago your determination of giving up your situation in a public office, and devoting yourself entirely to literature, that you must not compute the gains of your future years by those that were at present offered to you; and that a period would probably come when your gold, like that in the fairy tale, would turn to withered leaves."

"Withered laurel leaves," said Percy, bitterly; "you have, indeed, proved yourself too true a prophet."

"However," continued the publisher, "although no longer the hero of the first circles, you may succeed a few steps lower."

"I understand you," said Percy, haughtily, "a day may perhaps come ——

> 'When squab city misses their albums expand,
> And woo the worn rhymer for something off-hand!'

I suppose you will next flatter me with the hopes that my tragedy may be performed in a barn by the light of six candles, to an audience of a dozen ploughmen, five dairymaids, and a footboy."

"I do not flatter you," said Darfield, calmly, "that your tragedy will be performed at all; it is well written, but not calculated for representation; you know that I dissuaded you from publishing it, and refused to purchase the copyright."

"I know you did," said Percy; "but Shenstone says, 'poetry and consumption are the most flattering of diseases;' I conceived my tragedy to be a fine piece of poetry, and imagined that the world must needs think so too."

"But you should consider what will be profitable, as well as what is pleasant," said Darfield.

"Were I to do so," said Percy, "were I to produce poems as Peter Pindar's salesman did razors 'to sell,' the enthusiasm, the triumph of the bard, would be completely deadened within me. Hood speaks of a flower-girl who detested the perfume of roses, because she earned a scanty maintenance by carrying about bouquets of them; even so should I feel towards the blossoms of mind which till now have freshened and gladdened the path of my existence."

The publisher was silent; he was a kind-hearted man, and a sincere well-wisher of Percy's, but he could not reply to sentiment in kind, therefore merely inclined his head, thinking all the while that it was a great pity authors with fine feelings should not have a private fortune to fall back upon.

"I have given the public abundant novelty," continued Percy, in an aggrieved tone of voice; "I have written novels, poems, and a tragedy; I have endeavoured to be, as Mrs. Malaprop says of Cerberus, 'three gentlemen at once!' What can I do to regain the fame that I have lost?"

"Nothing in the mere way of writing," said Darfield; "were you indeed to run away with an heiress, or to mount a blazing staircase at the hazard of your life, and extricate a peer's eldest son from the flames, you might obtain a renewal of popularity. By the way, some one told me that you were beheld with favourable eyes by Lady Anne Gransden, the beautiful and wealthy ward of Lord Orrington."

"They told you very wrong," replied Percy, with a heightened colour; "Lady Anne Gransden is as cold and as bright as the ice-plant; I am no Waller to waste my love-fraught stanzas on a haughty Sacharissa."

"Then," said Darfield, "you will perhaps pardon me if I make a rapid transition from Belgrave to Brunswick Square, and ask you if you have not lately been a visitor at the residence of the pretty Lucinda Carey?"

"I have," said Percy; "and why should I deny the truth to you? I have found there an invariably cordial reception, which has offered a delightful contrast to the frigidity and hauteur of Lord Orrington's aristocratic mansion. Lucinda is deficient in mind, and her parents make no pretensions to it; but at that house, I am sure of hearing no cold and carping criticisms; there I meet with nothing but warm and glowing commendation."

"A gratifying meed," said the publisher, drily, "from people who you have just said possess no mind!"

"May not a literary man," asked Percy, "be happy with a woman of every-day intellect?"

"Never, if he have your nervousness and susceptibility of temperament," answered Darfield; "how would you like a wife like that of the talented Mr. ——, who, when invited to go and inspect an old library which had in it a variety of curious manuscripts, asked, 'Are the manuscripts written or printed?"

Percy slightly shook his head, and faintly smiled; he felt that the speech in question would have been very likely to have proceeded from the coral lips of the fair Lucinda Carey. "We cannot expect to have everything we wish," he said.

"That observation has more common sense in it than anything I have heard you utter this morning," said Darfield, smiling; "but I see a pale, thin, anxious-countenanced young man passing the window, who, as Sir Francis Wronghead says, 'looks in my thoughts as if he came for a place too!' I assure you, that the plaints of disappointed authors are by no means new to me; and without going to Venice, I very often fancy myself standing on a Bridge of Sighs!"

Percy took the hint and his departure, passing on the threshold a sickly, sad young man, who was calling for the ninth time to inquire whether the publisher's "reader" had yet found leisure to peruse his five volumes of "Political, Theatrical, Legal, Moral, and Metaphysical Essays." Percy bent his way to the mansion of his patron. Lord Orrington was in the drawingroom, paying assiduous homage to two greater men than himself; he had scarcely a word to spare for Percy, who thought of the bitter, but true saying, "a courtier's dependant is a beggar's dog." Lady Anne Gransden, in the pride of beauty and intellect, was sitting at a table covered with new publications, and surrounded with morning visitors; she received Percy with coolness; he had the day before offended her hauteur by his too familiar, too vehement admiration; she valued his talents, and esteemed his character, but she shrank from the idea of "losing caste" as the wife of the poor and unconnected author. Percy joined the circle round the table. "The Venetian Bride" was among the books heaped upon it. Percy took it up with affected indifference; the leaves were uncut! he little suspected that Lady Anne had procured another copy for her own especial use, and had sat up half the night to read it. He quietly laid it down again, and it was made prize of by a grave old dowager, in a slate-coloured cloak, a grey satin dress, and green spectacles, who scrutinized the title-page with fixed attention.

"Doubtless an excellent work," she said, "as it is written by Mr. Percy; I should be happy to hear some explanation of its general tendency, and of the moral which is developed in it."

Percy was silent, not because it was at all difficult to comply with the lady's requisition in a satisfactory manner, but because he lacked nerve to explain the tendency and moral of a five-act tragedy in the presence of a dozen silent, staring morning visitors.

"Would it not have been better, Mr. Percy," said a young lady, "if you had translated a vaudeville from the French, and interspersed it with some of your pretty little songs? tragedies are so very dry and dull."

"I am sorry you think so," said Percy; which speech partook more of politeness than of sincerity, inasmuch as he was glad to receive the censure rather than the praise of the silly overdressed puppet beside him.

"Nothing is better than a good comedy," said an old gentleman; "I remember the first night of the School for Scandal."

"And nothing is worse than a bad comedy," remarked another, who seemed to be of the same standing; "I would have all modern dramatists confine themselves to interludes; it is much easier to endure one act of nonsense than five."

"Now you have all proved," said a good-natured looking naval officer, "that Mr. Percy had better have written something else, let us do him the justice to look at what he *has* written, which I doubt not will well repay our inspection." As he spoke, he opened a page where the leaves did not require cutting, and read at random a speech of one of the principal characters; it was long, and as it alluded to events detailed in the preceding acts, it was uninteresting to those who had not been made acquainted with them; the reader, also, had a habit of mouthing occasional words, and laying a false emphasis on them. A pause ensued—a faint "Very pretty indeed" escaped the lips of the young lady who patronised French vaudevilles, and who meditated a petition to Percy that he would write some words for her to a foreign air; the rest of the company were silent on the subject.

"Tragedy does not suit my taste," observed the admirer of Sheridan to Lady Anne. "I wonder more comedies are not written; I think any one who succeeds in constructing a natural and sprightly tale, has somewhat of a genius for comedy, which ought to be cultivated; do you not think, Lady Anne, that Mr. Percy would be more at home in a comedy than a tragedy?" Percy listened eagerly for Lady Anne's answer.

"I really have never thought about it," she replied with indifference; "serious and lively dramas are much the same thing; I am disposed to agree with a critic I once heard of, who said, that 'the only difference between a comedy and a tragedy is, that the one usually ends in a church, and the other in a churchyard!'"

Percy, who, I must acknowledge to my readers, had been so presumptuous as to connect a church and the Lady Anne Gransden occasionally in his thoughts, felt keenly indignant at this proof of her disregard for him; the vision of the church disappeared from his "mind's eye" as she spoke, but it was not succeeded by that of the churchyard, but by the smiling Hebe-like phantom of Lucinda Carey. Bestowing a slight bow upon the assembled circle, and another somewhat deeper on Lord Orrington, who, unmindful of dramatists, dandies, and dowagers, still continued to pay court to his noble friends; he quitted the room, and made the transition in person, which Darfield had lately done in speech, from Belgrave to Brunswick Square. Here he had no cold looks and colder strictures to encounter. Lucinda Carey ran to meet him; the tragedy in her hand, joy in her eyes, and praise on her lips.

"Oh! Mr. Percy," she exclaimed, how this charming tragedy has delighted us all! I have read it through three times; it is superior to

anything written by Shakspeare; it is quite in the style of Otway's Fatal Curiosity."

Percy perceptibly shuddered. "How would it be possible," he inwardly ejaculated, "that a literary man should endure existence with a wife who talks of Otway's Fatal Curiosity?"

Lucinda's dependant cousin, Miss Holt, was in the room, and lost not a moment in coming to the rescue of her principal.

"Dear Lucinda reads so many books," she said, "that she is apt to confuse the names of their authors. I believe most people who study much, are inclined to be absent; had Lucinda thought a moment, she would have been sure to recollect that Fatal Curiosity was written by Lillo."

Percy merely inclined his head; he was aware that his tragedy was totally unlike that of Fatal Curiosity in plot, character, and language; and the literary researches of his fair one struck him to have been too circumscribed, instead of being, as her cousin considered, too widely extended.

"Your tragedy would be quite as pretty as that of Fatal Curiosity," continued Lucinda, "if you had only a song in it."

Percy was still silent; without feeling inclined to depreciate the merit of the "Cease, cease, heart-easing tears," which so well assimilates with the sorrows of the patient and constant Charlotte; he was not quite convinced that a song was desirable in a tragedy, or conducive to its "prettiness."

"Then," pursued Lucinda, "the character of the hypocritical monk is so very original."

"Do you think so?" was all that Percy could say; he could not flatter himself that there was any originality in the character of an hypocritical monk.

"Both houses will contend for it," said Lucinda, whose literary enthusiasm made her more than usually talkative and eloquent; do you not think that Mrs. Siddons could be prevailed upon to return to the stage for a season or two, to undertake the part of the Abbess?"

"As Mrs. Siddons," replied Percy, "has already gone to 'that bourn from whence no traveller returns,' I think her re-appearance would be more striking than satisfactory to the audience; but I am truly happy, Miss Carey, that I have the good fortune to enjoy your approbation of my humble attempt. Do you think that I succeed tolerably well in the cadence of the blank verse?"

"Beautifully," said Lucinda; "but I like best the six or eight lines of rhyme that finish each act; I suppose it would have been too much trouble for you to have written more of them."

Percy could hardly refrain from casting a look of contempt on his fair eulogist.

"Then," continued Lucinda, "how delightful and proper it is that the Venetian Bride should break her heart immediately after the murder of her lover; it is just what every one ought to do; loving twice is quite dreadful in my opinion."

Percy thought it fortunate that fat Mrs. Carey was not present to hear her daughter's opinion, Lucinda being the offspring of her mother's second marriage.

"Nobody ought to shrink from dying," pursued Lucinda, "when they lose the object of their affections. I quite doat on the Hindoo widows; it is the most barbarous act I ever heard of, to wish to abolish ——"

"Suttees," whispered Miss Holt; but the name not being pronounced sufficiently loud, Lucinda did not catch the word, and fearful of using a wrong one, prepared to go in search of the mamma whom she had just so undutifully devoted to the picturesque horrors of the funeral pile.

When a gentleman quits the dining-room, his health is immediately proposed by one of the visitors in a speech of appropriate compliment; and when a lady quits the drawingroom, it is only fair that her excellencies and accomplishments should be duly and warmly set forth by the voice of an affectionate companion. The companion in this case being a dependant, the ceremony was not neglected, and Miss Holt dwelt for ten minutes on the sweetness, talent, and beauty of Lucinda Carey; on the twenty thousand pounds that her father meant to give her on her wedding-day, and on the partiality with which she regarded a certain gentleman, whose laurels, if he so pleased, might speedily be entwined with myrtles. Perhaps my readers will wonder why a dependant should be so anxious to promote the union of her patroness with a pennyless author. I will therefore reveal to them "the secrets of the prison-house." A wealthy merchant, of the name of Rawlinson, had been for some time paying marked attention to Lucinda Carey; she had for a while encouraged him, but when introduced to Percy, the handsome countenance and widely diffused reputation of the young author, caused her, without a spark of literary taste, to wish to enact the character of

> "The girl who gave to song
> What gold could never buy."

Neither did she meet with opposition from her parents; they had long allowed her to have her own way in everything, and they were dazzled by the fame of Percy; they did not live in literary circles, nor in fashionable coteries, therefore had not the slightest suspicion of his declining celebrity. Mrs. Carey remarked, that "Mr. Rawlinson was only two years her own junior, and she must say she should prefer a handsome young son-in-law;" and Mr. Carey added, that "literature was not a bad trade in the present day; Sir Walter Scott had made a large fortune, if he could only have contrived to keep it; and if Percy could get a few thousands for a novel, and complete one every year, he did not see that Lucinda could desire a better match." Miss Holt earnestly promoted these opinions; Mr. Rawlinson had been always very polite and attentive to herself, and she could not help entertaining the flattering idea, that if once Lucinda Carey became the "poet's bride," her humble cousin might be solicited to pour balm into the wounds of the love-stricken and deserted merchant.

Lucinda returned with her parents; they requested Percy to stay dinner: two or three friends of the family joined them, all of whom gazed at Percy in unaffected wonder, just as if, like King Saleh in the

Arabian Nights' Entertainments, flashes of fire were to come from his mouth whenever he spoke. Wearied and worn by the honied praises of people who knew nothing about the subject on which they professed to be absolute enthusiasts, Percy returned to his lodgings, and meditated on one of his minor causes of vexation. The landlady of these lodgings had received an excellent offer for them, with which Percy was unable to compete, and he had only two days to remain in his present situation; he had looked at one or two more reasonable domiciles, but had not yet fixed his choice.

Soon after he arose the next morning, feeling that time was of consequence to him, he sought among his papers for a card that had been given him of the apartments which he had recently visited; he could not find it, but a letter met his eye which he had received a month ago, had never answered, and had almost forgotten. It came from a literary man, with whom he had some slight acquaintance, who was living at Bath, and was projecting to bring forth a magazine, which was of course to eclipse all other publications of the kind; he was anxious to meet with some one who would be willing to supply a certain quantity of writing to the magazine, and also to assist him in the labours of the editorship. The thought now suddenly struck Percy that he would go to Bath, see this gentleman in person, and perhaps arrange some plan with him, which would make it desirable that he should remove entirely from London. The "Great Metropolis" was just now hateful to him; Lady Anne Gransden's coldness and distance had deeply mortified him, and Lucinda Carey's exceeding folly had repulsed, as much as her beauty, wealth, and fondness, had attracted him. He devoted that day to a few parting arrangements with his publisher, he wrote a brief note to Lord Orrington, and a longer and more friendly one to Mr. Carey, announcing the time of his return as uncertain; he gave to the care of his landlady his few valuables, which occupied no very great compass, and on the ensuing morning set off for Bath.

Alas, poor Percy! "Murad the Unlucky," was not more perpetually thwarted in his schemes; he called on the editor-elect, and found that he had given up all thoughts of the magazine, being convinced that there were too many clever competitors in the field to leave him any hope that his speculation would answer. He was a married man with a family. His wife had once been pretty in person and smart in dress; poverty had transformed her into a shrew and a slattern; his children were sickly, ill clothed, and fretful; and he himself was a broken-spirited, humbled man, employing many hours every day in the drudgery of translation or of preparing works for the press, for which he received a remuneration, which although small in itself, was of vital importance to him.

"Why have you left off writing your pretty tales?" said Percy to him; "surely invention has not deserted you."

"No," replied the unhappy author, "but the reward for invention is denied to me; the people have grown tired of me and my tales; they discover that I am become mechanical, monotonous, laboured, affected, and fifty other things which I ought not to be. 'Those who

live to please must please to live,' and I find that I can best please my publisher by devoting myself to my present sources of occupation, heavy and uninteresting as I allow them to be."

"And such is fame!" sighed Percy, remembering that a few years ago, beauty, genius, and fashion, were contending for an early perusal of a novel by this very gentleman, which electrified the watering places, caused the circulating libraries at the west end of the town to be thronged with coroneted carriages, and Hebert's and Horne's to be crowded with vehicles of less pretension, realizing the lines,

> "The stones did rattle underneath,
> As if Cheapside were mad."

Percy walked down Milsom Street. "I trust," he said to himself, "that I shall not meet another literary person." His wish was fulfilled; the next person he met was a young man of Welsh family, of the name of Apreece, to whom he had been introduced in London, and who was thoroughly guiltless either of caring for literature, or of pretending to do so. Apreece accosted him with a warm welcome.

"I scarcely dare venture," he said, "to offer you my extended hand; I do not deserve that you should take it. Can you believe that I have never yet perused your last novel?"

"Yes," said Percy, "I can believe it very well, and sincerely do I wish that the world had never sought my productions more than you have done; I should not then have 'left my calling for this idle trade,'—I should not feel the desertion of all who have flattered and misled me."

"I cannot comprehend you," replied Apreece, in all the bliss of ignorance. "When an author is once famous, does he not always continue so?"

"A brief sketch of my career will give the best answer to your question," said Percy; and in a moment he was pouring his griefs, slights, and wrongs, into the ear of the good-natured Apreece, who proved one of the most sympathising listeners that he could have hoped to meet with.

A literary man would have coolly smiled, and told him that his troubles were the fortune of war, and had been borne hundreds of times by the whole joint-stock company of his brethren of the pen; but Apreece seemed to consider his friend a victim to unprecedented barbarity and injustice, and declared that the whole body of readers ought to be ashamed of themselves, and that no doubt they were wearied of Percy's writings because he was a great deal too clever for their comprehension.

Percy was soothed and cheered by the good-will of his kind-hearted companion.

"You are an enviable being, Apreece," he said; "I think it would not be easy to cloud that open brow with trouble."

"Not very easy, certainly," replied Apreece, "else I should present rather a doleful appearance at the present moment. I am about to perform what most young men would consider a heavy penance, namely, to pass some weeks at the residence of my respected father,

Sir Evan Apreece, which is situated in one of the most sequestered parts of North Wales. Our house is the very region of dullness: my father detests visiting, dines out twice a year, and takes in the County Gazette once a week; a London newspaper is as rare an apparition in our house as a London dandy;—my mother works for the poor, and makes preserves and marmalades;—my sisters are well-meaning, good-humoured girls, but neither read, play, nor sentimentalize; there is not an album, a magazine, or a piano in the whole house;—the kitchen-garden is three times the size of the flower-garden;—the servants are gray-headed, spoiled, and awkward;—and the London fashions never reach the neighbourhood till they have been obsolete in the metropolis at least a twelvemonth. Now, Percy, do you not shudder at the thought of such a banishment?"

"O! that for me some home like that would smile!" sighed forth the young author. "What a vision of delight have you called up, Apreece, to mock my longing eyes, and cheat my wearied senses! A house free from albums, magazines, and newspapers,—young ladies who never talk of 'talented men,' 'intellectual resources,' and 'the sweet communion of souls,'—a kind domestic mother, a quiet home, loving father! Far from pitying you for going to such a scene, I rather pity you that you should ever be obliged to depart from it. I could wish to live for ever in so blissful a seclusion."

"Are you in earnest?" said Apreece; "because if you are, I shall be delighted to introduce you at home. My father's dislike of visiting is not at all connected with want of hospitality; he will welcome you most cordially when he understands that he need not put himself to any trouble to entertain you; and my mother will rejoice to see you, because she will think that a pleasant companion will prevent me from suffering those alarming fits of *ennui*, which have more than once induced her to tremble lest my visit should be brought to an abrupt termination; and my sisters—but I need not enlarge on the gratitude of my sisters—just ask yourself how you will be valued and admired by country belles, even although they lay no claim to the distinction of being blue belles."

Percy felt rather unwilling to accept of an invitation to a house where he was unknown to the heads of the family, but Apreece's warm persuasions vanquished all his objections; he was really pleased with the plan of keeping away from London, where he had nothing to do and everything to avoid, and of associating with people to whom the jargon of the press was as a foreign language.

(To be continued.)

## HEART-WORDS.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

You tell me that you love me now, and I believe you do,
For there is that within your looks which proves the story true;
The heart—long school'd in worldly lore and spurning pride's disguise—
Can read the minds of those it loves by looking in their eyes!
You lean upon me, as youth leans with confidence and ease
Upon the first kind friend it meets, ere art has learnt to please;
You tell me that you love me as you ne'er have loved before,
But though you may not love *me* less, you'll love *another* more!

You ask me if I prize you well, and in good sooth I do,
—So tenderly that prudent men such fondness would eschew;
For, in the future, nought I see to lead me to believe
That such a love can make me glad, though it may make me grieve:
You ask me if I've loved before—I tell you, with a sigh,
That I have loved as tenderly, yet seen that love go by;
The Past to me is rife with pain; and warnings, stern and deep,
In many a vigil whisper low such words as make me weep!

The love I've borne for others, dear! hath been immers'd in fears,
Yet I have never been the first to cause ungenial tears;
My fate hath been to find young hearts that changed as years crept on,
Whilst time to mine no coldness brought, though all *their* warmth was gone;
And therefore I, by loving you, do for myself prepare
In days to come a heavy load of darkness and despair;
I know that with such thoughts of you *my* heart will aye run o'er,
But though you may not love *me* less you'll love *another* more!

You've told me that, at times, a word of mine has made you feel
A momentary angriness which you could not conceal;
You've told me that once sever'd by a hasty passion's force,
Your pride would ne'er permit your heart to take its former course;
Not so with me!—one look, one word, one touch of fond recal,
Would bring me to your side again, though death should on me fall!
Away with pride where love should be! for what hath pride to do
With hearts whose depths are paved with love such as I feel for you?

You tell me, too, that, when I'm gone, your feelings then may change—
That, wanting my endearments, you may let your fancy range
In search of some embracing arm, to which, in grief or glee,
To cling with that devotedness with which you cling to me:—
Alas! alas! for *you* is hope—for *me* is none; apart
From you I cannot try to find another trusting heart;
The future shows new loves to you—such joys for me are o'er;—
Oh! do not love me less, though you *should* love another more!

# THE MA KADDESH.*

A JEWISH STORY.

BY MARIAN MOSS, ONE OF THE AUTHORESSES OF "THE ROMANCE OF JEWISH HISTORY," "TALES FROM JEWISH HISTORY," ETC. ETC.

How often do we see a day
That is at dawn by shadow clouded
Sinking upon the lap of eve
Calmly as hearts that do not grieve,
And set in splendour all unshrouded!

MS.

"WHAT is the use of weeping, Jesse? Tears will not undo what folly and thoughtlessness have done, and my temper is sufficiently tried by your father's unceasing reproaches, without witnessing your uncontrolled passions of grief. If you knew how it pained and grieved your mother's heart, my dear child, I feel assured you would endeavour to shake off this weakness, and conquer a sorrow that is unavailing, and can answer no other purpose than to waste your beauty and destroy your life," said a middle-aged but still handsome woman, in a voice of blended tenderness and reproach, and with a look made up of sorrow and vexation, as she stood, in the early summer morning, beside a young girl whose bowed head and convulsive sobs had betrayed her weakness.

"I do, mother, I do strive to conquer my weakness," she replied; "and indeed indeed I would control my feelings for your sake, were it in my power. But I find it so painful to do so before others, that, when alone, I cannot place them under restraint if I would;" and she raised her head, displaying a face on which the spirit of oriental beauty sat enthroned. She had the faultless features, the olive cheek and lofty brow, with the jetty hair and superb black eyes of the gorgeous East, from whence her fathers came; and though the splendour of the lustrous orbs had been somewhat dimmed of late by tears of sorrow, which her mother had truly called unavailing, perhaps that sorrow had, by softening their brilliancy, invested them with a new charm. Her full melting lips and downy cheek were much paler than usual, but still they were very lovely, and the pensive languor of her features rendered them more irresistibly attractive than a gayer aspect might have done. There was a fulness in the proportions of her exquisitely rounded form which, however it might degenerate into coarseness in age, now, in her early womanhood, gave an air of voluptuous softness that made a principal feature in its decidedly eastern character.

Jesse was the daughter of a wealthy Hebrew, whose upright cha-

* Ma Kaddesh is a form of marriage which is equally as binding as that legitimately performed by a priest; the formula of words is the same, and provided a ring, or even a gold coin of a certain value, is placed in the hand of the female, even though she desires it not and is unaware of it, if there are witnesses, the marriage, though it is considered disgraceful, is binding, and cannot be annulled without a regular divorce from the chief rabbi.

racter and strict integrity had won him the confidence and esteem of his fellow-townsmen, not only of his own religious and political faith, but of every creed. He was a man whose word might be, and was, relied on with as much confidence as another's oath. He was honourable in his dealings, and just to a farthing and, though he was rich, none accused him of extortion, or of having wrung the mite from the widow's purse. He was, in every sense of the word, a strictly honourable man. According to the custom of his people, he had early wedded, and, as if fortune had resolved to favour him, the wife whom his parents selected for him was young, beautiful, amiable, and portioned with an ample dowry. Every man liked to engage in speculations with him, for whatever he embarked in throve and prospered, and his union was crowned by the blessing of several goodly sons and daughters, who had sprung up to maturity without bringing a blush to his cheek, or casting a blemish on his fair reputation. What marvel, then, if he yielded a feeling of pride an abiding place in his heart.

The world called Jacob Morris a worthy man and a good father. A worthy member of the community he certainly was; for, if he was proud of his prosperity, proud of his family, and proud of himself, his pride was of that quiet nature which jars against no man's self-love, and his heart was ever open to the tale, and his hand ready to relieve the wants, of the distressed, without reference to their religious doctrines. And if he was not a good parent, he was certainly very far from a bad one. Morris discharged the duty of a parent with the same clock-work regularity as he did every other social or moral obligation; and if love consists in providing our offspring with food, raiment, and education, suitable to our own station and means, never did man evince his affection more strongly than Jacob Morris had done. But fortune will be capricious, and frown at times on her favoured children, even when she seems to wear her most propitious smile.

Rachel Morris, the eldest daughter, was a pretty merry girl of twenty, and decidedly her father's favourite, for she bore his dead mother's name, and he had been greatly attached to her while living, and reverenced her memory with no ordinary affection. Rachel was not as beautiful as Jesse, yet somehow she had more suitors than her younger sister, and, after some girlish coquetry, she yielded to the united entreaties of both parents, and seriously accepted the attentions of him whose suit was most favoured by her father. The favoured lover was a handsome young German, of acknowledged probity, and, if not wealthy, his industry had rendered him independent of others, and Rachel's dowry would greatly add to his means; and, to the great delight of all parties, she was affianced to Judah Gedalliah, and the day already appointed for their nuptials, which were only delayed to afford time for the consent of Gedalliah's parents to arrive from Germany. A proud and happy girl was the fair Rachel, for many a mother had striven hard to gain him for her child, and many a lovely Hebrew maiden had lavished her most winning smiles on the handsome German.

It was one bright sabbath day, and the morning synagogue ser-

vice being over, as gay a party of young men and maidens as ever assembled together met at the house of an elderly widowed lady, who, being an invalid, was regularly visited by the young of both sexes on the sabbath day, who, in turn, were pleased with a meeting-house where they might discuss the events of the week with freedom. Those were the days ere the march of refinement had so far penetrated into the dwellings of the shopkeepers as to banish the cheerful gaiety which gives so great a charm to the society of the young and lovely. Light laugh and merry jest were freely bandied from lip to lip, as freely as if their aged hostess was not there; and she, on her part, was too much pleased with the careless mirth of her guests, in whose society she took no small delight, to put any restraint on their harmless merriment.

"What a pretty ring!" cried Jesse Morris, the merriest of that merry group, and, taking the hand of Judah Gedalliah in her own with the easy and graceful familiarity of a sister, she looked admiringly on a beautiful ring, bearing the somewhat common but not untasteful device of two hands clasped over a ruby heart, with the initial letters of two names set in small but valuable brilliants round it. "How very, very pretty! This is for Rachel, I suppose?" and she bent a glance of arch inquiry on the young man's face.

"Do you think it pretty, Jesse?" he asked evasively, and looking down to conceal the deep flush her words had called up to his handsome features—"perhaps you would like to see it nearer?" and, drawing it off, he held it toward her.

"It is more than pretty, it is beautiful, Judah. How I shall envy you the possession of this lovely toy, Rachel," and she turned laughingly toward her sister. "Try if it will fit my finger, Judah," continued the gay girl, extending toward him one of the whitest, smallest, and loveliest hands that ever terminated the exquisitely rounded arm of beauty.

Gedalliah smiled as he took the offered hand of the lovely girl, and, placing the ring on the taper finger, said, in the same tone of laughing badinage which she had assumed,

"I wed thee according to the law of Israel, as by Moses commanded," and he pressed the fair hand playfully to his lips.

"What have you done, Gedalliah—what have you done?" cried one of his companions, interfering when it was too late to prevent the mischief. "Do you know that you have made Jesse Morris Ma Kaddesh?"

"Good God!" cried Gedalliah, turning as white as the fair hand that still rested in his; "Moses, why did you not interfere while there was yet time to prevent this?" and he sank back almost fainting, while Moses, who was one of Rachel's rejected suitors, turned away with a sardonic grin; and Jesse, the colour faded from lip and cheek, as, uttering a faint heartstruck cry, she sank into the arms of a companion, which were kindly extended to prevent her from falling. Looks of blank dismay succeeded the joyous glow that had lately sparkled on every face, and consternation superseded the merriment that had lately reigned in each young heart. And many a dark eye was bent anxiously on Rachel, to ascertain how she would bear this

cruel stroke. Many stood aloof, too, waiting for her decision, to know how to shape their conduct to her unhappy sister.

For a moment Rachel seemed like one stunned by a sudden blow, but anger kept her from fainting; and fixing a glance of many mingled passions on her sister, she reproached her in no measured terms for an act which she appeared to consider as a premeditated outrage on her feelings.

Jesse lay motionless, but not senseless, in the arms of her companion, and she heard but too distinctly the bitter reproaches of her angry sister, while the large burning drops of agony and shame forced themselves through her half-closed eyelids, and fell scalding upon her cheek, which was now deadly white.

"Oh, do not tell my father, Rachel," she cried, throwing herself at her feet, with a sudden effort catching hold of her dress to detain her, and raising her swimming eyes pleadingly to her face, "Rachel, Rachel, do not tell my father, at least not to-day; oh, he will kill me, I know he will; what can he, what will he and my mother think of me?—I shall never dare to look any one in the face again. Have pity on me, my sister, and do not cast me off for a fault that is not mine!" and she wrung her hands in agony. But deaf alike to the prayers of her sobbing sister, and the entreaties of her companions, who were touched by the bitter anguish of the heart-stricken girl, Rachel sullenly tied on her bonnet, and casting a reproachful look at Gedalliah, who had not uttered a syllable, and sat almost stupefied, she left the house.

The hour when most of the party dined was approaching, and glad of any excuse for departure, one by one the lately merry group dropped off, leaving the unwilling bride and bridegroom alone in the house of Mrs. Davis.

Jesse had not arisen from her knees when her sister left her; but abandoning herself to a passion of grief, she leaned her arms on the chair from which Rachel had risen, and leaning her head upon them, wept bitterly, while Gedalliah sat with his arms folded sternly on his breast, and his eyes bent on the ground, without speaking.

"Indeed, my dear child, you must not abandon yourself to such overwhelming grief," said Mrs. Davis, in a distressed tone, and kindly striving to raise the weeping girl, "your tears will not remedy what Gedalliah has so thoughtlessly done, and for your own sake you must struggle with your feelings. Do not tell me of disgrace, Jesse, you have done no wrong, and need fear no shame. How can you sit there, Mr. Gedalliah, and see this poor child weeping so grievously?" continued the warm-hearted old lady, turning toward Judah with as much severity as the kindliness of her nature would permit her to assume toward any sentient being endowed with the power of feeling; "do come and assist me to comfort her; we shall then have time to think of what is to be done with regard to Rachel."

At the mention of the name of his beloved, the young man, who had raised his head on being addressed by name, started wildly to his feet, and pulling his hat down over his eyes, he rushed from the house.

Evil tidings make themselves wings fleeter than the birds of the

air; and before Rachel's tottering limbs had borne her home, her family were apprised of what had occurred. The house was a scene of confusion; the very servant who admitted her looked dismayed; and when she entered the parlour she saw at once that her tale had sped before her, and she was saved the pain of telling it. Her brothers and sisters were grouped round their mother, who was weeping bitterly, while her father stood sternly aloof, with his arms folded in a manner peculiar to him when angry, and an expression of unmeasured anger on his countenance.

"Do not tell me, Ennel," he said bitterly, in reply to some remark which Rachel had not heard; "do not tell me that it was unintentional. If you had been half as careful a mother as you should have been, this would never have occurred; you, and you only, are answerable for this precious piece of business; you have spoiled the girl because her face was somewhat prettier than your other children's, and now you would excuse her heartless conduct to her sister, and my poor broken-hearted Rachel does not even claim a thought from her mother. But I tell you plainly, madam, if you bring that girl into this house, I leave it; one roof shall not shelter us. The world shall not accuse me of encouraging such disgraceful conduct; what I would condemn in others I would not do myself: my name has never been coupled with shame, and is it not terrible to think that my old age should be disgraced by my own child?"

"You are very unkind, Jacob, to speak so harshly of our child; and I do not think I have merited your cruel reproaches. I have never loved our poor unhappy Jesse more than my other children, and surely you cannot think she would so outrage every womanly feeling, and wrong her sister intentionally. You wrong her Jacob, indeed you do," said the poor mother, wringing her hands, while the tears streamed plenteously down her face.

"It is of no avail, Ennel; I have said it, and you know my word is an unbroken bond," replied the angry husband determinately; "I tell you once again I will not have Rachel's feelings trifled with; and if Jesse—I can scarcely bring myself to speak her name—comes under this roof till something definite with regard to Gedalliah is settled, I leave it. You have your alternative, either your husband or your child; you have a choice, and you must decide between us, for you know when once I am resolved my resolutions are not to be lightly shaken."

"No, no, father," cried Rachel, who had by this time calmly reconsidered her sister's conduct and her own, and saw the whole transaction in its true light,—"no, no, father, indeed you must not accuse poor Jesse; she is blameless, and so is Judah; the whole was but a moment's thoughtless gaiety; and though there were many present, none interfered till it was too late. It might have been prevented, if Joshua Moses had chosen, but he did not, and you must not treat her unkindly. She is afraid to meet you and my mother, and it will break her heart if you speak harshly to her. Come with me, dear, dear father, to bring her home, and let the world see, if Jacob Morris is a just man—he is a merciful father. They will not condemn you, indeed they will not, for treating your child with kindness; and re-

member, if a daughter is cast off by her parents, the world will not be long in abandoning her too;" and she flung her arms round her father's neck, and pleaded her sister's cause with such earnest eloquence, that Morris, who had ever found it difficult to reject a prayer of her's, could not reject it now, and consented to her sister's return, though no entreaties, earnestly as they were urged by all, could induce him to change his resolution with regard to seeing her for the present. He would not be induced to bring her home, nor would he promise to receive her kindly when she came; and Rachel, who found no difficulty in persuading her mother to accompany her, thought it best that the poor mourner should confine herself to her own room for a day or two, till the bitterness of her father's wrathful feelings had abated. Jesse gladly assented to this proposition. It was the most congenial to her feelings; and more touched by her sister's kindness than if she had persisted in reproaching her, she laid her aching head upon a pillow, that for many nights was sleepless.

Days elapsed ere Gedalliah roused himself from the stupor of grief and shame that almost overwhelmed him. He dreaded to meet the reproaches of Rachel and her unhappy sister, and his feelings were not equal to an encounter with the angry father. It needed all the firmness he could command, backed by the consciousness that his protracted absence must necessarily make what was really an impulse of thoughtless gaiety appear a premeditated act, and blacken his conduct in the eyes of the indignant family, to induce him to seek Mr. Morris at last. A few days of sorrow and anxiety will pale the most florid cheek and dim the brightest eye, and so haggard and changed was the young German, that it was a full minute ere the wealthy tradesman recognised his son-in-law.

"I will see you presently, sir," he coldly said, pointing to a small office at the back of the shop, in which at the moment he was engaged. Scarcely five minutes elapsed ere he joined him, but to Gedalliah these minutes seemed hours. He longed for that painful interview to be over, and yet when Morris came, he had no voice to address him.

"Well, sir,—well, I presume you are come at last to explain your disgraceful conduct to my poor misguided Jesse?" said Morris, in a voice whose measured tones showed how difficult he found it to control his anger, and eyeing the young man with anything but an amiable look. "An honourable man you think yourself, I doubt not, Mr. Gedalliah, and your conduct to Miss Jesse Morris while engaged to her sister, has shown you such. But I would have you know, sir, that though they are only a tradesman's children, their feelings and their honour is as sacred in their father's eyes as if the royal blood of England flowed through their veins; and the man who trifles with their feelings or their fame, shall deeply rue his temerity. And now, sir, if you have anything to say in justification of conduct which to me appears indefensible, be brief, for I am tied for time just now;" and taking out his watch, he seated himself, for he had been pacing the little office directly opposite his companion in the attitude of a man

prepared to listen to some peculiarly disagreeable communication—"Well, sir, what have you to say?"

Gedalliah bit his lip, and his heightened colour betrayed how much he felt the quiet irony of tone adopted by a man whom he loved and reverenced as a father; but though his eyes fell beneath the searching glance of his companion, he answered straightforwardly; and there was so much candour and truth in his tone and manner, that Morris could not refuse to believe his statement. He attempted no excuse for what he called his blamable levity of conduct, but his vindication of Jesse would have been perfect to any but her wilfully blind father, who could not be persuaded but that her levity of conduct had caused her disgrace. He spoke earnestly of his love for Rachel, and his voice sank almost to a whisper as he said, "If you will permit me to consider my first engagement unbroken by my recent fault, I will to London, and obtain a divorce from Jesse, and when time has obliterated any angry feeling she may feel toward me, I will return and wed Rachel."

Morris was silent for more than a minute's space, and the shadow of many troubled thoughts darkened his brow. He knew not how far Rachel's happiness was compromised, but he was conscious of some harshness toward her sister; and though he endeavoured to stifle the feeling, it rendered him uneasy, and when he spoke again it was in a softened tone. "This is a sad business,—a very, very sad business, Gedalliah; I would it had not happened; but wishing will not mend it now, and if Rachel is satisfied, I see no better way of settling it than you propose. I will speak to her, Judah, and tell her all you have urged, nor shall you remain long in suspense."

"You are very kind. But may I not see Rachel, and plead my own cause, ere I depart on my sorrowful journey?" faltered Judah.

"No, no, Judah, you must not see her; in justice to Jesse I cannot allow you to see Rachel. Remember," and his cheek grew ashy white, and his voice husky and broken,—"remember, whatever your feelings toward each other may be, you are wedded, and something is due to the feelings of that unfortunate girl. It is useless pleading, therefore save yourself and me the pain of a refusal. Even were I, which I am not, inclined to grant your request, Miss Morris would not see you, Judah, I know she would not; and the very fact of your urging such a request under existing circumstances, would lessen you immeasurably in her esteem. I will speak with her if I can find an opportunity of doing so before the day closes. But, as I told you before, my time is engaged to-day; and though no business of my own, however urgent, should delay your claims, the interest of another is involved, and I cannot forfeit my word. At all events, if you do not hear from me before the mail leaves, which I believe it does to-night, the kindest advice I can give you is, to go your way and hasten your departure."

Gedalliah did not attempt to urge his suit farther, for he felt the truth of Morris's argument, and he was sufficiently aware of his immoveable firmness, even had he not been too generous to inflict another

wound on the outraged feelings of Jesse; but he could not trust his voice, and a warm pressure of the extended hand was his only reply, and with a hearty "God bless you!" from Morris, they parted.

As days passed, the violence of Jesse's grief somewhat abated, but constant weeping when alone had left her cheek colourless, and dimmed the laughing light of her large lustrous eyes. She would gladly have continued in her own chamber, but Rachel would not hear of it; and as her father had promised not to speak harshly to her, she made her join the family, and resume her usual occupations; for the thoughtfully kind girl knew that employment was the best antidote to grief. Morris kept his word to the ear, but he broke it to the sense. He had promised not to speak harshly, but he acted so, to the half heart-broken Jesse, for he never opened his lips to her, and though he felt that his treatment of her was unkind and unjust, he was too much irritated by the malicious inuendos and cold commiseration that greeted him on all hands to alter it, and the father and daughter met and parted without speaking.

"Well, well, Jesse," resumed Mrs. Morris, kissing away the glistening tears from her daughter's streaming eyes, "I would not tease you, but they are waiting breakfast, and I am afraid your father will be angry if we detain him longer. I have written to your aunt Judith to receive you while the divorce is pending, so you really must bear up. It will be so much better for all of us that you should leave home a little while, and against it is all over, your father's anger will be over too, and all will be well again. There, that is right," she continued, as Jesse pressed her hand in grateful silence, and endeavoured to obliterate the traces of tears from her face; "that is right, Jesse, you must try and be cheerful. I expect an answer from your aunt to-day; I besought her to reply by return, and you know she is like your father, rigidly punctual in her habits;" and taking Jesse's hand, she led her down to the breakfast-room.

The apartment was large and airy, with the windows filled with beautiful plants in blossom, and wearing that air of cheerful comfort which is almost peculiar to the order of wealthy tradesmen. There was not that light elegance which characterised the rooms of the great, but what it wanted in luxury it made up in solid comfort, and about it were scattered many of the beautiful trifles that testify the presiding genius of woman. But sad and thoughtful faces were assembled round the breakfast table, and the presence of Jesse seemed to shed a deeper gloom over the circle. At the upper end of the table sat Mr. Morris, with a clouded brow, and his eyes fixed upon Rachel, who was busy making the coffee for breakfast; and he merely testified his knowledge of her mother's presence, and his annoyance at her long delay, by saying, in an impatient tone, "Come, Rachel, my girl, be brisk, I am in a hurry to get my breakfast, and we must make up for time lost."

Rachel made no direct reply; but, anxious to cover her father's ill-humour, she turned to Mrs. Morris, saying, in a half-laughing tone, "Ah, mother, mother, you are very naughty, and I don't know what the consequences might have been, if you had delayed another minute. I do believe that, to say the least, my father would have left home

without breaking his fast, which would have been very sad, you know. So I really must take you to task for your sluggard's habits;" and she shook her head with mock gravity.

Mrs. Morris smiled good-humouredly; and Morris kissed her fondly, while Jesse glided quietly into her seat.

Those were the days in which, God willing, the mail coach, to the infinite terror of the soberer part of his Majesty's liege subjects, and the great scandal of the religious, who looked upon such a rapid mode of travelling with wondering dismay at its presumption—only took four days in travelling from London to the seaport of ———, a journey which may now be performed in something less than as many hours. In those days the official rap, announcing the important presence of the postman, was not heard quite so frequently as at present; but on the morning of which we are writing, the peculiar knock came thundering at Mr. Morris's door, and a few moments after a servant entered, and placed several letters before her master. Mr. Morris glanced over the letters with the rapidity of a man of business; and tossing several aside, he selected one from the number, and looking at the superscription, said, "This is for you, Ennel;" and he held it toward his wife. "But stay, it is Judith's writing, and I will read it myself." Breaking the seal as he spoke, he settled his spectacles deliberately, and proceeded to read the important scroll.

Mrs. Morris exchanged a most expressive glance with her eldest daughter. It was the answer of her sister-in-law, to whom she had written to receive Jesse, and she would rather it should not have fallen into her husband's hand; but there was no help for it; and though she sat in terror, lest it should be a refusal, she dared not ask him to give it into her hands, and she looked with no small anxiety to the subject of the letter. The cup which she had raised to her lip remained suspended in her shaking hand, and her eyes were bent with eager agony on her father's face, while her colour came and went like flying shadows, and her mouth worked with the spasm that shook her frame. One of those painful pauses which at times follow the most sparkling conversation, reigned through the room; each one put down the half-raised cup, and looked at the other in anxious silence.

"Read that letter, miss," said Morris, at length, in a cold, measured tone; and fixing his eye with a stern and steady glance upon the death-like face of his trembling daughter, as he thrust the fatal paper towards her; "read it, and learn what your own aunt thinks of your disgraceful conduct. Well may you blush," he continued, bitterly, as the blood rushed up to her very temples, "for the shame you have brought on a name that never was stained till you bore it."

"Spare her, father, spare her! oh, do not, I beseech you, make my aunt's unkindness a pretext for greater harshness on your own part," cried Rachel, imploringly. But Morris had found an excuse to his own heart, and he was not to be turned aside from his purpose, but continued reproaching her, while, with trembling hands and dimmed eyes, she endeavoured to read the contents of her aunt's epistle. For a moment the straight formal characters swam con-

fusedly before her sight; but, with a convulsive effort, she calmed her emotion, and read it to an end.

"My God, my God, Jacob, what have you done?" exclaimed his wife, springing toward Jesse just in time to save her from falling, and taking the letter, she read it through. Its tenor sufficiently explained the emotion of her unfortunate daughter. Not only did her aunt positively refuse to receive her, but the refusal was not even softened by one kindly word. On the contrary, she spoke in the harshest language of what she called Jesse's disgraceful conduct; and concluded by saying, "It was sufficient to know there was disgrace attached to her name, without blazoning the shame of her family to the world, by bringing to her own home a divorced wife in the person of her niece."

"Well, Ennel, are you satisfied of the estimation your daughter's conduct is held in?" asked Morris, sternly, as she flung the hateful letter from her.

"Yes," she bitterly exclaimed; "yes, Jacob, I am satisfied that your sister is the most cold, heartless, and unfeeling woman that ever breathed the blessed air of heaven—a truth which I before doubted. Had she ever been a mother, she could not have dictated that sheet of studied cruelty. Oh, Jacob, if God dealt as harshly by our unhappy child as her father has done, then would she be forlorn indeed! Had she, indeed, dishonoured your name, and brought shame upon your old age, you could not have treated her with greater harshness than you have done for an act she never committed; and even that would not grieve me, if you had not forgiven Gedalliah, who was most in fault;" and turning resentfully away, she supported the half-fainting girl to her chamber, deeply regretting that she had persuaded her to leave it at all till her father had relented.

"This is for you, Rachel," said Morris, presenting her a letter, without appearing to notice his wife's reproach; and swallowing his cold coffee, he gathered up his letters, and withdrew into his office.

---

## TO THE SPRING.

Sweet Spring! thou leadest to thy sunny bowers,
Thy looks with smiles, thy tresses deck'd with flowers;
With voice of joy, to greet thy smiles again,
The west wind murmurs to the laughing plain;
Along thy path the unbidden violets spring,
And wide around their odorous fragrance fling:
See! Nature's mighty heart leaps up to prove
Thy brooding influence, and thy quickening love!

Ages may pass;—ages of countless time;—
Years hasting ever on the wings of crime:—
These *thee* profane not, nor to our anxious sight
The glory dim of thy returning light:
Ever thy smiles as in thine earliest prime;
Nor fade the locks of youth, that shade thy brow sublime!

G. W.

# RECOLLECTIONS OF A ROYALIST OFFICER.[1]

BY COLONEL DE R * * * * *, AN EARLY COMRADE OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

## CHAPTER X.

" Where lovely Venice, like a drooping bride,
Stands fondly gazing on her Adrian tide."
REV. T. WHYTEHEAD.

" *Venice, March*, 1789.

" THE Venetians call their city the work of the Most High. They are right; and I was in the wrong to attempt a description of it. It has subsisted thirteen hundred years: no foreigner has *ever* given it laws or set foot within it; it has never even incurred the danger of a siege. The descendants of those who founded it are its masters still.

" The more one examines it the more it astonishes the mind. It is the strongest city in Europe, yet it has no fortifications. Situated in the midst of the sea, the sandbanks which surround it are its defence. All the passages which conduct to the foot of its walls must be known for even a bark to penetrate. A foreign fleet which should entangle itself in its approaches would run the greatest risks.

" The great canal runs through it in pretty nearly the shape of an S,—being crossed by the lofty arch of the magnificent Rialto alone; all the other canals, which interweave one another, come to terminate in this, much as the streets of Paris in that of St. Honoré. You may, however, go into every part of Venice without setting foot in a boat; while, on the other hand, you may go all over the city nearly without getting out of your gondola. Such a mournful silence reigns in some of the streets, that one might easily persuade oneself all the world beside were dead, if one's reveries were not now and then broken by the passing of a gondola, and the melancholy plash of the boatman's oar.

" The grand canal is bordered by a great quantity of superb edifices, and when you would visit a church or a palace, you disembark at its gate; most of them are in the best architectural taste, and in that peculiar style of which Palladio was the inventor. As one's eye rests upon them, the imagination labours to conceive how such difficulties could have been vanquished! The greater part of these buildings are constructed of marble, or with a very beautiful stone which comes from Istria, and they have the aspect of things indestructible.

* * * * * *

" The gondoliers conduct their skiffs by placing themselves in the poop, so that they are generally scarcely visible; and in the twilight, as you see one of these long dark shapes glide forth from some small

[1] Continued from p. 80.

canal, its beak of steel going foremost, you are ready to imagine it some strange shape of the sea. This morning I was in ecstasies at perceiving in one of these dim tomb-like forms which passed me, three pots of flowers, one of which contained a pretty rose-tree covered with roses; for eight days I have been languishing for the sight of a green leaf. The sight of those roses was like balm to me; I thought of quitting this sombre spot to wander again in the shade of trees; and the Doge's state would have seduced me less than ever at that moment, I assure you.

* * * * * *

"Most of the richer inhabitants here are *amphibious;* that is to say, have delightful country-houses on shore. The borders of the Brenta, and all the environs of this sea, are everywhere embellished with them.

"I have just come down from the tower of Saint Mark's, which I have climbed a second time, to convince myself once more that Venice is no fabled city. The rude architecture of the cathedral appears far older than it really is; its roofs are low, and its mixture of oriental and gothic styles is to me insupportable; but it is nevertheless remarkable in many respects. I was struck on entering, as on leaving it, by its beautiful bronze horses, which are the ornament not only of the church but the Place of St. Mark. But what is the strange mass that meets my eye on quitting the church? Is it an edifice of the time of the Phenicians? for it has nothing Greek or Roman in it! The modern often appears more like the work of rude ages than that which has stood three thousand years, for the idea of the beautiful which is in man is fresher in his mind in the infancy of a people; and it is from the mind's constant propensity to return to it, always preferring objects all whose parts are in harmony, more than from any learning I can lay claim to, that I feel no admiration awoke in me by the Doge's palace. The senate, however, may very well barricade themselves up in it; for it is as capable of sustaining an assault as a citadel. After rising very early in the morning, to go out and watch the boats, laden with cherries and all kinds of fruits, cabbages, and even carrots, from the Continent, entering the grand canal for the subsistence of Venice,—for peaches and apricots cannot be fished up with a rod and line,—I have been spending a part of my day among its vast halls and magnificent apartments, and saw, amongst other things, the Doge there. Many emblematic objects relating to the government and history of Venice, singularly interested me; the baskets of medlars covered with straw, sculptured in marble at the entrance of the staircase, to show the young nobles that the experience given by Time is necessary before reaching the highest posts; and the hall of council ornamented with the portraits of the Doges ranged around. As your eye passes along them, you perceive one frame in which there is nothing, except simply the following inscription at the base of the black ground:

LOCUS MARINI FALIERI DECAPITI.

"It was in 1350 that this Doge conspired against the nobles and the public liberty. One of the conspirators revealed the plot to the

state inquisitors, and the same hour the process was instituted and the Prince sentenced: a few hours afterwards he had his head struck off, between the columns of St. Mark. He was eighty years of age! This is what you call energy.

* * * * *

"If ever I become Doge, I shall go down on my knees to the Senate, to make them change the shape of my cap. I assure you this prince is no king, to judge by his head-dress! Fancy to yourself a saucepan turned the wrong way on one's head, handle and all. It is perfectly horrifying! I suppose, too, that his constituents feared that in adding any gems to this wretch of a headpiece they should be led to mistake this species of slave for their veritable master.

"I have been into the hall where he was about to dine with the members of the senate; all the other nobles, and a great concourse of burgesses, arrived one after another, all masqued in dominos, and the Doge soon followed in his own costume, accompanied by some of the principal dignitaries. After having made the tour of the hall two or three times, and spoken to several of the masks, he sat down at one of the tables which were arranged all round the hall, and which were abundantly replenished. There appeared to me very little distance between him and the other senators, who all unmasked, in order to eat more at their ease, those who did not sit down to table keeping on their masks, but circulating and haranguing around these puissant sovereigns to such a degree, that you might have heard the noise we made at your own door, if you had only listened. I am stunned with it still; but by no means dissatisfied to have been a witness to this very original repast.

"I think you will not do me the injustice to imagine I have not visited the Arsenal of Venice, though I have yet said nothing to you respecting it. It is true that I pass over in silence many things that I see and do which yet are worthy of notice, but a French artillery officer who should commit the fault of neglecting, when in Venice, to go and see the machines of war, would deserve to be put under arrest by his inspecting commander on his return.

"*I* need not fear this, however, for I obtained leave to penetrate into this mysterious retreat, notwithstanding that the three hundred sovereigns of the republic do not always grant it very easily, especially when any expedition is preparing. I passed a whole day there, watching its three thousand workmen arrive and depart, and tracing them through their various departments of labour, some being employed in building ships, others in founding guns, others in the fabrication of fusils, sabres, and bayonets, while many were making carriages for ordnance, and counting and piling into heaps bombs and cannon-balls, and several others were twisting ropes; the greatest order and arrangement prevailing everywhere. The Venetians lay up here all their means of war, by sea and land, and the storehouses of arms are kept with a neatness and elegance difficult to conceive—as if a Parisian *salesman* had set them forth for show as his wares; a great quantity of weapons of all kinds, taken from the Turks and other nations, are to be seen there, belonging, most of them, to long ages past, making one feel as if the world were very great and old, for

such a strange show of divers means of death to have been gathered up. Some of the antiquated cannon prove how that instrument has been perfected since its first invention. One of them was entirely composed of leather, and had evidently done service; it looked as if a very good strong pair of boots might be made of it by cutting it in two.

"Adieu! I must soon say it to Italy! In eight or ten days, probably I shall be there no longer.

"*Livournia.*

"My dear father,—I have left the waters of Venice to re-ascend the Po, and retake my way to Florence, from whence I shaped my course through Pisa hither, resting a day at Bologna, where I saw plenty of sights, and ate plenty of sausages. After another stop at Ferrara, I returned for two days to Florence, and also passed four at Pisa, arriving in time to admire its surprising tower, though it looks about to fall. All that can be augured with any certainty of the science of its architect is, that he knew very accurately the laws of the centre of gravity in bodies, for want of calculating which very exactly it has occasionally happened to me to overturn my chair backwards, having forgotten that moment the demonstration I had made at Metz with M. Bezout; but the sight of the tower of Pisa has sent me to my studies again. What a happy thing it is to have some learning!—just to enable one to impose, by means of fine phrases, upon people who pass for ignorant, and know much better than one's self! However, this last reflection ought to convince you that pedantry and I are a hundred leagues apart—and defend me from it, the folly that it is!

"I had the luxury of revelling in the warm baths of Pisa, stretched in a beautiful bath of white marble, feeling as if I were altogether a Sybarite, while a pretty porcelain cup, supported upon a little island of carved cork, floated by my side, filled with delicious chocolate.

"In the evening you have delicious music. I have seen nothing, heard nothing in Paris, like the baths and voices there!

"The evening promenade, too, under the shade of the trees, has something very pleasing, as well as singular, in its effect. Every one wanders there, in throngs or apart, lighted only by the stars, the fireflies, and the moon; the glittering insects fly around in thousands, their rays flashing more brightly at every stroke of their wings; the freshness and humidity of the spot makes them, perhaps, more common here than in Corsica or in the rest of Italy.

"I have been at Livournia two days, a charming little town, very well fortified, and with its port full of foreign vessels: it is the centre of Tuscan commerce. To-morrow I depart, to return to the shores of Corsica, but with what a changed countenance from that with which, eight months ago, I started from Bastia! I am leaving Paradise, to return to darker regions! This will be my last letter from Italy.

"I am far from having acquitted my debt towards you, my dear father, and yet I have done my best to paint to you all that struck me most in this peerless Italy. You will have had but twelve letters for your fifty louis. If they had but been from Madame de Sevigné! I have but one thing to add to them—the unbounded gratitude of your son to his beloved father."

The letters close here, and M. de R—— continues the narrative addressed to his children.

## CHAPTER XI.

"The king gave him a gay gold ring,
And made him there a belted knight;
But Milburne bled to save his king,
The king to save his royal right."
HOGG'S THREE CHAMPIONS OF LIDDISDALE.

"A vast field is about to open upon our view, my friends. I shall no longer describe to you the calm flow of life in a time of happiness and peace;—the flowers are gathered.

The revolution is beginning, and you must look for no more descriptions of the phenomena of nature and the monuments of art. Instead of pictures of the things which make the charm of life, I have but to speak to you of bloodshed and of tears; all that history retraces to us of horror and of crime from the commencement of the world has been renewed in our days upon the soil of France; on our own provinces, too, has its chief fury fallen.

On arriving in Corsica, I found again the same individuals that I had left there, but the tone and character of society had undergone a change! Conversation no longer turned upon the same subjects, the theatre was less frequented, and pleasures and amusements which formed, the year before, the principal object of every circle, were neglected now; every one was grown serious, and young men seemed like those of middle age. People had their eyes constantly fixed upon the sea, in the hope of seeing a vessel arrive that might bring despatches from France; every day they expected to hear of a revolution; all that had passed for many months prognosticated great alterations in the government of the kingdom. Each was framing his own system for this end; some demanded reforms, others dreaded them; great agitation prevailed in society, and vehement discussions took place among the officers.

I could hardly, at my first landing, comprehend such a state of things, or imagine to myself what course the king would pursue; nevertheless, I hoped all would turn out, as Louis XVI. so fondly wished, for the greater good of all his subjects; it was my daily prayer; and I listened to what was said in these early debates, but without venturing to take any part in them. The aspect of things, however, changed so much with the arrival of every courier, that I was not long in perceiving they were becoming serious.

My mind still full of the beautiful Italy I had just quitted, I regretted above all things the being obliged to interrupt my thoughts, which were constantly dwelling upon it, and being prevented from talking over with my friends all that I had seen. Instead of applying myself to drawing, to which I had formed the project of devoting a portion of my time,* I found I must now set myself to work to learn

* M. de R——'s sketches, in water colours, of many noted characters in Corsica, showed a pencil as ready as his pen.

the laws by which my country had been ruled so long. Unwilling to appear a *complete* novice in studies rather distasteful to a young officer, I thought I could not do better than go through again attentively the "History of France," as well as make myself acquainted with the "Social contract" which I sometimes heard quoted; after which I procured the "Esprit des Lois," as well as the "Grandeur et la Décadence des Romains" of Montesquieu. I read the "History of England," also, with great interest, the "Roman Revolutions," by the Abbé de Vertot, and the "Government of Poland," by Jean Jaques. One of the thoughts of this great apostle of liberty singularly struck me—"*If this supreme good must cost the life of a single citizen, it would be buying it too dear.*"

My mind was penetrated with what I read; but one lesson I gathered from these volumes was, that, in wishing to remedy evils with too much precipitation, greater ones were generally produced; and that a single drop of blood, shed without the just sanction of acknowledged authority, would be followed by floods, the effect of unchained passions. From that moment I became, upon principle, the defender of the royal authority."

"The plot" of our tale now "thickens;" and before entering upon the intricate maze of events which follow, and through which we have to thread our way, speaking only or chiefly of what can be related by him as an eyewitness, we had better, perhaps, though regretfully, leave our hero for a little while gazing across the water, with heart yet full of the images of fairest Italy, and watching to see a sail from his native shore,

"Over the dark sea-marge springing—"

that our eye may rest for a moment upon the passing and the past of France, just sufficiently to enable those who care to read this to enter into the feelings of the heir of a noble house in his position, with the proud edifice of old nobility, and all that it upheld, in "the native land of chivalry, the garden of romance," trembling to its foundations.

"Did you not feel a shudder at the sight of those lamp-posts?" said our friend to me one day, as we were sitting round her little work-table, with the sofa drawn towards the sunny south window, for it was before the heat began, and listening to the vivid pages of the Viscount Walsh, from which her husband had just been reading to us the tragedy of Toulon's seizure and death, and the gallant fall of De Berthier before the miscreant mob. Can anything be more touching than his bowing in reverence before that "gray dishonoured head," presented to him in insult by the old man's murderers? However, I had *seen* without *seeing*, during our first brief séjour in the gay French capital, those huge curls of iron round which the chant of "les aristocrats à la lanterne!" seems still to re-echo; for the theme of revolutionary strife had always been to me too painful to turn to; and wilfully neglecting a chapter – one of the most important in the world's history—one of the fullest, too, of high and elevating lessons, images which strengthen and refresh the heart, though it needs courage to look

through the mist of tears and blood which veils them with its fearful drapery!—I had brought thither an eye that, looking beyond the reign of change and convulsion as a frightful dream, saw only in Paris, with the stately outline of its Tuileries lifting its dome and vast wings against the blue sky, a city peopled with memories of splendour; the court of the princely Bourbons, with its world of wit and beauty, that outshone all its jewelleries—the glories of the "grand monarque"—the footsteps of the resistless Henry. Not even the window from which Charles IX. pointed his fusil, guided by the dark de Medici, in the long rich façade of the Louvre, crossed my mind; nor in the square before Notre Dame's gray portal did there any of those full thoughts of the hermit of Livry—the carrier of the message of God's word through the green forest-walks to the dwellers in lone hamlets, who breathed out his soul so calmly there amidst the fires, half Paris having been called by its great bell to the spectacle, while John Calvin, a grave boy, was studying upon the benches of a college near by, with the young nobles he had accompanied from Noyon—come upon my heart as they would now. *How* beautifully the gray, shadow-like sister towers of the proud cathedral rose against the twilight sky, in which a few hues of the late sunset were still lingering, while their tinge of rose flung its colouring into the glassy waters of the Seine, as we stood at nightfall beneath the calm heaven of June, upon the bridge near the Jardin des Plantes, and gazed along the mirror-like river which flowed so far between palaces and royal gardens, antique churches and learning's dim abodes, with among them its at once cherisher and suppressor, the wrath-fulminating Sorbonne! How could we have thought, as we slowly wound our long way back through the gay and restless streets to where carriages were rolling across the Place Vendôme, that *so* lately the grass had grown in the silent faubourgs, the gloom of death had hung over the guilty city, and the streets near the gay Boulevard of St. Germain had been "choked with weeds?" The contrast between Mr. Swinburne's two returns to Paris, with but seven years between, is strangely sad!

*Mais revenons!* as one cannot read much in French without learning to say,—not to Corsica and him we have left there, (and *him* who is *coming* there!) but to the former's bright and greenwood-shaded home of La Poissonière, upon whose gray-haired master the storm of revolutionary outbreak was so soon to fall;—rapidly do its green dells and pointed tourelles rise up before the mind's vision, while its

> "Gentle winds and waters clear
> Make music on the thirsty ear,"—

for Rose, the postman, has brought us a letter thence this morning, (making out the foreign address in spite of his no great knowledge of handwriting,) and it says the children are playing in the garden, "making garlands of the branches of blossom which a barbarian calling himself *jardinier*, is mercilessly lopping from the peach trees"—and this on the sixteenth of March; while we in Suffolk, on the twenty-fourth, are shivering at the thought of yesterday's snow, and there's little but the green lilac-bud and the daffodil to look at in our borders.

When we arrived at La Poissonière from the French metropolis, we gladly fell into the course of reading which our friends were pursuing: and however one's thoughts may have disliked to dwell on the Age of Reason, with its gloomy pictures, when they were matter of history, I soon found it was quite another thing when treading the shores and mingling with the people they had to do with. In English, our friends happened just to have begun Romilly's life, and were following him from Lord George Gordon's riots to his early visits to Paris, and his fond anticipations of the dawning change; his admiration of Rousseau, and connexion with Dumont and Mirabeau; with, in the end, the mild-spirited reformer's horror at

> "The sweeping whirlwind's sway,
> That, hushed in grim repose,"

had awaited the fair ark of his fancy.

In French, they were entering upon the career of popular triumph as described by Viscount Walsh in his "Memorable days of the French Revolution." Nearly the first thing I heard them read, and which, I remember, struck me very much, was his description of the revolutionary troops coming up the fine broad approach from St. George's, their bayonets glittering in the sunshine, to seize the harmless old cannon, long used only for *feux de joie*, that were mounted in the court of his grandmother's noble castle, while he and his little brother were left there, under her care and shelter; the old butler's closing the great iron gates at the end of the bridge which crossed the moat, and making his preparations to receive them as gallantly as might be; and the high-spirited old lady rising from breakfast, where she was sitting with her little grandsons, and forbidding the vain resistance, but calling out her charges to see the coming show. The "Castel" thus invaded, the Chateau of Serrant, which Miss Costello likens to Chatsworth—rather to the disparagement of its eight hundred years though, surely!—was very near us—within a ride, that is—and this seemed to give a reality to the scene he described which I had not felt before; but it was months before I had seen deep enough into the life of things to give his sketches the interest they deserved. We went over before long to Serrant, now the residence of his cousins. Their family came over with the exiled Stuarts, and among old regal portraits of the stately Bourbons in its high saloon you see the figure of the banished James, upon the wild shore of Scotland—or it may be a bit of Irish cliff that hangs beetling over his head, for the porter who showed us over hardly seemed to know—he was more taken up with what he thought the *very* remarkable Highland dress, and with the English chintzes he could show us in the bedroom below. "Ils ne sont pas vilains!" he said, when I admired the splendid chambers; they were rich and numerous; but nothing, not even the monument in the chapel, was more beautiful than the massive row of fine old overhanging trees—I think they were elms—that shaded what might have been an English park, with the huge and quiet-looking team of oxen, those pictures of strength, with their vast necks and heads, slowly drawing a large waggon of hay from beneath their shade as we crossed the moat to leave the spot, while a long line of cows, followed by one or two peasant women, were winding down

the road that lay beneath the walls of the castle. The clouds were gathering in the afternoon sky, and in the homeward lanes a heavy shower overtook us.

They say the only pheasants to be found in that neighbourhood—for the hunters of Anjou follow nobler game, the wolf and the wild boar—are those introduced from England by the Count de Serrant, who was a great agriculturist, and full of plans to improve his estates after our methods, if he had lived to carry them out. His sons are very young men still. The countess is an accomplished artist, and the walls of her drawingroom are ornamented by her pencil, while the porter told us, with evident pride, that his lady knew well how to "touch the piano." The chateau has suffered less than Brissac in the troubles. Its range of kitchen apartments, *abimés*, as the porter said, under the moat, and eight hundred years old, as he *assured us*, were very extensive, and might some of them have been dungeons in other times, though those inhabited by the domestics are very light and cheerful. There is a private way from the large drawingroom into the chapel, which forms the extremity of the right wing of the chateau. One of the things they seem proudest of is their orangerie, than which they say Versailles has the only finer one; and certainly it was extremely beautiful, with its gay green leaves, and the clustering snow of its flowers They are much more used than the fruit in France, small sweet cakes being made of them, which are brought in at dessert; and a large orangerie is a considerable source of revenue, in consequence. The orange trees of the Louvre used to furnish the income, or great part of it, of one of the French princesses—I think of the Duchess of Berri. When, in the winter of 1841, or rather a few days after the year had closed, we revisited Versailles, the square where hung in June

> "the orange bright,
> Like golden lamps in a green night,"

was perfectly empty; but a cicerone, who had followed us unbidden, stamping on the snow, said, "Do you not hear that the ground sounds hollow?—the orange-trees are beneath our feet." Chambers are hollowed out under the vast terrace, with fifteen feet thickness of earth left for walls, on the side where the ground falls and you look down upon the orangerie in summer; and thus the cold is excluded, and they are kept sufficiently warm without the aid of fires.

# THE POOR RELATION.[1]

BY ABBOTT LEE.

THE morning which succeeded that on which the Poor Relation had so exposed her vulgar poverty at Swan Vale, found its fair—no—its deep red mistress in a sad state of nervous excitement. She burned with intense and indignant excitement to turn that abominable Miss Malapropos out of her hospitable doors; but then—if she only had been better behaved—if she only had been either less blundering or less mischievous—what an acquisition she would have proved, and what a good thing it would have been to have kept her in them!

Everybody declared that they never, no never, had spent such a delightful evening in the whole course of their lives. The oldest, who had so much to forget. and the youngest, who had so much to remember, all declared that Mrs. Mackillop's company that night was perfect cream. Never had they been so well amused, never so delightfully entertained, as at dear Mrs. Mackillop's. And then that dear queer piece of drollery, that Poor Relation, she was quite a treat in herself. It was so judicious of kind Mrs. Mackillop to bring such an original—so amusing—so simple—*such a character*—amongst them. In fact, it was perfectly true that the Poor Relation had made herself the lion of the party. What for wonder and what for wantonness, she had been the observed of all observers. Her playing was that of a professor—she had guttrelled German with a Hamburgher, and lisped Italian with a Neapolitan; had sang duets with all the ladies, and danced quadrilles with all the gentlemen; and, in short, had fulfilled her promise of helping Mrs. Mackillop to entertain her company both in the letter and the spirit.

"What a governess she would make for the children!" exclaimed Mrs. Mackillop; "but then what a nuisance she would be to myself! How splendidly she played, but then how provokingly she talked! German, Italian, and French, she had at her fingers' ends—not your tongues that nobody can understand; French, that you must be told that it is French; and German, that wants to be labelled; and Italian like English in disguise,—but the real genuine languages. All the true smack and flavour, like their own sausages, strong and unmistakable upon them. And then such playing—why they would hire her at the opera! and singing—I have her squalls ringing through my head now! Why, such a proficient in everything as she is, she might easily have a hundred a year as a governess; and if I could get her for nothing—or for some ten pound or so—and perhaps her washing—why what a bargain it would be! But then, on the other hand, to be subjected to such a nuisance of a creature! a thing that neither cares nor thinks what she says! a wild, harum-scarum, sort of gone-mad person—a crack-brained affair, that *won't* hold her tongue, and *won't* be silenced, that *won't* take a wink, or hear an *aside*, or understand a frown—why who could tolerate such an affronting absurdity!

[1] Continued from p. 92.

Still, if I could tame her, she would be very useful. If Rachel could play and sing in her style—there are many men, especially idle rich men, who are caught by the ear; well, at any rate, I have got her for a week or two, and I must see if I cannot reduce her to useful order. If I find it impossible, I must of course contrive to affront her, and get rid of her—I should think I could easily do *that*."

Mrs. Mackillop having thus mentally arranged her line of tactics, proceeded at once to put her plans into execution. A certain innate perception that she was exceedingly likely to be worsted in a personal encounter of words with the Poor Relation, induced her, like many other cowardly people, to shrink out of first-hand conflict with her, and consequently, instead of speaking plainly, she commenced a system of manœuvring. Her first step was to order her own breakfast in her dressingroom, on the plea of indisposition, and the children's in the schoolroom, so that the Poor Relation might be drilled into knowing that Abernethy's chairs, weak tea, and the nursery, were to fall to her share; her second was to instruct her boys to ask for German lessons, merely by way of occupation, and the girls to request that she would just be so good as to help them in the pronunciation of a few French words, or assist them in translating a page or two of Italian;—then one was to ask her to develope a few new stitches of embroidery, and another to request a lesson in her pretty little Italian hand; but, above all, each of the girls was to extract a singing lesson and a music lesson, to be as long as possible, and this without any fail, since it was most of all matter of importance: and when these few, and a dozen or two of other trifling parts of the educational process had been gone through, and the children's nursery-dinner had been served, at which she was to be kindly made to preside, why then Rachel was to ask her to accompany them in their usual ramble, during which time Mrs. Mackillop would take her own meal in the dining-room; and so, by dint of a little of that admirable management on which the lady piqued herself, the Poor Relation might be safely got through her first day's drilling as honorary governess, and by persevering in this line of discipline, she would afterwards know her own place. As for the evenings, Mrs. Mackillop thought it would be kind and liberal, and she liked to be kind and liberal, to allow her to come into the drawingroom, of course only if she could be taught to conduct herself properly, and of course to act as family-working-musician. Now these labouring-players are very useful articles of modern furniture. It is true, that though very few people really are fond of music, everybody thinks it incumbent upon them to pretend to be so, and whenever people are stupid in society, and neither rationally nor intellectually nor conversationably inclined, and the talking is more punctuated by full stops than exclamations and interrogations, why then it is a capital thing to have a hard-working person to sit down to an instrument with never-tiring India-rubber fingers, and nerves made on the same principle of manufacture. A company can in such a case be as stupid as may be agreeable—or disagreeable—to themselves.

Well, things went on delightfully. The Poor Relation *did* take her breakfast in the schoolroom with the children, *did* guttrel out Ger-

man with the boys, *did* squall out Italian with the girls, *did* elocutionize French with a fine nasal twang, *did* make the poor piano rumble out such sounds as it never rumbled out before, *did* walk out with the children; and, in fact, really performed all the hard work which Mrs. Mackillop had laid out for her, even to that lady's own unconscionable satisfaction. Everything went on well. The system worked delightfully. The children had been in extraordinary good-humour, for the Poor Relation had been in such wonderful high spirits, had been so very witty and epigrammatic, and withal had seemed so mightily amused the whole day, laughing very merrily at every fresh requisition of her talents, yet complying so good-humouredly, that when evening came, the children seemed to think they had enjoyed quite a jubilee, and Mrs. Mackillop was more than ever encouraged to admit her into the drawingroom, seeing that she had behaved so very respectably, and deserved some encouragement, It happened, too, that Mrs. Mackillop herself was in very holiday humour, for Squire Harrowby had dropped in *sans ceremonie*, apologizing for paying an evening visit instead of a morning one; and, in the elevation of her satisfaction, the lady of Swan Vale had given him a *carte blanche* to come whenever he pleased, secretly opining that he came for something and not for nothing, and that that something was her own daughter, pretty Rachel Mackillop.

So the lady was all smiles, like the sun, and the gentleman all shone upon; and she was the hand and he was the glove, and the glove fitted so amazingly well, the lady talking and the gentleman listening, that presently she began to require his sympathy, and call upon him for condolences in the case of her sufferings of the day before, a case which her own extraordinary kindness, and benevolence, and philanthropy, and tenderness, and compassion, and generosity, had so entirely brought upon herself, inducing her to notice a sort of person so altogether—oh—ah—um.—Whereupon Squire Harrowby echoed back very sympathetically indeed her own softly-modulated monosyllables—oh—ah—um—being of course responsive feelings as well as responsive sounds.

But in the midst of this colloquy, the subject which had given rise to it walked in with pretty Rachel Mackillop.

"Oh, Miss Granger, you are the very person! have the goodness to sit down to the instrument; Mr. Harrowby wishes to hear you again."

The Poor Relation unlinked her arm from that of Rachel, and gently dropping her companionship, seemed to desire to stand alone and independent.

"For Mr. Harrowby's pleasure or for yours, ma'am?"

Mrs. Mackillop felt a little nervous. "Both," she rather hesitatingly uttered.

The Poor Relation walked straight to the instrument, sat deliberately down, ran her fingers over the keys with more masterly execution than ever, and then flew off hot-speed into one of the most brilliant and effective of Rossini's elaborate works, embellishing as she went with a never-ceasing multitude of airy and graceful ornaments, in wild and endless variety, until suddenly, in the very middle of

a bar, she started from the music stool and returned to Mrs. Mackillop.

"How? Why? What?" said Mrs. Mackillop. "Why have you broken off? Why don't you finish?"

"It is not in our bond—our bargain," said the Poor Relation. "Mr. Harrowby and myself have not chaffered and haggled over so much for so much. You told me to play for both—your half of my performance I have done to the letter—it is my duty to pay my debts—Mr. Harrowby had no claim upon me. *Rien pour rien.*"

Mr. Harrowby looked for the moment perfectly confounded.

"Perhaps, sir," said the Poor Relation, turning her really fine eyes full upon him—perhaps, sir, you may have lived your so many years in the world without having found out the axle on which the great wheel turns. The world, sir, has a school of its own—Education for the Poor. I have been brought up in that school—you have not; and in it they teach a lesson you have never been called upon to learn. It is the doctrine of compensation—something for something—nothing for nothing. In social life, the duty of the child for the protection of the parent—in commerce, money for goods—in society, courtesy for courtesy—'with pleasure,' for 'if you please.' Had you stretched your politeness so far as to say to me, 'play if you please,' I would have done it by the hour, and thought you had tendered me fair payment; but since you offer me not the coin of courtesy, we have no account between us, and I will not labour for nothing."

"Then you give no credit?" said Mr. Harrowby.

"Ready money only," replied the Poor Relation.

"Will you not open an account with me on the promise of being paid with interest—perhaps a hundred per cent?"

"You—you—you—what do you mean by insulting Mr. Harrowby?" exclaimed Mrs. Mackillop, in great and generous indignation. "Do you think I will allow it—witness it?"

"My dear madam," said Mr. Harrowby, "I deserve Miss Granger's reproof. Suffer me to bear patiently what I have unquestionably provoked."

"Patience!" exclaimed poor Mrs. Mackillop—"patience! I have no patience! It would be ridiculous and mean to have patience with such a—"

"And now, madam," said the Poor Relation, turning her provoking eyes on Mrs. Mackillop, "since there is an old adage which recommends short reckonings for the preservation of long friendships, perhaps it would be advisable for us to balance our accounts—and Mr. Harrowby may audit them."

"Accounts! Do you mean to say that I owe you anything?"

"Courtesy for courtesy—kindness for kindness—love for love. Let me see, how do we stand? Prettily evenly balanced are the items, I do believe. Mrs. Mackillop, through a life of toil and poverty, I have forborne to obtrude myself upon my rich relations, and when your note was put into my hands, in my two-pair back room lodging in Soho, it was as unexpected as it was unsolicited. Nevertheless, fancying that it had sprung from some hidden impulse of latent kindness, I determined upon accepting it. It was not my necessities

which made me do so—I confess it—it was the craving of my heart after something to love—and I fancied that the ties of relationship were not merely nominal. In my convent abroad I was taught accomplishments and industry, and these unitedly have given me pleasure and my daily bread. Still, our hearts are not to be so easily satisfied—mine craved for something more—I had a very hunger and thirst upon me for society and affection, and when your note arrived, I determined to see whether or not it would verify my desires. Mr. Harrowby was witness of my reception—a reception which proved at once that some other incentive than kindness was to be looked for as the motive for my invitation. Truth, however, is a sun that shines through all the murky clouds of hypocrisy, and by the time that that splendid gentleman had reached his meridian to-day, I discovered the fact through all its films. You wish to put upon me the honour of governesship to your children."

Poor Mrs. Mackillop would have been utterly benumbed with confusion if she had not been kept vitalized by rage.

"Well, ma'am, so much for the opening of our accounts; now for the details. Hester Granger debtor to Mrs. Mackillop"—and the Poor Relation counted the fingers of her right hand with her left as she reckoned up the items. "A so-so reception—so much; returned on hand—nothing. *Item*, a dinner of odds and ends—so much. *Item*, no wine—nothing. *Item*, no obliging gentlemen—nothing. *Item*, a cup of coffee from the bottom of the pot—so much. *Item*, a fragment of broken biscuit—so much. *Item*, a garret bedchamber—so much. *Item*, breakfast in the morning, sloppy tea and bread and butter—so much. *Item*, dinner with the children, mutton and batter pudding. All perfectly correct, ma'am, is it not?"

But Mrs. Mackillop had lost the power of utterance.

"Now on the other side"—and the Poor Relation reversed her reckoning, counting the fingers of her left hand with her right—"Mrs. Mackillop debtor to Hester Granger. *Item*, amusing her company like a professional—so much. This morning, seven lessons in German—so much. *Item*, three in Italian—so much. *Item*, a new dancing step—so much. *Item*, two lessons in Italian hand—so much. *Item*, five in French translation—so much. *Item*, two in embroidery—so much. *Item*, three hours in music—so much. *Item*, an hour and forty minutes singing—so much. With various other sundries. Now, Mrs. Mackillop, I beg to know whether you have anything to object to my statement?"

"I was never so treated!" exclaimed Mrs. Mackillop, in an ecstasy of rage and fear in her heart, and of fire and water in her eye—"and that, too, when I was endeavouring to be so disinterestedly kind! But it's an ungrateful world!—an ungrateful world!"

"Not so ungrateful as those people like to believe, ma'am, who over-estimate their own good actions, and, consequently, over-expect their return. And as to your *disinterested kindness* to myself, ma'am, it is because I have ever preserved my independence to the fullest extent throughout a life of privation, and that I will not here be looked upon as a poor dependent, tolerated out of charity, that I thus lay

our mutual accounts before you, with this gentleman, your friend, as an auditor. Are we balanced, madam? Have my services paid for the bread which I have eaten at your table? Have I earned the food of which I have partaken? Are we quits, and am I clear from any debt—even that of gratitude?"

Mrs. Mackillop was troubled with a few hysterical gurgles in the throat, but there not being any medical gentleman present, nobody knows where the matter would have stopped, had not Mr. Harrowby interfered.

"To begin with myself," said Mr. Harrowby, speaking in a soft voice, and trying the efficacy of a smile, "I confess myself a culprit. In the first instance it arose out of misconception, and if I forgot the duties of a gentleman—"

"It was because you thought you were not treating with a lady."

"If our account-sheet were balanced before, you are now in my debt, on the score of that needless piece of severity, the more uncalled-for because I was in an act of submission."

"True," said the Poor Relation—"I admit it. I shall now, in my turn, have to submit to some small-sized piece of insult or injury."

"In my debt still deeper, for supposing that I could begin my repentance by sinning again. But now, do you know, that I think you have overlooked a great—the greatest—heart-pleasure and benefit that both myself and Mrs. Mackillop offered to your acceptance."

"I confess myself puzzled to find it out," said the Poor Relation.

"The exercise of your own generosity," said Mr. Harrowby. "The commercial spirit in which you have opened your accounts has certainly precluded that all-giving and all-forgiving liberality which we offered you the opportunity of displaying."

The Poor Relation lifted up her rich large eyes to Mr. Harrowby's face.

"You may have been just—ought you not to have been generous?" said Mr. Harrowby, glancing at Mrs. Mackillop.

"O, mamma," said Rachel, "we have been so happy all the day, and cousin Hester has been so kind; and here I have brought you a petition, signed by every one of us, little Wilford's cross at the bottom of all, to be allowed to spend the evening with you and cousin Hester in the drawingroom, and they are all waiting at the door for your answer. O mamma—O cousin Hester, that this should happen!"

"Dear girl," said the Poor Relation, a rush of feeling in her face—"dear girl, that one connecting word '*cousin*' seems to bind me to you with links that I could not break if I would. Mrs. Mackillop, I will try to act a generous part. I had intended this evening visit to be my farewell one, but at this moment I feel that I owe you a debt of gratitude that I do not desire to cancel. You have called me into the midst of my relations; I needed something to love, and this day's unrestricted intercourse with your children has made me love them, and they love me. Mrs. Mackillop, I not only offer you my hand, but I am willing to remain here for some short time, even on your own terms. I will instruct your children in whatever accomplishments I may possess, but I will have neither stipend nor the name of a sti-

pendiary, and I will not be treated as if I were only to be endured on charitable sufferance. If you do not aggress, I will not retort, and on these terms you need not dread my mingling among your friends. And now, madam, is it a bargain?"

Mrs. Mackillop was too good a judge not to close with the offer; whereupon Rachel kissed first one, and then the other, and the children were all admitted, and came rushing in, and the Poor Relation got into marvellous good spirits, and she sang, and played, and told riddles, and acted charades; and certainly never did the drawingroom of Swan Vale ring to more merry laughter, Squire Harrowby the while making quite as good a child as the best of them. And so ended the Poor Relation's second evening in Swan Vale.

---

Well, now for a skip and a jump in this our veritable history. Three months passed away, during which the Poor Relation behaved herself uncommonly well in some respects, and uncommonly ill in others. She taught the children French, and German, and Italian, neat as imported; dancing according to Taglioni; singing by the volume; music by the score; writing at their fingers' ends; walking by art, and talking by nature; besides exercises, and drillings, and stitches, and various other innumerables: and, in addition to all this, the house had never been so happy since it was a house, nor the children since they had been children. The Poor Relation's habits of ardent industry made her keep her little cousins constantly employed; and occupation being seasoned with cheerfulness, fretfulness and weariness were exploded nuisances. Now, all this was very delightful. Instead of quarrellings, and cabals, and complaints, the house was a musical repository of harmony, the notes of which often pealed out in merry laughter. All this was very well on the good side; but then, on the bad, the Poor Relation was as tyrannical as ever. She would not be dictated to, she would not be controlled, she would not be excluded, let who would be there—no, not even if Mrs. Mackillop chanced to have titled visitors; and if that lady manifested any disposition to insinuate, to inuendo, to manœuvre, to manage, to intimate anything against the supposable dignity of her high mightiness the Poor Relation, the effect was an instant ignition of her gunpowder temperament, and an explosion that threatened dislocation to that much injured matron's nerves and sensibilities. And then it was infinitely provoking, but, no matter who might be there, or on what occasion, the Poor Relation not only persisted in making her appearance, but persisted in making it in her everlasting, vulgar, rusty, workhouse-like coarse stuff dress, perfectly despising and refusing to touch two or three not very long gone-by dresses which Mrs. Mackillop endeavoured to force upon her acceptance, just for the sake of making her decently presentable. But no. The Poor Relation would have still worn her coarse, abominable, rusty, fusty, vulgar black stuff, even if Queen Victoria had been coming to Swan Vale.

However, chemistry, with all its triumphs, not having yet invented a process for washing the blackmoor white, or for bleaching out the

leopard's spots, Mrs. Mackillop still preserved her own nature, such as it was, and the Poor Relation hers—such as it was.

Perhaps, however, the largest importations of oil poured over the waves of Mrs. Mackillop's temper came packed up in Mr. Harrowby's visits. This gentleman was getting thoroughly domesticated at Swan Vale, although, much to the lady mistress's annoyance, the Poor Relation did every now and then break out upon him with some gush of abominable rudeness that must have made her perfectly odious in the sight of a gentleman who was used to universal deference and submission, from his great country influence and extensive landed property, and therefore it was the more marvellous that he should endure the ratings of so obscure a personage as the Poor Relation; but, as few misfortunes in life are so bad as they might be, even this annoyance was susceptible of some alleviation, for it proved that Mr. Harrowby had a strong motive for persisting in his visits, and Mrs. Mackillop had no particular objection to his disliking the Poor Relation as much as ever he pleased.

But the motive? ah, the sugar-plum to Mrs. Mackillop was the growing certainty that Mr. Harrowby must, would, and should, make his proposals in form for her pretty Rachel very soon indeed, and in the meantime she was honey, milk, and sugar, of the most refined and very best quality.

---

"I know not," said Mr. Harrowby to the Poor Relation, "whether you have most provoked or charmed me into my existing feelings, but I do know that they are such as to make my life very miserable if not spent with you."

"How delightful!" said the Poor Relation.

"Delightful?"

"Yes; the happiest compliment you can offer a lady is to be very miserable on her account."

"Provoking!" said Mr. Harrowby. "But now condescend to tell me whether my constant endeavours to make myself agreeable to you have or have not been wholly unsuccessful?"

"To begin with the beginning?" said the Poor Relation.

"No, no, forget the beginning."

"Well, since that you have submitted to contradiction with a tolerably good grace; but then, you know, as I am but a poor governess, you could not have been admitted under the rule of my rod on any other terms."

"Psha!" said Mr. Harrowby. "I cannot endure to hear you place yourself in an inferior light. Permit me only to take you out of this equivocal position."

"Ay," said the Poor Relation, "it would sound well to read in the papers the great name of Squire Harrowby of Harrowby Hall, &c. &c. coupled with that of poor Hester Granger, the unpaid Governess of Swan Vale. How liketh your pride *that*, Mr. Harrowby?"

"Hester!" said Mr. Harrowby earnestly, "I know not whether it be generous or ungenerous in you thus to try me. Will you not think

more highly of my preference for yourself when I own that I have no preference for the position in which you are placed. It is not that I overlook disadvantages, but they are overborne by a stronger feeling."

"Well," said the Poor Relation, "I honour your candour; and, in truth, had you said otherwise, I could hardly have had the same trust in your sincerity. If I strike you hard with the rod of my governessship, it is because I would not have you walk in your sleep, and awaken yourself by a fall."

"My affection for you is an engrossing and an exclusive feeling."

"Well, I am governess still; so stand before me, *proud* Mr. Harrowby, and answer me a few questions out of the catechism of Useful Knowledge."

"Do forget this governesship, and question me as you please!"

"I will neither forget it myself, nor suffer you to do so. Could you bear to have it said that you, with your William the Conqueror pedigree, and your William the Conqueror estates,—you, Squire Harrowby of Harrowby Hall, of the village of Harrowby, settled there from the Conquest, with your helmeted ancestors lying with *couchant* lions for their foot-cushions, and your mighty emblazonry of heraldic honours encrusted over your very church-pew, to say nothing of crests being dotted over everything that you touch, and your servants speckled over with crested buttons like a daisied mead,—could you bear to hear it said that you had married a Poor Relation of dear, delightful Mrs. Mackillop?"

"I could bear it."

"Could you bear to hear the gossips of the neighbourhood tell how that once upon a time the lady of Harrowby came down from her dismal lodging in a back two-pair of Soho, all be-dusted and ignoble, on the outside of a stage-coach, on a visit of sufferance to her great relation Mrs. Mackillop, and how she alighted from her lofty position with all her boas and bags and baggage, and how Squire Harrowby, coming up at the same moment, very nearly ran over her, and how nobody thought anything of her, and yet, most wonderful! how out of all this dust and dowdiness and degradation, Squire Harrowby came to make her the lady of Harrowby Hall. Would you bear this? Answer, sir."

"I would bear it."

"What, sir, is your spirit so lowly that you would have it said that you had married a poor embroidery girl, who had worked for her daily bread?"

"Hester!" said Mr. Harrowby warmly, "it seems to me that you know but little of the nature of true affection, or you would have *felt* that all the other passions of our nature, pride, ambition, all the forms of selfishness, disguised as they may be, *must* sink before its all-engrossing power. You do not feel that true affection is dominant in our nature."

"Is it because *I do not feel!*" said the Poor Relation. "May it not rather be because I feel too much?" and as she spoke, the *woman* triumphing over every other characteristic, she covered a face flushed with emotion with her hands.

"My Hester, be wholly generous!" said Mr. Harrowby.

"Not here—not now," said the Poor Relation, trembling with emotion. "Not here—not now, will I suffer you wholly to commit yourself, or bind you with even the shadow of a shade! I have already lingered here longer than I had intended—perhaps unknowingly on your account—but I could never long brook a life of apparent humiliation, and neither does it consist with my peace to be always exerting my independence. I will return to my two-pair-of-stairs at Soho. If you like to visit me at my embroidery-frame, to see me in the actual condition in which I have passed the last two years, and which I have preferred to pampering luxurious idleness, you may come; and if there you persevere in these generous intentions——"

---

Ah, poor Mrs. Mackillop! never was woman so ill-used—so injured—so basely, abominably outraged, insulted, and trampled upon. Never was the unsuspecting confidence of her own generous and guileless heart so wantonly, so wickedly, so treacherously violated! That Poor Relation! that *creature!* that worthless, poor, penniless pauper! that ungrateful, plotting, caballing, insinuating, traitorous, vile, worthless thing! And then her injured Rachel! How could her maternal bosom endure the anguish of beholding her blighted feelings, her wounded heart! And that idiot Mr. Harrowby! that dupe! and that innocent sufferer herself!—but she would turn the vile creature out of her house at once! that she would!

But the vile creature was already gone.

Never was there such a chorus of crying as in the school-room of Swan Vale, never such a long succession of violent hysterics in the drawingroom. The place was a perfect Bedlam.

---

Dear reader, there standeth a dark, gloomy-looking house in Soho, on which the sun now and then sheds a sickly smile; but seldom as these smiles lighten without, smiles are still rarer within. Many a window has been blocked up to escape the duty on light, and consequently the article is almost contraband in the interior. It was on an autumn evening, and there was something sorrowful in the sighings and moanings of the wind as it breathed through the spacious chimneys. The chamber, too, was that identical two-pair-of-stairs back-room which the Poor Relation had so often spoken of as her home; and the fading light that faintly glimmered over the casement showed a perfect forest of chimney-tops beyond, rising in successive alps around. If all was comfortless without, so too was all joyless within. The garniture of that narrow chamber boasted not a single article of luxury. By the casement stood the embroidery-frame; but neither fairy fingers nor fingers made of the common materials were webbing and weaving tangled rainbows through the fabric. And yet the Poor Relation was there, sitting with her face buried in her clasped hands, the large and bitter tears trickling through her fingers, and sobs of condensed bitterness breaking through her closed lips.

Well, we suppose that sorrow must have safety valves of some sort

or another, or else hearts made of such frail materials as ours would certainly break. If we have nobody else to sympathise with us, why we must sympathise with ourselves; so on this principle the Poor Relation began to make herself her own confidant.

"So ends this dream," said the Poor Relation to herself, "this delusion, this infatuation! And how could I expect it to be otherwise? Have I not been nurtured in poverty, and is not poverty a leprosy which all men shun? Why did I make this experiment? I was happier before I dared to hope that I might be loved for my own sake. *Then* to acquire some accomplishment was a relaxation from toil: then a book was my friend, music my consoler, and with these to fly to, I cared little for eating the bread of daily toil. But I wanted something to love!—had I possessed a parent, a brother, a sister,—oh, what happiness! how I should have doted! But no! when had I ever anything to love? How often have I said 'riches would buy me many friends,' but could I ever, ever know that I was loved for my own sake? And then when I snatched at that introduction into the circle of my own relations, hoping to find some one amongst them who could overlook my poverty, and love me for my own sake through all its humiliations, and *he* presented himself—the very being I would have chosen from the world—surely the joy intoxicated my very spirit. But he comes not!—he comes not! Ah, hope deferred doth indeed sicken the soul! He repents his preference! he sees my position in its just light! He shrinks from associating himself with my degradation! He recovers his senses, but I—I shall lose mine!"

Just when the Poor Relation had arrived at this most sane conclusion, she heard a tap at the door, and not being either in voice or inclination to cry "Come in," trusted that the intruder would depart, instead of which the door was gently opened, and Mr. Harrowby himself entered.

It is really wonderful how much hypocrisy the most moral of the sex can put into instant requisition. It took not a moment to dash away the tear, to gulp down the sob, and then the Poor Relation broke out in a voice of light hilarity, as though she and Care were utter strangers.

"Well, really I have been amusing myself with thinking of you. Let me welcome you to my princely chamber. Look around you, Squire Harrowby, and tell me if you have a closet in Harrowby Hall that can vie with my costly bower. Look around, and see if my magnificent adornments do not mock your home."

"You mock me, Hester," said Mr. Harrowby. "At this moment can you suppose that I see anything but yourself?"

"Look on me then," said the Poor Relation, "look on me! See me as I am! Tear from your eyes the mists of a blinding preference. Look at me, a poor isolated woman. See! I have no beauty to charm your eye, I have no connexions to do you honour—these hands have hitherto earned their daily bread—the world may say that you have degraded yourself. You hear that I am abrupt of speech, uncompromising—as you yourself told me, ungenerous! Are you not on the brink of a precipice? Stand back! stand back!"

"Compose yourself, I beseech you. Trust to my affection. Dear girl, be calm."

"And you retain your intention?"

"Most faithfully. Most firmly."

"For your honour's sake?"

"For my heart's sake."

"And under all the host of disadvantages which surround me—think! *think ere it be too late*—you still—you still——"

"Desire nothing in this world so much as this,"—and Mr. Harrowby took her hand—"Is it not mine?"

"Most generous of human beings!" exclaimed the Poor Relation.

And then—and so—and so—and then—and so forth.

We dare say our readers thought that they knew long enough ago how it would all end. If there had been a secret, however, we could have kept it.

---

## IRISH SONG.

### THE BRIDAL OF DERMOT AND KATHLEEN.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

DARTHULA SUL-ALLIN! ma gra bawn colleen!
The last glow of crimson now flushes the west;
O'er the lake's stilly waters, the wild birds are seen
Flitting back to Dunlora's green coverts of rest.
Oh! come, my Darthula! why tarry so long?
The old castle rings with the dance and the song;
From goblets of gold the mil-fion* they pour,
And drink to young Kathleen and Dermot Astore.

Darthula Sul-allin! thy Carolan waits,
Come away to the bridal of Dermot Astore;
The brave prince of Coolarin opens his gates
To the feast and the dance, as in bright days of yore.
Their partings are over, the lovers are met,—
In the joy of that meeting all grief they forget;
The bridegroom in splendour has deck'd the gay hall,
And the bride in her beauty looks brighter than all.

Darthula Sul-allin! no longer delay!
The gentle caora's† at rest on the flow'rs,
The sweet rossin-cèol‡ is trilling his lay,
And the bridal bells ringing—ah! would they were ours!
Haste, haste, my Darthula! why tarry so long?
The old castle rings with the dance and the song;
From goblets of gold the mil-fion they pour,
And drink to young Kathleen and Dermot Astore.

* The Mil-fion, the ancient honey-wine, was the common beverage of the Irish at their banquettings, as appears in the life of Saint Berach.

† Caora, a sheep.

‡ Rossin-cèol, in the Iberno-Celtic, means nightingale.

## THE DAMOSEL'S TALE.[1]

### CHAPTER XIV.

**A wedding—though little joy therewith—The damosel changes dwelling and fortune—The fair squire's return.**

"GILLE," said the damosel Avis, when she had slowly and painfully opened her heavy eyes next morning, "pray thee, what time o'day is it?"

"Prime, and one hour more, dearest lady. How fare you after your night's rest?" answered the faithful maiden, who still sat beside her.

"How fare I? Why, truly, as to my health, well enow; but methinks I have had but ill dreams to-night. It seemed to me that my cousin Bradeston came to warn me of her bridal; but, in place of such joyous talk as fitted the time, she gave me nought but bitter and cruel taunts and speeches; and worse, Gille, yet worse by far—howbeit, of that I dare not speak even to thee, lest the telling should even bring it to pass. But wherefore dost thou shake thy head, and look thus piteously upon me? Of all loves, what hath befallen?"

"Alas and well-a-day, dearest lady!" said Gillian, in a low voice, "it hath not been wholly a dream."

May Avis sat upright in her bed, and looked around her.

"I remember me of it all now," she said, with a deep sigh. "What is doing below, Gillian? By the hour, there should have been stir enough in the house by this time."

"They are gone!—all clean gone and away these three hours, sweet lady Avis!—knight and lady, squire and page, horse and mail!"

"Our lady be thanked! then the bridal is over. And my lord prior, Gillian?"

"My lord hath left you his benison, and will ride over without fail at eventide, to know of your health, dearest lady."

"Yea, did he say thus? It was graciously spoken, in any wise. You saw my lord, then, Gille? And what else befel? Seemed he as if well pleased with their hard and tyrannous usage of me?"

"Surely, my dear lady, I saw my lord but for a moment's space, when all they of the household were commanded into the hall after the spousal; but, to my deem, his aspect looked as if any other cause had brought him, rather than love or liking toward the knight or his lady, though he is ever too noble a gentleman to bear him discourteously to any."

"Thou sayest aright," said the damosel, again sighing heavily; "such behaviour had but ill beseemed him, and nought advantaged me. Wellaway! this is Monday, Gillian, as I think?"

"Yea, surely is it, dear lady."

"And after that comes Tuesday—please God, by the end of to-

[1] Continued from vol. xxxvi. p. 303.

morrow night we shall see the end of all this work! Pray thee, Gille, put aside the curtain, and let me see the bright sun and blue sky. Methinks, whenever I look on them, I seem not so utterly forlorn; and, God wot, I have need of some hopeful thought at this time."

Gillian did as she was bidden, though sorely grieving to see, by the stronger light, the pale cheeks and hollow eyes of the maiden, who quickly read her sorrow in her countenance.

"Nay, dear Gille," she said, striving to smile, though in piteous wise, it is little now that ails me in body, thanks to thy medicine and the long deep slumber it brought; a little rest and quiet about the house, and good speed to-morrow, and all shall be well again. But, holy Peter, Gille, how hath my aunt ended matters with—the Lady de Hacquingay, as I suppose she is now called? Certes, there is no creature on earth so meek, unless it were thyself, as patiently to endure such message."

"Of a truth, mine own dear lady, you have much to hear on that, as on other matters; but need is, afore all, that you take some food. Remember you, that neither meat nor drink hath passed your lips since sunset, and little enow in many days before."

"Nay, then will I arise, and get me down to the small chamber that overhangs the garden," said the damosel—"that is, if I am yet free to use the house, Gillian?"

"Surely, dear lady—God and my lord prior forbid else!" answered Gillian; and straightway arraying the damosel, she led her to her own pleasant summer parlour, and hastened to set before her all the dainty cheer she could think of; but May Avis would taste nought save some fresh fruits and milk.

"And now, good Gille," she said, "tell me whilst I dine what hath fallen out since yesternight—and above all would I hear how my fair aunt hath sped with Madame Eglantine."

"Surely, then, dear lady, it were hard to judge which of them hath got the better, though the strife hath been both fierce and hot, as you shall hear anon. So soon as you were fallen asleep last night, I did your bidding to Madam Pauncefort, who truly made such show of anger thereupon as should little have been dreamed of by any of us. And therewith she gat herself, in much haste and heat, to the chamber of Madam Eglantine, where, by the noise and outcry as I passed by, it should seem there was high and angry debate between them. But dreading lest the din might awaken you, lady, whose health touched me more nearly, I made all speed hitherward; and in short space the sounds died away, little by little, until the whole house seemed to be stilled and quiet for the night. What further happened then, or at early morning, I know not, save that, by the space of an hour after dawn, there was clapping of doors, and clamours of voices, and hurrying of folk to and fro, and then all was suddenly hushed, whereby I guessed that they were one and all in the chapel; but I myself stepped not over the doorway of your chamber; until, when I could know by the sun that it was half way prime, there came one from my lord prior to bid me down to the hall, with the rest of the household; whereupon I did as I was commanded in all haste, tarrying but to make fast the chamber door, and take with me the key.

When I came into the hall, behold! the tables were already set, and the folk round them eating and drinking—the squires and yeomanry of the stranger knight being all seated at the one, and my lord's people, of whom there were many, at the other, also by themselves—and at the high table, on the dais, sat my lord himself, as benign of countenance as is his wont, but truly with such mien of dignity and stateliness as I never saw in him until now—with the newly-wedded knight below him, in gay and costly attire, that only made him look yet more fierce and grimly. Over against them were his reverence the sub-prior, in cope and rochet, as of a holiday tide, together with my lord almoner; and on the right of my lord prior was my lady Eglantine, arrayed after the manner of a bride, in white and silver cloth of Tarse, with a band of rich jewels on her head, wherefrom hung a veil of silk and silver—so fair of face, and gaudily attired withal, that out of doubt, but to speak of her high beauty, she had been worthy to be lady to the best lord in England."

"My certes, Gillian," said May Avis, "she must have been in very deed a sight to delight the eyes of all; and methinks I could have well liked to gaze on her myself, maugre her despiteful usage of me. But my aunt, sweet Gille—how fared she in the midst of all this blithe bridal?"

"In sooth, dear lady, when I pereeived that Madam Joyce was not in the company of the gentles on the dais, and called to mind her sore distemperature of the overnight, I deemed that she had fallen sick; but before I could inquire of those of our household, who were all standing on row at one side of the hall, my lord prior commanded us to draw nigh the foot of the dais; when he told us, in few words, that the mastery over Manor Place and lands being about to pass to the worshipful knight Sir Lancilot de Hacquingay, there in presence, our services should be no longer needed by our own lady, on whose behalf he gave us free licence—with many gracious recommendations, and assurance of fair recompence for all our pains—either to depart the house within the space of two days from the present, or enter at our choice into the household of my lord Sir Lancilot, who should be well content with our service and obedience."

"Pray holy Mary they have mostly followed this last counsel!" said the maiden; "for it should much comfort me, Gillian, to think that my adversity had caused the mishap of as few as might be."

"Truly, then, dearest lady Avis, they have all accorded with the knight's proffer—all save myself and one other."

"Why, who else, dear Gillian? Surely it cannot be thy mother?"

"Out and alas, no, my dear lady! In very deed, she hath taken so vehement a fantasy touching this knight, who affirmeth himself to be of the same blood and lineage with Sir Thomas that is gone, that she holds her not less bound to his service than if her ancient lords were come again."

For very shame, Gillian durst not tell her lady that the old shrew Muriel had been sitting feasting at the board, with the squires and yeomen of Sir Lancilot, from the very first, without so much as tarrying my lord prior's leave to change her service.

"Nay, I looked for no other at her hand, good Gille; for, certes,

the dame never feigned aught of love or reverence, but plainly showed how greatly she begrudged me the place of that noble knight—which, truly, I had desired as little to hold as she to grant it me, if I had but known all that hath since been revealed to me. And, by my fay, I may not complain of her churlishness to myself, seeing she hath alway lacked natural love to thee, dear Gillian, meek and dutiful as thou hast ever been to her. But who, then, beside thee, hath said nay to the new lord's proffer, for my small wit is wholly now at fault?"

"A wight, lady, who I had well deemed would have held by ale-cup and trencher so long as he had leave to tarry—not to speak of the friendship he hath alway vaunted toward our dame—the old man Gauchet."

"St. Peter! Why, what cause assigned he for this choice?"

"Some reason he was about to offer, though what it matters little, since the old pikard cares not to speak his real thought on any business; but scantly had he begun, ere there was a noise of one running like mad toward the hall; and therewith in came Madame Pauncefort, her clothing all smirched and torn, and with the look of one distraught, crying out for help and justice from my lord prior as lustily as if she had twenty tongues."

"Ben'cite, how looked the bride thereupon?—for now do I vow to the peacock this had been all along of some of her devices!"

"In good sooth, the bride looked with full pale face at sight of her; but she waxed paler far afterward, when Madam Joyce told, in presence of all, (for my lord himself bade her speak out, in the fear that some harm had befallen you, lady,) how she had been trained out to the courtyard at early morning by Madam Eglantine's damosel, with some cunning tale, and then suddenly thrust by her—with Jankin and the page to aid—into an outer office, the door whereof they made fast upon her; from which durance she had only 'scaped, since she was out of hearing of any living wight, by climbing, with peril of her life, out by a hole in the roof—the cause of such outrage being, that, in anger at the thankless insolence of her niece the overnight, she had threatened to reveal somewhat that should haply mar her marriage. But here my lord prior courteously prayed her to cease, and come and take her place with them at the meat-board, whilst the lady Eglantine cried to put her forth of the hall altogether, as one beside herself; when suddenly the new married knight, who had sat the while as he were pondering the meaning of Madam Pauncefort's words, rose up, and spurning away his seat, swore all manner of fearful oaths that he would never stir from that place until he had heard the uttermost of the matter. Whereupon Madam Joyce, without further importuning, straightway began to relate, in her wrath, such things touching the new lady Hacquingay, and her behaviour in the house of the great lady formerly her mistress, as might well have moved the choler of the meekest man, who was within an hour become her husband—which things, since haply the most part may be untrue, and spoken but in heat of ill-blood, needs not as at this time to relate to you, my lady dear. Yea, and it seemed as if she would have gone on until curfew bell without stopping, despite my lord prior himself, who now prayed her to cease, and let be what was past and gone, but that the

lady Eglantine all at once, with a piercing shriek, fell back as in a swoon, and was forced to be borne into the chamber hard by, which causing much noise and confusion, and some running one way, some another, in the end Madam Pauncefort was thrust back of the press. And so soon as the sick lady was somewhat recovered from her faint, she sent in all haste to pray the company of the knight her spouse, as also of my lord prior; but Sir Lancilot would neither go nor see her, and stamped and roared like a madman, swearing he would take horse and set forth to Bedfordshire all alone. Nor was it until my lord had vouchsafed to pass more than once or twice between them, with many arguments and reasonings on her behalf, that the knight at last gave consent to her going—though even then he would neither speak, nor so much as look toward her; but the whole having quickly made them ready for the journey, the lady Hacquingay was helped to her saddle by her yeoman Jankin, and one and all forthwith went on their way, God and our lady be praised therefore!'

"Yea, thanks to both in very deed!" said the damosel, "though, by my fay, I cannot choose but pity her, for the life she shall lead upon this with yonder rude, evil knight—unless, in sooth, she can cunningly persuade him, as out of doubt she will essay it, that all he heard from my fair aunt hath been but dreams and fables. And how looked she, Gillian, when she saw them depart in this guise?"

"By good hap Madam Joyce knew not thereof until they were gone, my lord having commanded her to tarry his pleasure in this very chamber, so that she might neither see nor hear aught of their hasty setting forth. But straightway thereupon he himself came hither, and held private talk with her by the space of an hour or more; after which he also mounted and rode away, bidding me say his message to you, dear lady, and pray you from him to take good heart, and hope for a speedy ending to all this annoy."

"Amen, Gille, and bring it to pass!—methinks that better times are come already, in this blessed quiet and stillness in the house—of which I am so blithe, that soothly I shall desire you to keep my fair aunt and all others from me to-day, that I may be the fitter to wait on my lord in the evening."

Verily Gillian found this no hard task; those of the house having little will to show kindness where their service was no longer owing; and Madam Pauncefort, who might gladly have brought to the one niece her complaints against the other, being withheld from troubling her by the strict commands of the Lord Gilbert.

That noble prelate came again toward the eventide, as he had said; but in place of ordering the maiden to attend on him below, as was his wont, he bade Gillian lead him at once to the parlour where she sat, as if he designed, by such condescension, to make her amends for the discourtesies of others.

"Think not, my poor child," he said, "that I had forgotten thee and thy wrong, even for a moment, in that I have shown some favour and honour towards this rude knight in the matter of his marriage; since verily, but for thine own sake, I had not come this day one step over the threshold of my cell. But in faith, maiden, they who find might against them in a just cause, must thrive as they best may, by

help of fair persuasions and a gracious behaviour—a saying hard to be credited at thy age, which deems of truth as alway sufficient to the mastery, without other aid. Yet so it is that I, who on my bargaining with this man on thy behalf, could obtain nothing from his compassion for thy despoiled estate, nor yet from his honesty as touching the repayment of thy sire's gold, was glad to get that which I sought, at the last from his folly, in desiring to be held in the eyes of all men for the rightful heir of those noble gentlemen whose fiefs he hath gotten into his possession. Wherefore, finding that he was earnestly bent to obtain my presence and countenance at his bridal, as deeming that both by reason of my own place and my alliance with the Mourtrays, it should much avail in these parts to his credit—by my troth, damosel, I was not slow to grant him this small boon, and to gain for thee, as I have done, in recompence thereof, the lodge, where now dwelleth Reeve Bernard, with the farm thereunto adjoining; in full possession of which I have seen thee duly feoffed by script and bond, or ever I would say the benison over the knight and his gay lady this morning—a new proof, if old experience were wanting, that men will oft accord that to an idle fantasy, which they have denied to right and reason.

"For the rest, my child, as thou already knowest, both house and lands must be rendered up, and somewhat more suddenly than I, in sooth, had looked for; since this Sir Lance, finding his hand the stronger in this matter, had begun, as now appears, to move his plea against us in the law courts, even before his coming hither. To which suit, since neither cost nor labour should avail, save only to delay the issue, I have offered no counterplea; but assented to give him peaceable entrance by the vigil of Saint Peter, an eight days hence. And now, maiden, hear what I have concluded upon, as touching the place and manner of thy living in time to come. The house that is left to thee, though less spacious and goodly by far than this of Malthorpe, is yet a strong and convenient dwelling, and the site thereof both fair and pleasant. There shalt thou make thine abode for a space, with thy true and faithful Gillian, and a yeoman to thine attendance. Also that stout-hearted Englishman, Bernard the Reeve, whose worth I have long and fully proved, shall still dwell on in the house for thy greater security in these perilous and evil times, until I can make for thee some better disposition, as truly I have good hope to do ere long. My people are now busied in furnishing the chambers, and setting all things in order against to-morrow's even; at which time, God willing, thou shalt remove thither, and out of a house where thou art now held for an alien and a stranger. Further, damosel—since at thy years, and in thine estate, it were unseemly to dwell without some woman of discreet age for company and countenance, I purpose yet awhile to continue to thee the fellowship of thy kinswoman, Dame Joyce; albeit, Avisa—with sorrow, as well as shame for my own misjudging, must I bid thee beware how thou followest her counsel in weightier matters; for truly, the kind of wisdom that she knoweth alone to teach thee, is not such as beseemeth an upright, truth-loving maiden to learn.

"Lastly, my child, I would speak to thee of that young squire, whose time of banishment from thy presence shall be ended with the

morrow. Verily, he shall be mine own guest at the cell, for as long as his tarriance may pleasure or profit you both—it being against the usage for him to make abode under thy roof. Of his coming I little doubt—seeing I hold a pledge for him in his yeoman, still in my ward, who I well believe he would not lightly adventure to anger."

May Avis, at these last words, looked quickly up, astonished that her lord should count on Piers Bradestone's coming for any other sake than hers; and she fancied she read in his face a deep and earnest compassion; but ere she could shape out an answer that might help her to discover his meaning without presumptuous questioning, he, having ended his discourse, rose up, and took his leave of her.

A sorrowful and weary task had May Avis and her faithful Gillian, for the next night and day—the last, in sorting and making ready all things for their departing, and the first in visiting, with many a tear and sigh, all the old places she had been wont to haunt from infancy, in the fellowship of John Ashtoft; whose gentle, kindly image, and the hard measure she had dealt out to him, now arose so freshly and sadly to her remembrance, that she wept thereat even more bitterly than at parting from her ancient home. Yet amidst all her mournful musings, the time went by so swiftly, that ere she was aware the evening was drawing on, Gauchet came in search of her, with news that my lord prior himself had that instant lighted down at the door, and bade array her palfreys without delay.

In short space both beasts and riders were made ready for the journey, which was verily little more than an arrowflight from the Manor Place; but it was the Lord Gilbert's pleasure that the damosel should set forth thus attended, to do her honour in the sight of the folk about them. Wherefore, when they were to depart, that noble lord himself taking her by the hand, led her in grave and solemn wise to the door-porch, where the household were all marshalled to show him reverence, dame Muriel in the front, waiting to proffer the stirrup-cup, with as hardy and assured a countenance as formerly. But he only inclined his head after a stately manner, as they louted low on either hand; and waving back the dame as she would have stepped forward, he quickly gained the back of his courser, whilst his ancient squire Gerveis courteously lifted May Avis to the saddle of her gennet.

"May it please your high lordship of your goodness to grant me a grace at this time?" said old Gauchet, making his humblest obeisance at the stirrup of the Lord Gilbert.

"Say on boldly, friend!" answered that gracious prelate; "if I err not, thou hast a service to seek."

"Truly, my lord," said Gauchet, "I am over well content with my present one, to desire such quest, and would therefore humbly crave of your gracious lordship that I may still abide in the service of my young lady."

"That shalt thou freely, by my fay, and fare never the worse for thy stedfastness, old man," answered the Lord Gilbert. "Hie thee over to the lodge betimes in the morning, and Bernard shall put thee anon into thine office. Here is wherewith to purvey thee night lodging in the meantime."

"Grandmercy, my lord! God send your gracious lordship all joy

and prosperity!" shouted the old pikard, above the rattle of the horses' hoofs; and forthwith turned back towards the house, with design to make his mails, and take a parting cup, if he could haply steal to the spance, unperceived of dame Muriel. But time for this was not accorded him—since no sooner had the hindmost of the lord prior's train passed out at the court gate, than the old wife, whose wrath had been inflamed to the highest by the Lord Gilbert's public refusal of her courtesies, suddenly confronted him in the doorway, as he would have entered, with furious voice and mien, crying out, "Avoid, traitor! begone, false Judas!—dissembler! liar! to the devil with thee, without more!"

---

## CAVALIER WAR SONG.

Charge, Cavaliers, right merrily,
Down with the roundhead carles;
Set on, and this our watchword be,
"Our country and King Charles."

Set on, set on, and hand to hand,
The Ironsides shall feel
The might of our contemnèd,
The foemen's vengeful steel.

Lo there, the slayer of your king,
Subverter of your laws,
While through the forming columns ring,
We strike in Heaven's own cause.

Soon shall the canting slaves be taught,
Another strain to sing,
When this day's glorious strife is fought,
Our Country and our King.

Thos. D'Oyly.

*Mickleham.*

---

# THE DAUGHTERS OF KING DAHIR.

## A ROMANCE OF HISTORY.*

BY MRS. POSTANS.

In the beautiful land of Syria, on the pleasant plain of rich Damascus, all was mirth and beauty. The mountains of Lebanon, capped with snow, blushed under the sunset ray; the lovely range of Hermon, with its picturesque and varied forms, towered in the distance; the silvery waters of the Orontes meandered through the rich olive groves, or played in sparkling fountains among the dark and glossy foliage; while the immediate plain was crowded with festive groups of many nations—Jews and Christians, Greeks and Armenians, Syrians and Egyptians—some progressing on splendid Arabian horses or richly caparisoned mules towards the city, and others reposing for a while on the pleasant banks of the glittering Pharphar. That was indeed a bright spot of earth on which stood the gorgeous city of the Seven Gates, and he who looked upon it could well imagine why the great Prophet of the Moslems ever turned with a sigh from the fair valley of Damascus, lest it should tempt him with an earthly Paradise; for, even in its natural features, no scene could compare with it in loveliness, and now, as a festive and joyous people reposed by its fountains, or revelled in its shades, none could have so charmed the eye with the full perfection of oriental beauty.

It was from the great fair of Abyla that these groups were now returning to the city, and few there were to cavil at the indolence and luxury of the great Khalif, whose love of pleasure thus shed its influences over the enjoyments of his people.

The Khalif Wallid was young, handsome, and powerful. He owed his fabulous descent to the Chosroes of Persia, the Cæsars of Rome, the Chagans of the Turks; his generals and armies were unrivalled and triumphant, while his own luxury and taste added refinement to the indulgences of passion, and magnificence to his conquests. The banners of Islam floated over the Christian church and the Pagan temple, the standard of Mahomed had become the scourge of infidels, and the Arab warriors, waving the crescent over their fallen fanes, preached the creed of the Prophet upon the blood-stained battle-field. Spain and the rich territories of Trans-Osiana fell before the victorious generals of the great Wallid, and while all this was acted afar, under the command of his brave Lieutenant Catibah, the Khalif, lapped in

* The facts on which the following romance is framed are to be found in the early Persian histories of Sindh, and describe the Mohamedan conquest of that country, and the taking of its celebrated Hindu capital Alōr, by the Khalif Wallid, in the year of the Hegira 92, A.D. 710.

The site of the ancient city is to be found at a distance of about six miles from Sukkur, in Upper Sindh, but a few crumbling remnants of Mohamedan edifices, (principally of mosques and musjids,) with a bridge over the now dry channel of the Indus, said to have been built some seven hundred years since by a Moslem governor of Alor, is all that now remains of its ancient magnificence.—M. P.

the luxurious indulgence allowed him by his religion, remained inactive in his splendid palace of Damascus, surrounded by the rich spoils of unknown nations, red gold and sparkling gems, fine arms and silken robes, with countless treasures, plundered from the infidel countries of the East.

But now, surrounded as he was with all the power of the Ommiadic Khalifate, and the richness and beauty of his seat of government—blessed as he was with his noble wife, the daughter of the great Firuz, and proud, as he well might be, of his handsome son, young Hezid, the Khalif Wallid paced his marble halls, and his haughty brow was clouded with ungovernable rage. It was seldom that such a mood oppressed the prince, seldom that his fair slave-girls and his bands of rare musicians were banished from his presence, and alarm consequently awaited on the change. His Arab guards shrunk back with fear, his minister, the wise Bin Yusuf, watched in silent dread the movements of his excited master, and none but the noble and dauntless young chief, Bin Cassim drew fortunate auguries from the Khalif's mood. The spirit of the Moslem, and the prince, was now evidently lashing itself to fury, while fearful in its threats became the gleam of his fiery glance.

"Ha!" exclaimed the Khalif at length, in a voice of thunder, stopping before his minister, and half drawing from its rich scabbard his rich Damascus blade—"is the representative of the Holy Prophet to be bearded by a worshipper of wood and stone? Are dogs of infidels to heap insult on the favoured servant of Mahomed? and is the accursed son of a shaven Brahmin to detain our slaves, and throw dirt upon our beards?"

"Master of the faithful," answered the minister, bending humbly before the excited prince, "may it please the mighty Wallid to confide to the lowest of his slaves the reason of his present anger?"

"Dost thou not know, old man," returned the Khalif with vehemence, fixing his flashing eyes upon the speaker—"dost thou not *know* that my ally, the king of the flowery, spice-perfumed, and ruby isle of Serundeep,* sent rich gold, and precious gums, and maidens only less fair than the black-eyed houris of the eternal gardens, (through which the streams of life flow perpetually,) as offerings to my feet, and that Dahir, the infidel king of Sindh, has suffered his slaves to seize the rich freight, and writes letters of menace, in reply to my command that he should yield it up? Think you the Khalif Wallid, whose victorious armies plant, even now, the banner of Islam beyond the Oxus, will bear unmoved and unrevenged this insult from one of the accursed race? I tell you, no! And I swear by the holy name of the Prophet that I will hurl the infidel Dahir from his throne of Alōr, and that, from the junction of the Five Rivers to the sea, his people shall find no quarter."

"Commander of the faithful," exclaimed Bin Cassim, his noble and handsome countenance beaming with enthusiasm, "give but to me the triumph of punishing these infidels and robbers—confide into *my* hand, great prince, but a tithe of the army of Cantibah—let my band be but

* Ceylon.

as a white spot in the skin of a black camel compared to his, and, by the beard of the prophet, I swear not only to restore to thee the red gold and fair virgins of Serundeep, but, as God is merciful, the head of the slave Dahir shall roll at thy feet, O Khalif! and the banner of Islam shall float over the blood-stained waters of the Indus, until the dogs of infidels shall shriek aloud for mercy, and none shall heed the cry, nor stay the reeking sword of Moslem vengeance, until in one voice the shout is raised, 'God is but *one* God, and Mohamed is his prophet.' Will my lord consent that I go forth?"

The eyes of the excited Khalif were fixed upon the young chief as he proceeded, with a mingled expression of continued rage against the object of his fury and of admiration at the congenial spirit of the noble speaker; but, as Bin Cassim at length concluded with the enthusiastic burst of promised vengeance against the enemies of the Prophet and the exciting creed of Islam hope, a ray of unmixed approval illumined the dark and threatening brow of the great Wallid.

"By the tomb of the Prophet," he exclaimed, "it shall be done! Inshallah t'-Allah! the true believers shall rescue Sindh from these dogs of infidels. Go forth! Sound the tecbir, and let the shout of onset be, 'No quarter, no quarter to the enemies of Mahomed!' On the first day of the blessed Ramazan, fifteen thousand men shall gather round your standard, and thirty thousand dinars from the royal treasury shall be put into your hand. God is great. Fighting for religion is an act of obedience to the Prophet—go forth and conquer! Paradise is before you; the black-eyed girls wave their green handkerchiefs and look smilingly upon the warrior of the faith;—go, in the name of Allah! unfurl your banner, and grind the infidel Dahir to the dust—he, and all his accursed nation."

The Khalif waved his hand, and the young chief, after prostrating himself before him, left the presence with a proud and lofty bearing, and a spirit elate with the hoped-for successes of his glorious enterprise. But the young chief's way lay by the palace gardens, thickly shaded, and rich in the noble foliage of that lovely clime, and, as he glanced for a moment on the forbidden Paradise through the richly-sculptured and massive gate which he knew led to the Khalif's harem, Bin Cassim saw a form which, despite the danger, suddenly arrested his proud and rapid step, and for a moment chased away even the dreams of his ambition. It was that of the Khalif's niece, his own betrothed, his beautiful Ayesha. The maiden was bending beside a glittering fountain, endeavouring to rescue from the mimic waves a Syrian passion flower which had fallen from her vest, and the lover knew that it was one which he had brought from the hermit's cave at Abyla, and had cast through the lattice but the evening before, for none such grew in the palace gardens; and the young chief, as he watched the maiden's earnest endeavours to recover the gorgeous blossom, stood entranced in admiration of the now unveiled and lovely being who was the promised rewarder of all his labours.

She was very beautiful, that sweet Ayesha! and the rich Damascene dress in which she was attired tended to display with exquisite effect the faultless symmetry of her bending and graceful figure. The loose full trowser of transparent muslin, clasped with a jewel immediately

above her little slipper, the rich symar of green brocade, fitting closely around her bust and gently falling shoulders, the rich Cashmere scarf circling her small waist, and the turban, with its rich aigrette and scattered gems, increased the natural loveliness of the fair girl, while her full dark eyes, now shaded by their soft lashes as she bent over the glittering waters of the fount, contrasted exquisitely with the hue of her delicately rounded cheek, pure in its tint as the ocean pearl.

A moment more, and Ayesha was clasped in the young warrior's arms, and the bright emblem of passionate love was soon forgotten in the delicious indulgence of its sweet reality; for now, long was the converse of the lovers beside those falling waters, and softly did Bin Cassim pour into the ear of his betrothed the proud hopes which animated his noble heart.

"But, Cassim," murmured the fair girl at length, and her voice sounded as sweet and musical as the note of the bulbul in the moonlit groves of far Shiraz, "will it not be sad to see no more, from the harem windows, the curvetting of your Arab steed, to hear no more your distant voice, to lay no more in my bosom the flowers which fall at the evening hour to my feet, as I sit at the open lattice, sweet to my heart as the love which guides them there?"

"Ayesha!" returned the lover, "you are a noble Moslem maiden, and more, the descendant of the virtuous Cadijah, the first and honoured bride of the Holy Prophet of our faith. Take courage, sweet one, and feel a heroine from thy proud descent. Think of my mission, dear Ayesha;—I go forth, armed with the delegated power of the mighty Khalifate, to war against the enemies of the holy creed of Islam—to root out the horde of infidels, and make them crouch before the banner of the Crescent. I shall return, Ayesha, laden with the rich spoils of Pagan fanes, and as a conqueror of the gorgeous and barbaric East; then, as the head of his accursed enemy rolls at the feet of the mighty Khalif, I will claim my bride as a rich reward. Come, Ayesha, give me your scarf, sweet girl, and, floating beneath the banner of the Crescent, it shall urge me to deeds of arms which shall make Bin Cassim worthier Ayesha's love."

"Ah, Cassim!" replied his fair betrothed, leaning her snow-like and rounded arm fondly upon her lover's shoulder, while she turned her soft, full, tearful eyes with an expression of unutterable tenderness upon his—"but may you not forget your Moslem love? May you not, perchance, cast your arm as fondly round the slender waist of a dark-browed daughter of the infidels as you now do round that of your betrothed? May you uot cast at the feet of a newer love the fresh lotus flowers of her sunny streams, and watch the flutterings of a fair Pagan's veil as anxiously as thou hast done Ayesha's?"

"My beautiful! my bride!" exclaimed Bin Cassim, pressing his lips tenderly to the maiden's cheek, yet a soft tone of half reproach mingling with his words, "why this distrust, Ayesha? Not less than the faith I owe to my Prophet and my prince is the love I bear to thee; but, even if it were not so, think you that I, the proud descendant of a race of Moslem heroes, and myself a warrior against the infidels, could so sully my bright sword of holy conquest as to become a slave, fet-

tered with the musk-shedding tresses of a Pagan girl? Allah and the prophet forbid, Ayesha! But how shall I swear to thee, sweet doubter? Not by the Prophet's tomb, not by the holy Kebla of our hopes, for all our Moslem oaths are weak—but by thy own loveliness, Ayesha. Next only to the holy cause of the Prophet and our religion, thou wilt be ever dearest to my heart of all things in this blooming earth. My honour and my love I hold at equal value; none dare doubt the first, then let not my sweet Ayesha fear the second; for I tell thee, dear one, and I swear to thee in the name of Allah, that the heart and soul of Bin Cassim is pledged to his fair Damascus bride. But hark!—'tis the muezzin's call from the mosque of the great Omar. Farewell, *farewell*, Ayesha!" and once more folding the beautiful niece of the Khalif in his arms, Bin Cassim sprang through the rich foliage, and again stood without the wall.

---

From the terraced roof of his splendid palace, King Dahir looked down upon his rich, populous, and flourishing city of Alōr, and beyond its magnificent edifices and extensive walls, to the fertile lands and richly cultivated gardens, watered by the broad and shining waters of the noble Indus. Boats freighted with ivory and gold, spices, and rich products of the Indian looms, floated upon its bosom; groves of graceful date trees, interspersed with cool plaintains, and every shrub and flower known in this fertile spot, shaded its banks; while tall and exquisitely sculptured Hindu temples rose from among the densest foliage, and the distant sound of the sacred instruments used by the Brahmins in their worship fell pleasingly upon the listener's ear.

King Dahir looked proudly round upon these fair possessions, and as he felt that, despite the predictions of seers, and the early alarm he had once experienced from such auguries, that he was now indeed safely seated on the throne of Sindh, and the sole and acknowledged master of all this wealth and beauty, he blessed the wondrous learning and the manly grace of his Brahmin father, who, having inspired with an unconquerable passion the lovely wife of the rajah Sahee, succeeded his master on the throne of his kingdom. But, as the king thus gazed, enwrapt in contemplation upon the history of his life, he suddenly remarked that a crowd had gathered in the large area of the palace court, and, in a moment more, a mounted warrior, his horse covered with foam, his dress soiled and disordered, and his whole appearance betokening emergency and alarm, spurred through the thronging people. The king started from his seat, and a vague feeling of powerful anxiety for a moment stirred his spirits; but it subsided, as his eye glanced on the noble bastions of his strong city, and on the broad stream which flowed by its ponderous gates, while a smile passed over his fine countenance, as if in wonder at the cause of his temporary disquietude. Meanwhile the messenger had dismounted, and was summoned to the presence of the king.

"You travel speedily," observed he to his prostrate servant, "let your news be told as quickly."

"Protector of the poor," exclaimed the Arab soldier, laying his turban at the rajah's feet, and standing with folded arms reverently

before his royal master, "the news thy servant brings is grievous to be told—the holy temple and fort of Deebul have fallen before the Moslem host of the general Bin Cassim."

"Son of a flesh-eating mother," exclaimed the king, in a burst of sudden and uncontrollable rage, "thou liest, slave! The great temple of Deebul, with its hundred altars, its gold, its gems, its thousand brahmins, who minister day and night before its shrines, its musicians, and its natch girls, *cannot* fall—the gods protect it. The Arab general Ullafee shall suffer for thus permitting his followers to abuse our ears and scoff at our holy places; but, for thyself—Daisul! Thakoor!—who waits without? Take hence this slave, and blow him from yonder gun—he lies against the assembled gods of Hind!"

But now another and another messenger arrives, and King Dahir learns too truly that Bin Cassim has proved himself stronger than the gods, that the fort of Deebul has fallen, and that the great temple, the talisman of the kingdom's safety, tottered to its base, and fell crumbling to the ground before the catapult of the Moslem chief, who, after erecting musjids on its site, and releasing the imprisoned maidens of Serundeep, marched his victorious army to the fort of Neirunkote,* commanded at the time by one of the most valiant and faithful of the governors of the country.

King Dahir, now o'erwhelmed with care, retired to his apartments, and, summoning his ministers, directed that letters should be written to his son Jaiseh, as well as to the several governors of his hosts and provinces, directing them to oppose the Moslem army, to cut off their supplies, and, above all, to obstruct, by means of the Arab and Sindhian forces under Mahomed Haris Ullafee, the progress of Bin Cassim towards the river.

"Shall the rich kingdom of my father Chuch," exclaimed the distracted Rajah, "fall into the hands of the proud Khalif of Damascus? Shall the gods of my ancestors be overthrown by the scorners of our people? Are our wives and daughters to be dragged into the harems of those who know no mercy? and shall our sons be forced to lay aside the triple cord, to eat the flesh of cows, and to deny the assembled gods of Meru? The king's word is spoken, and ere this fair city of Alōr shall fall under the Moslem's power, sacrifices shall be offered until the waters of the glittering Indus shall be red with the blood of bulls and goats, pilgrimages shall be made to the farthest shrines of glowing Ind, wealth unaccountable shall be lavished on the brahmins, and, from our holy men, penances of fearful length shall be exacted, until the gods be propitiated;—Alōr shall *yet* be saved!"

But alas! vain were the hopes and intentions of King Dahir. The army of the Moslems swept on like a mighty torrent under their youthful and energetic leader. Forts were overthrown; minarets and mosques were built on the fallen fanes of Hindu worship; proselytes, at every step, were made to the faith of Islam; no quarter was shown to the resisting Pagans; while, day by day, King Dahir trembled at the onward march of the Moslem army towards his capital, until the wild shout of "La-Allah-il-Allah!" boomed over the broad bosom

* Near the modern Hyderabad.

of the placid Indus, and the bright banners of the Crescent waved over the countless host of Islam's warriors, who now, crowding to its banks, thundered defiance, in the name of God and of their Prophet, to the Pagan monarch, in his splendid city of Alōr.

---

In the harem of his palace sat King Dahir, overwhelmed with anxiety and grief. The astrologers had considered the bright revelations of the heavenly host, and their science taught them that the star of the army of the Moslems was in the ascendant, and the time was come when the religion of the Prophet should be paramount in Sindh. They counselled the king, therefore, not to quit the city, but rather to suffer himself to be besieged within its walls.

"By an arrow from the bow of a strong man wilt thou fall, O king," were the words of the wise men; "therefore, until the ninth day, go not forth, neither look thou down from thy terrace walls, lest the archers of the Khalif note thee; so shalt thou be safe from the destroyer."

But a mighty army of King Dahir had been cut up, since the warning of the astrologers had been spoken, and the Moslem host were now at his gates; siege was laid to the city, catapults were erected against the walls, and the naphtha works of the enemy killed hundreds of his people daily. The reiterated reports of these disasters grieved and distressed the king; and he could with difficulty restrain himself from going forth at once, to do battle for his crown and kingdom; yet now, at the side of the father and the prince, were three beings, whose love and prayers seemed well calculated to turn him from his purpose; his sweet wife Ladi, and his fair daughters Kessoo-Phul and Girpul-Deo. It was an hour of agony to all, for the words of the astrologers weighed upon their spirits, and none doubted but that to the very letter they would be fulfilled; yet, as Dahir and his devoted family pondered upon the announcement, the shrieks of the people, the shouts of the Moslems, and the heavy echoes of their battering-rams, mingled their sounds with the low-voiced entreaties of the daughter and the wife. But the spirit of *one*, among that agitated group, rose with the occasion, and while the timid Ladi and the trembling Kessoo-Phul prostrated themselves at his feet, and concealed their tearful faces in the flowing robes of the distracted king, Girpul-Deo stood erect by her father's side, her stately figure drawn to its utmost height, and her large, glittering, and dilated eyes fixed on the open window of the harem. She heard no word of entreaty spoken by her weeping sister, she heeded not the sobs and prayers which burst from the lips of her unhappy mother, but with every sense strained to catch the sounds which came in mingled discord from without;—she looked like a beautiful antelope, who having gained a spot of temporary safety, bends every nerve to anticipate the movement of the hunter-band. And now, a heavy crash, and the eastern bastion falls, while the loud "La Allah, il Allah!" comes nearer in its shout of triumph.

"Father!" exclaimed the maiden, suddenly turning her radiant eyes from the distant gleam of the Moslem banners, to the agitated coun-

tenance of King Dahir, "arise! let your elephants of war be brought, gather your army, and command it,—oppose this horde of Moslem murderers, and let your people see that they have yet a warrior king, who will slay this general of the Khalifs, even as their beloved Chuch threw to the earth the Rana Mihrat. The harem is no place for my royal father, when the enemies of his religion, and the conquerors of his country, besiege his gates."

The words of Girpul-Deo fell like a battle-shout upon her father's ear, and the king, starting from his cushions, gazed upon the scene around him. The river's banks were crowded with a host innumerable; every gate was guarded by Moslem troops, so that a bird might not fly past them; while the general, Bin Cassim, holding a banner of the Crescent, from which floated a scarf of green and gold, spurred his noble arab through every portion of his army, elevating the symbol of his faith about the ranks, and exhorting his excited soldiery, in the name of God and the Prophet, to seize Alōr, to fight for victory over the infidels, and revenge for the Khalif Wallid! As the king gazed upon this scene, rage became paramount in his breast, and turning to the beautiful Girpul-Deo, he exclaimed, "The gods have given thee courage and eloquence to urge me to my fitting part. Let my generals know, that King Dahir will meet the Khalif's hosts ere the sun gild at to-morrow's dawn the highest leaves of yonder trembling date-trees that shade the Indus' banks—let my elephants be prepared for war—let my body-guard of a thousand noble warriors gird on their arms—let my thirty thousand soldiers, with my Arab archers, my spear and matchlock men, be ready—and let the people of Alōr sacrifice from night till morn, for to morrow the king commands his army!"

Girpul-Deo fell upon her father's neck—"The king's daughters," she replied, "shall also be seated by his side to minister pān and sherbet to his hand, and the holiest brahmins of the temple shall sit in the shadow of their prince; love and sanctity shall thus form a shield for the mighty Dahir, which the gods shall be well pleased to see, and their protection will then be won. Rise, Kessoo-Phul! weep no more, our father goes forth to conquer!"

The gentle and trembling girl pressed to King Dahir's side—"Where my father goes," said she, "I will follow." But the broken-hearted Ladi rent the air with her shrieks.

"Mother," said Girpul-Deo, reproachfully, "why agonise my father and alarm the people with these cries? King Dahir will be greater than the prophecies of the astrologers, and the gods will give these cruel Moslems into his hand. To morrow, dear mother, to morrow, from the palace-walls, you shall see my father's enemies fall around him like locusts driven by the wind." Yet still, as she spoke, Ladi received no comfort, but lay weeping at her husband's feet.

---

'Twas morning. The beautiful gardens of Alōr were bathed in gorgeous light, and all nature seemed in fitter mood to sympathise in a mirthful festival than be darkened by the scenes about to be enacted there; but ere the full heat of day streamed on the river and the plain, loud rose the battle-cry, and fearful grew the clash of arms, for the besieged and the besiegers now met in deadly conflict.

King Dahir, seated in his richly decorated howdah, was attended by his lovely daughters and the holy brahmins; surrounded by his elephants of war, and preceded and flanked by his strong body-guard; while, as he moved among his troops, every heart grew elate with stirring hopes of victory. On they move in steady phalanx. And now Bin Cassim spurs to the centre of his host; high is waved the Moslem banner, and the mighty shout of onset booms over hill and plain, waking into a thousand echoes the caves of the ascetics and the windings of the river banks. "La Alfah, il Allah! they come, they come!" And now for God and the Prophet, on they rush—the infidels receive the charge—bravely they return blow for blow—foot to foot, and hand to hand, they fight;—the shrieks of the dying, trampled by the Arabian steeds, the clash of sword and spear, of shield and battle-axe, mingle in the deafening shouts of Infidel and Moslem foe—the ground grows slippery with blood. And now the Moslem horde seem hardly pressed—back they fall towards the river—and the army of King Dahir advance steadily on their front.

Girpul-Deo, with flashing eyes, her beautiful head eagerly bent forward, and her dark hair loosely flowing around her graceful form, elate with hope and energy, gazed anxiously upon the retreating host—"My royal father," she exclaimed, "will conquer—the gods preserve Alōr!—the Moslem general is holding converse with his captains of the host—and now he disengages from his banner the scarf of green and gold, and winds it around his jewelled turban. The crescent flag is exchanged for a heavy battle-axe—and now he fights on foot among his soldiers—On, Father! on—the Moslems are disquieted—the evil eye is on the host, and they feel the mingled power of the monarch and his gods." But, as she spoke, waving her fair arm aloft, a sudden act changed the aspect of that day's contest; the Moslems thought of their last resource, and a shower of rockets shot into the clear sky, and fell among King Dahir's troops. Wildly across the plain plunged the now frightened horses, with bursting girths and unchecked reins; madly did the elephants of war, with their trunks thrown up into the air, and heedless of the mahoot's guidance, rush on, trampling alike on friend and foe in their furious and headlong course. Kessoo-Phul, fainting with alarm, clung to her father, and shrieked in agony, as the terrified animal which bore the royal howdah dashed violently on towards the river banks, amid a shower of arrows from the archers of the Moslem guard; but Girpul-Deo, her eye fixed on the Khalif's troops, and her fine form bent forward, as if to shelter her beloved father, cheered him still, with promise of the gods' protection. But, as the frantic animal neared the river bank, it sunk deep into the heavy soil, and there remained, a point for the archers' aim; it was a fearful sight, that hapless monarch, his faithful priests, his lovely daughters, thus separated from their army, and doomed, as it would seem, to slaughter; and as the king looked on his scattered troops, and on his falling warriors, on the plain now covered with frantic and unmanageable animals, and heard the cheers of the Moslem army, he felt that the day was lost; but Girpul-Deo, amidst this desperate strife, still looked "a prophetess of victory." "Father," she cried, "our troops fly swiftly from the foe, needing a leader to

recall them to their ranks; cast yourself down, seize one of these passing steeds and gather your scattered forces. *We* are but priests and women, let us remain, to die perchance, or to be saved, if the gods so will it, but the monarch of Alōr must save his crown and kingdom—haste, father, haste!" but even as the maiden spoke, the hour was come prophesied by the astrologers—the hour when the power of a new and purer faith was to become paramount in Sindh, and the gods of the pagan nation to be laid low, before the banner of the Crescent. The arrow, winged with the special duty of destruction to the infidel monarch and his mighty power among the idolatrous nations of the East, was now fixed in the bow of a Moslem archer, and aimed by an unerring hand; it clave the air, it whirred past the ears of those who had read its coming, and with a short cry of anguish King Dahir fell into his daughters' arms! For a moment both maidens clung to the slaughtered form so fondly loved; but, while Kessoo-Phul continued to support her father's body, washing his wound with her blinding tears, the Moslem shout of triumph roused Girpul from her grief. She gazed on the lofty form of the Khalif's general for a second, distinguishable as he was by his gorgeous scarf of gold and green, then, drawing the arrow from her father's neck, she held it towards heaven, and exclaimed, "Yes, murderers—Alōr has fallen, she and her king. As Deebul is, so shall be yon glorious city. Our altars shall be overthrown, our temples razed, young mothers and their helpless little ones dragged through rivers of blood, the blood of their husbands and their brothers, to the defilement of Moslem harems, and the banner of the hated Khalif shall float upon the bastions of Alōr; but, as the gods of my fathers live, I will avenge the fall of my city and her king upon yon haughty conqueror!—Alas! alas! my father!" and turning towards her murdered parent she stripped from her graceful form the brilliant saree which had so late adorned her beauty, and folding it tenderly round the king, and aiding to lower his body gently from the howdah, she prepared to assist the brahmins to conceal it in the heavy sand, lest the Moslems finding, should mutilate it in their triumph; but, ere this could be accomplished, Keiss, the great captain of the Moslem host, spurred towards the spot.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, "by the beard of the Prophet, well did that arrow speed—I would I had been the archer. Sound the call for slaughter; tell the dogs of infidels their king is slain. Praise be to Allah, the day is ours. Sever me this unbeliever's head, and place it on our tallest spear. These accursed priests shall bear it in the front of our victorious army, or we will slay them on their idol altars. For you, maidens—you are our captives; and by the houris of Paradise, the Khalif will note well your beauty; he loves fair slaves, and the daughters of his fallen foe will be well suited to mingle with his Syrians and Circassians, his full-eyed Egyptians, and his fair-skinned Greeks, in ministering to his harem's pleasures."

Girpul-Deo listened with apparent satisfaction to the address of the sneering chief, and then, folding her arms upon her bosom, and bending lowlily before him, she replied meekly, and with soft and gentle tones, "My lord is great—we are his slaves."

"You are passing fair, maiden, and as humble as you are fair, and yet the king, we heard, had heroine daughters, who urged him to the war, rather than shrunk as trembling women do from the sound of our Moslem tecbir. By the Prophet you are wise—I feared King Dahir's daughters would have preferred death to such sweet slavery; but 'tis well that thy fainting hearts have saved thee for the Khalif."

"When the dove is free," was Girpul-Deo's reply to this most cruel taunt, "she flutters aloft unfearingly, but when the eagle soars about her cot, she owns the king of birds, and drops her wing."

"By the holy Keblah, you are wise, maiden; you must make ghasuls, and sing them to thy lute; but this tearful damsel by thy side, is she satisfied at her happy lot?" but as he spoke, the Moslem soldiers had exhumed the body of King Dahir, and stood awaiting their captain's orders.

Kessoo-Phul, observing their cruel object, fell suddenly prostrate at the feet of Keiss; "Oh! my lord," she cried, in a voice broken by sobs of anguish, "do with us as you will, we are your slaves, but suffer not your fierce soldiery to deface our father's body. Alas! alas! he is slain; do not wreak your vengeance on him thus!"

"Hush," exclaimed Girpul-Deo, raising her sister in her arms; "hush, dear Kessoo-Phul; our father's spirit sits throned in the court of Indra, and the bright gods of Meru are round him with their presence. Ask nothing, sister; slaves have no right to sue for boons. Come, we will weep no more; but when it wills the Moslem general that we should do so, we will repair our beauty, new tune our soft sitarrs, and make us worthy of our master's presence."

Kessoo-Phul raised her streaming eyes in mute astonishment to her sister's face; it looked calm and still as the moonlit lake, but there was a light in her large dark eye, which the timid girl knew full well had a mysterious and frightful meaning.

But now Bin Cassim, impatient at the delay, and having learnt that the king was slain, and the victory his own, quitted the ranks of his joyous army, and galloped to the spot on which he had last seen the monarch of Alōr.

"How!" exclaimed he in an angry voice, as he witnessed the engagement of his soldiers, the tears of Kessoo-Phul, and the sneer which yet lingered on the countenance of his captain, "are the king's daughters thus exposed to the common insults of my army? By the holy Prophet of our faith, this is not fitting, and should have been better cared for by a Moslem noble. Pardon us, fair maidens, and let our courtesy assuage your grief; the king, your father, died nobly on the battle field, and for this barbarous mutilation it is the will of my soldiery to bear a trophy of their victory; and I, who know their hot blood, dare not forbid a practice sanctioned by olden custom, though it is no sight for your eyes, maidens. But now suffer me to escort you to the city. Fear us not; though conquerors and strangers, all honour that a Moslem chief can show his noble captives, is due to your sex, your courage, and your misfortunes. And now, soldiers—in the name of Allah, *on!*—to-night the banner of the Crescent floats from the bastions of Alōr! and hark you, let the troops prepare to spend the night in prayer, and let thanksgiving succeed

the shouts of war; for to-day God hath given a great and glorious victory to the banners of the faithful. On, Moslems! be temperate in victory as ye were brave in battle; we have won the city—we must now convert its people. Ere to-morrow's dawn the loud call of countless muezzins shall sound from every temple in the pagan city; her graven images shall be cast down, and every infidel shall cry, 'God is but one God, and Mahomed is his prophet!'"

Through the lofty and massive gates of Alor, which had long withstood the besiegers' power, the Moslem hosts now swept like a wide unruffled sea; the green banners of the Prophet waving in the soft evening breeze, while in the centre of the army was elevated the yet bleeding head of its late powerful and hapless monarch. Beside Bin Cassim rode the captive brahmins, and the lovely daughters of King Dahir, whom, when the people saw, they fell upon their faces and shrieked aloud for mercy. As the maidens so passed through the doomed city, which they had quitted elate with hope and seated by their royal father's side,—while they passed among the wretched people, over streets slippery with blood, and noted on either side the blackened or mutilated bodies from whom cheers had early greeted them, the daughters of King Dahir drew closer their veils around their faces, and wept tears of deeper agony. Bin Cassim endeavoured to re-assure them, but Girpul-Deo answered him only by crossing her arms upon her bosom, and bending in lowly gesture, as if in homage to the conqueror, while Kessoo-Phul turned her soft eyes upon his face, as if in trembling entreaty for mercy towards her father's people. But now the multitude were beneath the palace walls, and from the harem terrace a beautiful woman, richly attired, bent towards the passing crowd. With graceful reverence Bin Cassim saluted her he knew to be the queen; but ere he could pass that portion of the terrace where she stood, a clear soft voice fell upon his ear, and its tones pierced even the sternest heart. "Tell me," it cried, "is King Dahir yet alive?" Girpul-Deo heard the question, and raising her arm towards the bleeding trophy of the Moslems, she exclaimed, "The king died a warrior's death; but I behold him now, seated upon a golden throne, in the celestial court." A moment more, and a wild shriek rent the air, while ere its echo had died on the listener's ear, the fair form of the devoted Ladi lay a mutilated mass beneath the feet of the Moslem steeds.

---

The Hall of Lamps, in the gorgeous palace of Damascus, was decked as for a festival. A thousand lights of wax, mingled with the purest camphire, shed their perfume round the apartment, silver censers, breathing the most fragrant essences of China and Japan, swung from the richly-painted ceiling; and a silken carpet, of enormous size, pictured with the blooming fruits and flowers of Paradise, wrought in fine gold, was surrounded by a variegated border of precious stones. On this, rested divans of green and silver, jewelled hookahs, heaps of freshly-gathered roses, with sherbet cups of the most rare and exquisite devices, formed of fine Venetian gold, and circled with arabesques of gems.

At the farther end of this magnificent apartment, a group of lovely girls, in light and floating draperies, sparkling with rich gems, dim, however, to the radiance of their arch and merry glances, were clustered beneath the marble arches where fountains played, and the deep shade of distant foliage was dimly seen beneath the starlit sky. Some of these young beauties were, in every attitude of grace, preparing for the dance; others, with white and rounded arms, and half-opened rosy lips, held aloft some instrument of music; but each fair form the eye might rest upon, was the loveliest flower of her native, and perhaps far-distant clime.

Softly mellowed, fell the blaze of artificial light upon this gorgeous scene of oriental luxury, while the rich perfumes, and the sweet strains of music, which stole upon the sense at intervals, lapped the spirit in a dreamy paradise of most voluptuous repose.

In the centre of these entrancing influences, reclining in gorgeous robes upon a rich divan, his jewelled hookah pouring forth clouds of soothing fragrance, and his full but sleepy eyes fixed upon the distant group of youthful beauty who lived but on his smiles,—reposed the Khalif Wallid, yielding to the full enchantment of this delicious hour.

At a signal from the prince, two of the loveliest of the dancers now sprang forward, and with dark hair streaming over their snow-like necks, their sweet young faces beaming with rosy smiles, and their rounded arms moving in every graceful attitude which skill had taught them, trod the gay measures of their sportive Syrian dance, until a group of bright Circassians, as if jealous of their skill, bounded between the lovely pair, and casting on either side a shower of dewy blossoms, usurped their places, forcing the fair Damascus girls to fly, as if for mere protection, to the Khalif's feet; while they, the conquering group, all fair and bright, move in soft voluptuous measures; and while a chorus of sweet voices swell upon the ear, the dark-eyed Georgian girls fill high the sherbet cups, and thus surrounded by that lovely crouching band, the Khalif still reclines, and as he smiles upon his beauteous slaves, half dreams that he has already won the softest joys of the eternal gardens! but now, as night is passing, and weariness begins to steal the down from pleasure's wing, the Khalif suddenly remembered his Pagan captives, and instantly commanded that they should at once appear.

Richly attired, but closely veiled, according to the custom of their country, the daughters of King Dahir stood before the Khalif, and bent their foreheads to the ground in low obeisance. Their sarees of needle-work, wrought in gold and silk, were bordered with a fringe of gems, and their small, delicately formed hands and feet, were half concealed with the costly jewels which adorned them. The Khalif saw, that among all his slave girls, beauties selected from almost every country of the east, none were, in costume or symmetry of form, so charming as these Hindu captives; and struck with the promise of beauty, now so enviously concealed, the prince commanded that the maidens should unveil. With a gesture of exquisite grace, each fair captive drew aside the gorgeous veil, which now falling in rich drapery around their slender forms, revealed a loveliness, which from its

rare and novel character, so charmed and surprised the Khalif, that springing from his couch, he gazed on both with the most impassioned admiration.

"By the houris of the eternal gardens," he exclaimed, "these Pagan captives have hidden from us too long the light of their star-light eyes; beautiful strangers! welcome are you to our presence. You have been too long joyless prisoners in our harem, but we will hope that love and pleasure shall now atone for your sad seclusion. By the beard of the prophet, our Georgian, Turkish, Circassian, and Syrian girls, are but as weeds in the gardens of Shiraz, compared to the tulip-cheeked loveliness of these beauty-dowered maidens. Fair beings! speak but your names, that to the Khalif's senses your sweet breath and gentle voices may be rich with melody and perfume."

A faint smile played on the lips of Girpul-Deo, who, raising her large dark eyes, and fixing them upon the countenance of the delighted Khalif, replied in soft tones,

"My gracious prince! The name of thy slave is Girpul-Deo, that of my sister Kessoo-Phul, the name of a favourite blossom, my lord, which blooms in our eastern gardens. When the mighty Khalif deigns to praise our beauty, he does his servants too much honour, for the fair daughters of the west are lovelier far than the dusky maids of Hindh."

"Not so," exclaimed the khalif; "by the prophet, not so; where see we such cypress forms, such dark, dreamy eyes, such skins of velvet softness, tresses of such entangling beauty? Now, indeed, do I rejoice in our armies' triumph! The red gold of Serundeep, the gems and treasures of Alōr, are as nothing to the Khalif of Damascus, when compared to the spoil of loveliness which Bin Cassim's conquest has given into his master's arms." And for a moment the Khalif's gaze of rapture wandered to Kessoo-Phul; but again, as his eye rested on the statelier beauties of the queenly Girpul-Deo, a ray of triumph beamed upon her face, which increased a thousand fold its beauty, and the Khalif rapturously exclaiming,

"The gems of Samarcand, the pearls of Ormuz, are as dross beside thee," drew nearer to the maiden, and laying his jewelled hand upon her soft round arm, gazed in her face, as if a paradise of promise had been there; Girpul returned his fond look with mingled diffidence, and gratified delight, while a smile of exquisite softness played around her lips, and a suffusion of mantling blushes gave new richness to her lovely cheek. As the prince felt the beautiful arm tremble beneath his touch, and noted that sweet confusion which seemed yielding to his love, he would at the moment have abandoned half his treasures, rather than not have quaffed that cup of intoxicating delight. For a moment more he gazed, but when the eyes of Girpul again fell upon the ground, the handsome face of the young Moslem prince was radiant with smiles, and his fine eyes beamed with unrestrained and unmingled rapture; drawing the bewitching Girpul into his arms, he leaned slightly forward, and whispered softly in her ear. But, as he did so, a strange change passed over the face of King Dahir's daughter; vanished was the sunny smile, and heavy tears rolled over her rounded cheek: the Khalif started—and gazed on her with fond alarm;

but Girpul, withdrawing herself from his half embrace, sunk at his feet, and in a voice half choked with sobs, exclaimed,

"Alas! alas! my lord, I am not worthy of your princely favour; the daughters of King Dahir are now too base to stand before the Khalif. We are polluted and degraded, noble prince, and the miserable Pagan captives ask but *death*, and revenge on our destroyer."

Frightful was the change which passed over the countenance of the baffled Khalif, as with a start of horror he now drew back from the prostrate Girpul-Deo.

"Ha!" exclaimed the Khalif—his eyes flashing with terrible light, and his whole frame dilated with ungovernable rage—"How mean you? Is not the harem of Damascus inviolate? or is it, that the daughters of the royal Pagan loved too well in their own accursed land, and now, to save themselves, become accusers?"

"Nay, mighty Khalif," replied Girpul-Deo, "not so—our misery and disgrace we owe to one who should have been the protector of his captives; the more so, if our beauty might make us worthy to be his master's slaves."

"Ha! if this be as thou sayest, by Allah and the Prophet, amply shalt thou be avenged. Yes, girl! he who has thus baffled the will of his master, and betrayed his trust, deeply shall *he* rue the day, when the maddening beauty of the Pagan maidens tempted him to cast a deeper insult on his master, than had the infidel he went to conquer. By the holy Kebla, his doom shall be terrible indeed! Speak, unhappy girl, and name that accursed one, who has thus dared to pollute the prizes he sent as a pure offering to his master's feet."

"May it please the mighty Khalif," replied Girpul-Deo, now standing with folded arms erect before the prince, "thy general, Bin Cassim, flushed with victory, gazed on our beauty, and in the palace of our father, showed no pity for the daughters of the slaughtered monarch of Alōr—our tears and sighs availed us nothing; but when wearied of our sullied charms, he commanded us to depart, and sent us hither, mighty prince, as honourable captives."

The Khalif turned—"Who waits without? Send hither quickly my minister, Bin Yusuf, and let a courier be ready mounted, to carry despatches with all swiftness to the camp of my general, Bin Cassim." Promptly obeyed was the brief order of the prince; and soon his aged minister bent before the Moslem Khalif. But strange was the change which an hour had brought to that bright Hall of Lamps! Now—the light of day was struggling through the glare of torches—dimming the radiance of the many-coloured gems, while the breath of morn, mingled with the sickening scent of faded flowers, and the carol of the early song-birds, fell reproachfully on the ear, which so late had revelled in the wanton strains of woman's voice!

The lovely slave girls, with blanched cheeks and trembling forms, sat crouched together, their gaze fixed on the excited prince, while Girpul-Deo, and the Khalif of Damascus, no longer exchanging soft glances of new-born tenderness, fastened on each other's face a look of deep meaning, full of dark and terrible revenge.

The venerable Bin Yusuf, little accustomed to minister at orgies,

such as the past hours had witnessed, humbly demanded his master's pleasure.

"Hark ye! old man," replied the Khalif, "and when you have heard my words, question them not, but on thy head, obey! Write to the captains of my army now in Sindh, and say, that it is the command of the Khalif Wallid, that in the hour his royal seal is received by them, the living body of Mahomed Bin Cassim be enclosed in a raw hide, yet warm with life, and so sent hither without delay—let Keiss command my army—*write!*"

Bin Yusuf started. But Kesso-Phul, with a piercing scream, sank at the Khalif's feet. "Mercy," she exclaimed, "great prince, *mercy* for the Moslem general!"

"How, girl!" exclaimed the prince, in a voice of thunder, "art thou then base enough to *love* this villain, thy destroyer? Away with this wretched one, polluted equally in mind and body; and, mark you, old man, learn to obey, not question, even in *thought*, thy master's words, if thou wouldst thyself escape Bin Cassim's fate." And waving his hand, as if again to enforce the prompt fulfilment of his cruel and despotic mandate, the Khalif passed forth from the Hall of Lamps, with a spirit dark and threatening as his brow.

---

Time passed; and the Prince of Damascus sat gloomily in his splendid palace, meditating upon his general's treachery, and his loss to the armies of the faithful, when Bin Yusuf suddenly, and without announcement, stood before him.

"Ha!" exclaimed the Khalif," "think you it is well, thus to break in upon thy master's privacy?"

"Pardon thy slave, great Khalif, was the reply; "but Bin Yusuf brings news he may desire to hear, to the feet of the chosen of the prophet—messengers have arrived from Sindh"——

"Ha!" interrupted the prince.

"And they bring with them, oh scourge of the infidels! the body of Mahomed Bin Cassim, as was commanded by the letters of your slave."

For a moment, the Khalif bent his head, and the shadow from some deep emotion passed over his noble countenance; but, as with an effort, he threw off the passing weakness, he gazed again upon his minister as sternly and as coldly as before.

"And how died the recreant?" inquired the Khalif.

"As my lord commanded," was the reply. "When the letters written by your slave reached his camp, the general, Bin Cassim, read them, and turning from the messenger, 'tis said, was deeply moved; but, quickly recovering, he directed the sentence to be at once fulfilled, requiring only as a boon, that his homage should be carried to the master whose slave he was! During two days of agony, the hide tightened round his panting frame; and on the third, as the muezzins called to evening prayer, Bin Cassim died! In a rich chest of sandal wood, the body now awaits the Khalif's orders."

"Bear it to the harem," was the reply, "and summon thither the Pagan captives."

---

In the most secluded of the women's apartments, was placed that sandal chest; and near it, with oppressed and gloomy brow, stood the Khalif Wallid. The eunuchs who had placed it there still lingered, and the daughters of King Dahir, unveiled, but splendidly attired, were present as their master had commanded. But how different the mien of those most lovely sisters. Kessoo-Phul, her soft eyes fixed upon the ground, was half turned from the fearful object which met her view, while a shudder crept through her slender frame, and heavy tears rolled slowly over her pallid cheek. The beautiful Girpul-Deo, her arms folded over her heaving bosom, looked earnestly upon the cause of her sister's dread, a strange excitement flushing her cheek, and the fire of her eye startling even the haughty Khalif as he gazed on it—triumph, revenge, insulted dignity, and passionate exultation, all seemed blended in the glitter of that dilated eye; and the prince, as if fascinated by its wondrous brightness, seemed almost to forget the object of their presence there; but the daughter of the king brooked no delay, and as she waved her hand, the eunuchs, awed by her queenly look, cast open that sandal chest! A loud, ringing laugh, and then a flood of burning tears, burst from the half-maddened Girpul-Deo, as, springing forward, she gazed upon the mutilated skeleton of her country's conqueror. Bending down, she then removed the fragments of a scarf of green and gold that still clung round the shrivelled remains of the once graceful Moslem; and again standing erect beside the chest, and drawing the blood-stained arrow from her bosom, she turned her eyes towards heaven, and rapidly poured forth the following thanksgiving.

"Praised be the gods of my fathers, that this day has come! that victory has been given to the daughter of King Dahir, and that she has avenged the wrongs of her father and her people! The conqueror of Alōr has been defeated by the hand of a woman, and the gods of Meru have made her the instrument of their will." But now, as she ceased speaking, a piercing shriek burst from the inner apartment, and Ayesha flung herself at the Khalif's feet.

"Enough! enough!" exclaimed the Khalif, raising Ayesha in his arms, "be comforted, sweet niece. Girl," he continued, sternly addressing Girpul-Deo, "you have now beheld the absolute power of the Khalif Wallid, and how he punished such servants as Bin Cassim —you are revenged—retire!"

But now, for the first time on that fatal day, Kesso-Phul raised her soft eyes, and fixing them reproachfully on the Khalif, she murmured forth—"Alas, alas! great prince! though absolute, thou art not just; a monarch should weigh better the representations which fall upon his kingly ear."

"How!" exclaimed the Khalif—"your words are bold."

"My sister's words," returned Girpul-Deo, "are bold, yet *true*, my lord; and now learn, great prince of rich Damascus, commander of the Moslems, cruel destroyer of all that opposes thee and thy religion,

that *I*, on the battle field of fallen Alōr, beside the slain body of its murdered king, swore by the gods of the Pagans, to avenge my father and his people. The Moslem general, as the leader of your army, became the object of my oath, but my accusation of his treachery was *false*, oh prince! I spoke as the blood of my father cried to me for vengeance; my dear, my murdered father! Bin Cassim, Khalif, was true as he was brave: true to his prince and to his love. From the insults of your brutal soldiery he saved us, soothing our griefs as a father and a brother, and treating us with honour as the daughters of his fallen foe; this, oh Khalif, as the gods of Meru live, is *true*;—my object is attained, my oath fulfilled—do with us as you will."

"Allah and the prophet be praised," exclaimed Ayesha, raising herself from the Khalif's arms; but ere his hand could stay the act, a poignard was sheathed in her fair bosom, and she sunk dying by the side of him she loved so well.

"Alas! alas!" exclaimed the Khalif, "sweet Ayesha! brave Bin Cassim! friend of my youth, leader of my armies, nobly didst thou live, and like a hero died. The conquest of the accursed infidels has broken thy master's heart; but for *thee*," continued the agitated prince, turning to the Pagan captives, "you see your work, daughters of an unclean dog, accursed slaves of infidels!—and vengeance has not ended. You have given a lesson, even to the Khalif Wallid; and pity such as you have shown, such even shall you meet! Eunuchs! call hither the Arab guard, and see that within the hour, these Pagan slaves are stripped of their rich apparel, chained to the hoofs of the fleetest of my Arab coursers, and dragged till nightfall through the streets of fair Damascus, amidst the curses of its people. As the god of the Moslem lives, the Khalif will have vengeance."

---

Upon the open plain, beyond the gate Keisan, lay long the whitened bones of the once lovely daughters of King Dahir; while, in a rich and fruitful garden, surrounded with shading trees, was seen an exquisitely sculptured mausoleum of fair white marble, adorned with minarets and musjids, of the richest style of Syrian architecture. Here, amidst the song of birds, the voice of prayer, the murmuring music of many fountains, reposed for ages the fairest and the bravest of Islam's children,—Bin Cassim, and his beloved Ayesha.

## IRISH SONG.

### LADY BELVIDERE'S LAMENT.*

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

LONELY and sad, from slumber breaking,
When all the world is lock'd in sleep,
With troubled soul, to sorrow waking,
I watch the silent stars, and weep:
I weep for hopes too early blighted,
I weep for him, the changed of heart,
Who scorns the vow I fondly plighted,
And wills that we for ever part.

Ye ruthless walls wherein I languish,
Ye coldly echo back my sighs;
Thou gentle moon, that mark'st my anguish,
Oh! send me comfort from the skies:
Tell me of *rest*, when life is over,
In some bright world unlike to this,
Where faithless friend nor jealous lover,
Can come between my soul and bliss!

Ye faithless friends! my side forsaking,
Like summer birds, when fortune shone
Ye flutter'd round my path, but breaking
Hearts are left to die alone!
Oh! when the hand of death has broken
The bonds of this imprison'd frame,
The world shall find, by proof and token,
That mine was not a guilty name.

* "While passing by a well-wooded and enclosed demesne, with a fine manor-house in the centre, some one remarked that it was Gaulstown, now the property of Lord Kilmaine, but formerly the mansion of the Earls of Belvidere. Robert, the first Earl of Belvidere, married, in 1736, Mary, the daughter of Lord Viscount Molleswortb; she was wondrously beautiful, but for some cause that excited to jealousy his determined spirit, he had his fair countess locked up in Gaulstown house for twenty years, allowing her only the attendance of a confidential servant of his own; and this most admired woman of her day, lingered away the prime of her life, neither the world forgetting, nor by the world forgot—but unknown, and unknowing—guarded by the creatures of her husband, a man who was instigated by more than Spanish jealousy, and who lived and died under the influence of more than Spanish revenge. By the death of her lord, she was at last liberated from her thraldom. During the earl's life, no one ventured to call his severe and illegal conduct into question, for he was *too useful to the government* for them to interfere in behalf of a *weak woman*, and the personal courage of this clever and handsome *Blue-beard* was of that exorbitant and reckless character, that no *preux* chevalier was found hardy enough to attempt the rescue of the lovely countess from durance vile. In this way they managed matters in Ireland a hundred years ago."—*A Tour to Connaught.*

# LETTERS FROM ABROAD TO A FRIEND AT CAMBRIDGE.*

BY JOHN HOGG, ESQ., M.A., F.R.S., F.C.P.S., ETC.; LATE FELLOW OF ST. PETER'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

## V.

*Palermo, June 21st.*

ABOUT a week after I sent you my letter from Rome, I bade farewell to that delightful city. Turning my face southwards, I followed Horace's journey along the "Queen of the (ancient) ways," the Via Appia, through the Pomptine or Pontine marshes,—Terracina, the former *Tarracina* of Cicero, but better known by its supposed Volscian name *Anxur*,—Fondi, where there are many interesting antiquities,—Mola di Gaeta or *Formiæ*, i.e. the "Mamurrarum Urbs," near which place Cicero had his splendid Villa, or rather, as he styled it, his "Basilica" Formiana, and where that illustrious person was so barbarously murdered,—as far as the modern Capua, which is considered to have been the *Casilinum* of antiquity, famous for its defence against the Carthaginians, and placed at a short distance from the remains of the original and luxurious Capua, a city once only second to Rome in size and opulence. From thence, the Roman bard took the straight road through Beneventum to Brundusium, now *Brindisi*, but I chose the one on the right, which passes near the ancient *Atella*, and which soon conducted me along a most fertile and delicious plain, a portion of the rich Ager Campanus—still named *La Campania*—to Naples,—the splendid and beautiful *Parthenope* of the Muses. I will not weary you with my own descriptions of this celebrated road, or of the city of Naples, or of its superb vicinity, since you are familiar with [illegible] you having often read full and excellent accounts of ther[illegible] quimore able pens of other travellers; but will only rem[illegible] I was greatly pleased with some of the antiquities which e[illegible] the Campi Phlegræi; at Puteoli, now *Pozzuoli*; upon the sit[illegible] of Baiæ, Cumæ, on one side of Naples; and with Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Pæstum, on the other. If, indeed, I were disappointed with the diminutive size of the houses and buildings at Pompeii, I was thunderstruck with the colossal grandeur and majesty of the three Doric edifices of Pæstum, (*Posidonia*,) and think that the Great Temple of Neptune (*Poseidon*) is the most simple, solid, and magnificent ruin of the sort which I have ever seen. These monuments fully demonstrate that Pæstum must have been one of the noblest places in Magna Græcia. Even at this day, the Mediterranean itself—which was the especial and favourite realm of that deity—seems to respect his sacred city, for it has not retreated far from its walls, in the space of very many centuries. I was fortunate in finding some wild flowers of the "rosaria

* These Letters were written, and sent *per post* to Cambridge from the cities whence they are dated.

Pæsti," and upon examination they agreed best with the *Rosa Borreri.* (See Lin. Trans. vol. xii. p. 210.) They were the only roses which I observed about Pæstum, but whether they bloom twice in the year, and whether the epithet "biferi" can still be applied to that locality, I do not know.

I visited, likewise, the beautiful islands Procida, (the ancient *Prochyta,*) Ischia, (formerly *Ænaria, Pithecusa,* or *Inarime,*) and also Capri. The last, called originally *Capreæ,* presents many considerable substructions of the palace and villas of the imperial debauchee Tiberius,—where several pieces of sculpture, and pavements in mosaic work, (*opus tessellatum,*) have been lately discovered. Some of these I noticed upon the summit of a cliff which rises high above the sea, from whence I had the grandest and most sublime view of the gulfs of Naples and of Salerno, of the mountains which divide them, and of the whole Isle below me. The air was pure and delicious; the sun, which had already sunk in the sea, still left some lovely tints on the mountains; and the only sounds that caught my ear were those of the murmuring of the sea at the base of the cliff on which I stood, and of a soft vesper-bell, brought by the gentle breeze from the opposite point, known as the Promontory of Minerva, or not unfrequently as the Siren's Cape.

On my return to Naples I prepared for my voyage to Sicily, and in the morning of the 17th of May, I embarked on board the steam-packet for Messina. The weather was most propitious: and in passing over the fine coloured and deep sea, although at a rapid pace, I occasionally enjoyed from the deck some distant scenes on the coast of Calabria. Soon after midnight I was awakened, in order to witness the almost eternal flame issuing from the crater of Stromboli (*Strongyle.*) The flame ejected was extremely vivid, and in a large body. About a couple of hours after I first saw the light, we passed nearer the island, and greatly did I enjoy the superb sight of the columns of flame shooting high into the air from the volcano. The Italian sailors, to whom this light is of the greatest benefit, commonly give the name of the Stromboli Lighthouse—"*Il Faro* di Stromboli"—to this flame-producing island,

> ——————"trepidis ubi dulcia nautis
> Lumina noctivagæ tollit *Pharus* æmula lunæ."

Passing at some distance from the other Lipari Isles, the anciently-fabled kingdom of Æolus,—'Αιόλου κλυτὰ δώματα,—we soon beheld the Pelorian Promontory (*Capo Peloro*) on one side, and the high and craggy cliff of Scylla on the other. The straits of Messina are between these, and appear like a beautiful, clear, and deep blue river. But the current is exceedingly rapid. Here, in truth, are some exquisite objects; none can be more varied, none more perfect, or none more rich in every feature which can constitute lovely scenes:—mountains and rocks of fine forms, woods and trees numerous and verdant, and water and sky of bright and intense colours.

I arrived on the 18th of May in the large and safe port of Messina. This city, the most ancient Zancle, so called from Ζάγκλη, on account of its *sickle*-shaped harbour, is very handsome, and picturesquely

situated below a chain of mountains that have been with much reason supposed, at an early period, to have joined those which are opposite on the Bruttian shore. Messina derived its more modern appellation from *Messena*, a city of the Peloponnesus. I was astonished that it presents no remains of antiquity, except some Egyptian granite columns in the cathedral, which are said to have originally belonged to a Grecian temple that stood near the Faro Point, although it still bears many vestiges of the dreadful earthquake, which destroyed it in 1783. It has, however, risen again in great beauty, particularly that part along the quay, *La Palizzata*, which is built in a palace-like style of splendour, whilst the other parts of the city are regular, open, and well paved. It now bears the epithet of "La Nobile." Twice I passed in an open boat the famous Charybdis,—"la Cariddi," more vulgarly named *Galofaro*, from the adjoining lighthouse,—as I rowed across the straits to Reggio in Calabria, and as I returned. The first time, a little wind had driven up this once fearful spot into high waves, and into small dark whirlpools,—Χάρυβδις ἀναῤῥοιβδεῖ μέλαν ὕδωρ,—but on returning, the current had ceased, the water was perfectly calm, and I could scarcely distinguish its situation. Scylla is twelve miles distant to the north-east on the coast of Calabria; it is a lofty and cavernous rock, projecting into the sea, a little before the entrance to the straits, and is crowned by a castle;

Ενθα δ' ἐνὶ Σκύλλη ναίει, δεινὸν λελακυῖα.

Both places are admirably adapted for poetic fiction, and a thousand fabulous horrors. Reggio—or *Rhegium*, so named (ἀ ῥηγνύω, *rumpo*) from its situation, where the land was considered to have been broken or separated from Sicily, as, in fact, Diodorus and other historians, and several ancient poets, have asserted—is a somewhat considerable town, and is noted for St. Paul's having come there, after landing at Syracuse and tarrying there three days. It is now famed for its silk, and for the breeding of the silkworm. The whole district is a complete garden, producing the finest oranges, lemons, limes, and shaddocks of many varieties, grapes, olives, figs, chestnuts, and other fruits; and the soil itself is likewise most prolific in Indian corn and legumes. Neither can any country of Italy surpass it for the charms of its scenery and splendid views, faced by the lofty mountains of Sicily, and in the distance to the south-west by the summit of Etna, which majestically stands above them, and pours forth a light stream of white smoke—or, in the words of Pindar, ῥόον καπνοῦ—from the extremity of its cone. Nature, indeed, there exhibits herself in the fullest splendour, and even in the season of spring (May) is gorgeously coloured by a powerful and very vivid sun.

The tour of Sicily occupied me three weeks: the want of roads rendered it irksome, as the only mode of travelling is on mules; and the slow pace and obstinacy of these animals made it often very fatiguing. Moreover, the extreme heat of almost an African sun tended to increase those evils.

Riding along by the sea, and enjoying some fine prospects, especially at the promontory of Scaletta, and from the perpendicular cliff called Capo S. Alessio, the *Argennum* of antiquity, where the pass is

steep and rugged, the first place worthy of particular notice which I came to after Messina, and about thirty miles distant, was Taormina, a small town situated on Mons Taurus, at a great elevation (about one thousand feet) above the Ionian sea. Here are several remains of the ancient *Tauromínium*, or the *Tauromenon* of Ovid. Its theatre is one of the most remarkable and interesting ruins now existing in the island. The seats, hewn out of the natural limestone mountain, command to the south an amazing expanse of sea, the indented shores of Sicily stretching out as far as S. Croce, or even beyond that cape, and the glorious Etna rising up directly from the waves in a majestic sweep, and exhibiting a bright mass of snow upon his shoulders, and his black head vomiting smoke, like steam, from its highest point. The view also behind the seats, on looking to the north, is scarcely less magnificent: there the eye comprises the Neptunian range of lofty and variously-shaped mountains which continue beyond Messina, the beautiful course of the straits, the opposite coasts of Calabria, the numerous towns and villages scattered along their shores, and a noble tract of calm and shining sea, with numberless vessels borne on by their white Latine sails scattered over it, and reflected in it, like in a mirror, until lost in the eastern horizon. No pencil can pretend to delineate, or no descriptions convey, any idea of the magnificence, the grandeur, and the enchanting beauty of this sublime panorama. The scena of the theatre exists still in good preservation; it is constructed of brick, which has been originally faced with marble and ornamented with statues and columns. A fragment of brick-wall, supposed to have belonged to the Naumachia, a reservoir for water, or Piscina, and some portions of aqueducts, attracted our notice. The almost inaccessible position of Taormina seems to defy all enemies, and accordingly we find it to have been the last place in the island which yielded to the dominion of the Saracens. I staid all night at I Giardini, beautifully placed below the isolated Monte Toro, and the next day having passed the rivers Caltabiano and Freddo—the former by a good bridge built with basalt, named in Arabic *Alcantara*, which is likewise not unfrequently applied to the stream itself, the ancient Onobala; and the latter, now the *cold* river, originally the Asines,—I began to ascend the base of Etna, through one of the most luxuriant and delightful countries in the world; every part being covered with vines, fruit trees, and corn. Having gained a considerable height, I halted about midnight at a hut called *la Casa di Néve*, to rest and warm myself by a fire, which the guides made with sticks and dead leaves, bad weather having surprised me. Daybreak (May 24) became finer; I then commenced the steep ascent over large tracts of frozen snow, and toiled on in a storm of cutting wind and sleet. Here I found the fatigue of walking to be greatly increased by the difficulty of respiration which I experienced in this highly rarefied atmosphere; indeed, my progress was necessarily interrupted and slow, being frequently compelled to sit down on the snow and pant for breath. A little rest, with a draught of some white wine, revived my powers of breathing for a short time; but when I had arrived near the foot of the cone, about nine thousand feet above the sea,—Fahrenheit's thermometer falling to 27° at 9 o'clock A.M.,—a dense cloud of fog and mist,

followed with snow, rendered it so dark that my guides would on no account venture any higher, which, in truth, it was not only madness but an utter impossibility to do without any light. Our torches were already burnt out, and there was no place for shelter, where we might have halted until the fog had cleared away, since the *Casa Inglese* was buried, all but its roof, in snow. Finer weather being so uncertain, dire necessity compelled me to discontinue my ascent up the

. . . . . Κίων
Δ' ὑραν[illegible] . . . . .
Νιφόεσσ' Αἴτνα. . .

Thus, to my great mortification, I lost not only the wonderful view from the summit of this "Pillar of Heaven," but likewise the gratification of looking into the interior of its vast and black crater. I must, however, tell you, that this latter I regretted less, since I had been extremely fortunate in having a splendid day (May 2d) when upon the top of Vesuvius, by which I was fully enabled to examine that remarkable crater. The Volcano, or the burning Mount, Etna—from the Doric word Αἴτνα, now called by the Sicilians, par excellence, the *Mountain*,—"Mongibellu," which is a corruption of two words signifying the same, that is to say, the Italian *Monte*, and the Arabic *Gebel*,—rises a little more than 10,870 feet—more than two English miles—of perpendicular height above the Ionian sea, and yields to none of the Alps of the same altitude in grandeur or immensity. It is an insulated mountain, standing erect and predominant, and its base is considered to occupy a space of ninety miles in circuit. The tremendous crater, with which it is crowned, breathes forth clouds of smoke, and seems at times to threaten destruction to half the island. A person who has visited it, and trodden on its streams of lava and black volcanic cinders, will acknowledge the justice of the ancient poets, in giving this fire-producing region to Vulcan and the Cyclops. Even the story of the giant Typhoëus adds a sublimity to Etna itself. I finished my descent the next afternoon in arriving at Catania. This city, or rather each succeeding and restored city, has been destroyed by earthquakes and eruptions from Etna: so indeed the inscription—"Melior de cineri surgo"—on one of its gates, the *Porta Ferdinando*, reminds the stranger. It was founded (730 B.C.) by a colony of Chalcidians from Eubœa, under Thucles, five years after the building of Syracuse, according to Thucydides' account, (lib. vi. c. 3.); and of the original and ancient city *Catana*, (Κατ' Αἴτναν), there are still extant many curious ruins. Of these, are the baths, amphitheatre, theatre, aqueduct, and a temple, supposed to have been dedicated to Ceres; although most of them are much below the modern city, having been buried, like the remains of Herculaneum, in torrents of black lava. The present and beautiful Catania, rejoicing in the title of "L'illustre," is now esteemed the second city in the island, and it reckons about 82,000 souls; it has some cotton and silk manufactories. Of its modern edifices, the cathedral, the Benedictine monastery, and the university, are the principal. Both the latter possess extensive libraries, and also contain a fine collection of the very exquisite coins and medals of the ancient Grecian cities of Sicily. The museum of Antiquities, collected by a former Prince of

Biscari, is the noblest and most interesting in the island. The most remarkable natural objects near Catania are the *Fariglioni*, or Scopuli Cyclopum; these are little isles of columnar basalt, which are mentioned by Pliny, and other classical authors. Virgil calls them "Cyclopia saxa;" the spacious bay also—the λιμὴν εὔορμος of Homer—south of where they stand, is still named *Porto di Ulisse.* The whole basaltic coast here is so full of caverns, that I almost fancied I saw the abode of Polyphemus,—

. . . . . Αὐλὴ
Ὑψηλὴ δέδμητο κατωρυχέεσσι λίθοισι.

A great part of the land about Catania, or even the city itself, fully proves what dreadful destructions a volcanic mountain, when in action, can in a few moments produce: and in reality the black streams of hard lava along this side of the base of Etna, leave melancholy traces of many ancient devastations: yet a kind Providence has made full amends for these, by causing the soil which is derived, in the course of time, from the decomposition of the very lava itself, to "bring forth thousands and ten thousands."—Proceeding southwards, soon after I left Catania, I passed the yellow Symæthus, now *la Giarretta*,—a rapid river, and the largest in the island; and thence I rode through the neighbouring Campi Læstrygonii. This spacious tract of plain bears some corn; but the greater part is boggy and marshy: in the summer the deadly mal'aria prevails there to such a degree, that it is altogether uninhabited, so that the words of Homer are still true and applicable,

Ἔνθα μὲν οὔτε βοῶν οὔτ' ἀνδρῶν φαίνετο ἔργα.

Leaving the sea-shore and this dreary district, I ascended a wooded hill, from whence, in looking back, the view of Mount Etna was truly magnificent, as it appeared nobly standing forth from the plain and the Gulf of Catania; the day being calm and clear, with a bright sunshine, the entire profile of that enormous mountain was wonderfully distinct and perfect. Its pyramidal form, from this spot, I thought was better displayed than from any point in which I had viewed it, and from hence the great regularity and symmetry of its outline was most beautifully developed. To the south-east, at a little distance, the small and modern town of Augusta is seen picturesquely seated on a neck of land, with an excellent and well-fortified harbour in front, and backed by the great promontory of *Santa Croce*, or the Holy Cross. Coming to another plain, which was here and there covered with wheat already ripe, I continued near the beach and along the former "Megaros sinus." A few large stones show the site of the town of Hybla, afterwards called Megara; and the neighbouring flat peninsula of Magnisi on the east points out "Tapsumque jacentem." Contiguous hereto on the west, is the limestone mountain range—the famed Hybla, and at this day termed *Monti Iblei.* The town of Melilli, placed upon its slope, has been so named, either from the excellence of its honey, or else from the sugar-cane (*Cannaméle*) having been once cultivated in its vicinity. During this day's journey, I rode through the beds of many rivers, now nearly dry, although in the rainy season, and winter, they become good sized

streams,—these are the χείμαῤῥοι ποταμοὶ of Homer. Their banks are very beautiful, being covered with many splendid flowers, especially with an abundance of the rose-coloured Oleander. My attention was next taken with the ruin commonly called the Trophy of Marcellus, but which now bears—from the shape of its square base and a portion of its conical shaft—more the appearance of a tomb. A few miles further I begun to ascend the rough and ancient road, *Scala Græca*—wherein the tracks of wheels are deeply cut—over a rocky declivity, and on passing its summit, Syracuse, with its large harbour, like a lovely lake, came in sight; and I entered that strongly fortified city after sunset, on May 29th, with such venerable feelings, as if I were conscious of treading upon sacred ground. The remembrance of her former grandeur, magnificence, and wealth, of her exploits, and of her great men, almost produced in my mind the same sensations that I must have felt were I then in sight of the Parthenon and the Athenian Acropolis; and indeed of the ancient Greek cities, Συράκουσαι was in all respects the most celebrated next after Ἀθῆναι. Now-a-days, the modern *Siracusa* is content with one-fifth of her ancient city, and all her houses are built together, and enclosed by strong walls on the island *Ortigia*—Ὀρτυγία—and is reduced nearly to what it most probably was when occupied by the Siculi, previous to their expulsion by Archias and his Corinthian band, which occurred about eighteen years after the foundation of Rome. Syracuse, the ancient metropolis of Sicily, was styled πεντάπολις, and from seeing the extent of her five cities as at present pointed out, it strikes me that her population must have been enormous: but I do not remember any passage in the classics which mentions the exact, or even the supposed, number. Now the Ortygian city is said to possess only 20,000 souls, and a garrison of about 2,000 soldiers. It has little commerce, but no manufactories. The chief export is corn, which is sent principally to Malta. Some excellent wines are made in the vicinity. The only grand piece of antiquity existing at this time on the isle, is a large Doric temple, converted into the cathedral. It is generally called the Temple of Minerva, although without any real authority. A few poor remains of another temple are seen in some house near the former, and which are supposed to have belonged to the venerable seat of the famous Ortygian Diana,—

Ποταμίας ἕδος Ἀρτέμιδος.

Close under a street, near the south-west extremity of the isle, and the shore of the Porto Grande, is a copious stream of clear and limpid water, which, to my great disappointment, I found to be no less than the ὕδωρ ἱερῆς Ἀρεθούσης. The place was filled with Syracusan nymphs—doubtless the priestesses of Diana—who were washing linen. I drank of this beautiful water as near the spring as I could, but finding it saltish and brackish, I again tasted, and retasted it. I, however, left the fountain, satisfied that the sea-nymph had mixed the spring with her bitter sea-water, which Virgil besought her not to do,

"Doris amara suam non intermisceat undam."

In the great harbour, nearly opposite to this Arethusan "washpot," there is a submarine spring of fresh water, commonly termed *Occhio*

*della Zillica*, and which is considered as the fabulous and poetic Alpheus. Near the theatre and amphitheatre, exist those spacious chambers, the Latomiæ, which have been excavated in the natural rock; that called the Ear of Dionysius is the most curious. These caverns have been doubtless quarries, from whence the stone for building the ancient city has been taken, and afterwards adapted for prisons by Dionysius the Tyrant, as Cicero (in Verrem. lib. v. c. 55) tells us, "ut quisque istius animum, aut oculos, offenderat, in *Latomias* statim conjiciebatur." Of the celebrated temple of Jupiter Olympius, two massive, though much decayed, Doric columns are generally supposed to be the only remains. But, as these are seen on the opposite side of the Great Port to the south-west of the Anapus, I am doubtful whether they can really be esteemed as having belonged to that temple, inasmuch as Cicero (Ibid. lib. iv. c. 53) expressly says, that the "templum egregium Jovis Olympii" was situate in the *second* city, named *Acradina*; and Livy (lib. xxiv. c. 33) states, that Acradina was washed by the waves of the sea,—"mari ab Achradinâ, cujus murus fluctû alluitur,"—consequently this second city must have been on the north-east of the isle, Nasos, or Ortygia. Moreover, from the statement of Vitruvius, (lib. i. c. 7,) that the Temple of Jupiter ought to occupy the loftiest ground within the city, we at once perceive that a position in Acradina would be much more suitable than the out of the way and suburban spot, where the two columns now stand. I then rowed up the Fiume Anapo, to visit the deep and crystalline fountain of the lovely nymph Cyane, now called *la Pisma*, as well as the beautiful paper-rush, the *Cyperus papyrus* of Linnæus, or Πάπυρος of Theophrastus. This well-known Egyptian plant grows there in abundance, having probably been introduced either from the Nile, or from the neighbourhood of Carthage. Passing near the marshes Lisimelia and Siraca, I ascended to the quarter once styled Ἐπιπολαί, in order to survey the height Labdalus, and to search for the vestiges of the castle of Euryalus. As Athens had her Acropolis, and Corinth her Acrocorinthus, for their lofty fortresses; so, the Epipolæ at Syracuse constituted her commanding and principal rock of defence, upon which were erected strong fortifications. Of these, little now arrests the traveller's notice, except some broken and ruined walls. The panoramic view, however, from that high eminence is still most extensive and majestic. From thence I crossed over the Hybla Major, a long and flat-topped mountain of limestone, which is everywhere covered with thyme, mint, rosemary, sage, and other delightfully fragrant and aromatic plants. Now, as in the days of Theocritus, the busy bee (ἁ βομβεῦσα μελίσσα) flies buzzing about, sipping sweets from every flower. This insect is small, and appeared to me to be only the common wild honey-bee, (*Apis mellifica.* Lin.) and not distinct from our domesticated species. The honey of that district—*Mele Ibleo*—is still delicious, and is exported in considerable quantity from Syracuse. The next place I came to was Palazzolo: the site of the ancient Acræ, a city built (665 B.C.) seventy years after Syracuse, and a colony of that place, is on a mountain near this town, and named *Acremonte*. A small theatre, with its appropriate odeum, some catacombs, resembling those

at Syracuse, but on a very inferior scale, many Greek vases, coins, lamps, terra cotta vessels, coloured vases made of glass, rings, and other ornaments and sculptures, have been of late years discovered there. Visiting Buccheri, and the clean and handsome city of Calatagirone, in two days I then arrived on the south coast at Terranova, a populous and neat town, placed on a flat hill overlooking the sea. There has been much discussion whether this place, or Alicata, occupy the site of Gela, and from what I have been able to collect, it appears to me that the best proofs are in favour of Terranova. A fluted Doric pillar, laying in the sand near the town, is the sole existing vestige of its ancient edifices; but many vases, earthen vessels, and coins, are very frequently discovered. Gela was founded by a colony of Rhodians and Cretans, six hundred and ninety years before the Christian era. On many of the coins found at Terranova, there is seen upon one side the device of a bull with a man's head, and the word ΓΕΛΑΣ, i. e. Gelas, inscribed thereon. This monster cannot here, I think, be accounted either the symbol of the neighbouring river or of agriculture, as some Numismatists have conjectured, or even of the Cretan minotaur itself; but I imagine it may most probably signify Jupiter, who, in the form of a bull with a man's head, is represented in several antique gems, carrying Europa over the sea to Crete: consequently, the Geloans, adopting that deity under so peculiar a device, might thereby perpetuate their in part Cretan origin. The river Fiume di Terranova, flowing near the town on a little to the east, is considered as the *Gelas*, which gave its name to the city; and the very extensive plain that surrounds the place on three sides answers to the Geloan fields, which are most fertile in corn, cotton, and soda. Hence, this would exactly agree with Virgil's accurate description of this part of the southern coast. Passing the promontory of Pachynus, the sailor sees Camarina (hodiè *Camarana*) afar off, then the Campi Geloi, lastly,

" Immanisque Gela, fluvii cognomine dicta."

June 4th.—We rode partly along the sandy shore of the African sea, and partly through corn fields, for seventeen miles, until we came to the large river Fiume Salso, which our mules forded, and then arrived in *Licata*, or Alicata, a seaport town, enjoying some commerce. It is built below a large insulated hill, named Monte Ecnomo, the Εκνομος (or Mount *Lawless* of Diodorus, lib. xix,) whereon was the castle of Phalaris, rendered infamous by its brazen bull, and the fabulous cruelties of that brutal tyrant. The river *Salso* rises in the Nebrodes, now the *Madonie* mountains, and exactly dividing Sicily in the middle; it must, therefore, according to the descriptions of Polybius, (lib. vii. cap. 4,) and Silius Italicus, (lib. xiv. v. 234-7,) doubtless be the ancient Southern Himera: so those antiquaries who place Gela where Alicata now stands must necessarily make that river synonymous with the ancient *Gelas*, for which, indeed, I think they cannot produce any old authority. Yet, in all likelihood, Alicata occupies the site of Phintia, a city built by Phintias, the tyrant of Agrigentum, after Gela was razed to the ground. And, according to Diodorus, (lib. xxii.) Phintia was situate near the sea, to which Phintias removed

the *inhabitants of Gela.* Thus, since the Γελῶοι, Gelenses, or people of the destroyed Gela, were taken to Phintia, it is not improbable that the new city of Phintia might sometimes still have been called Gela, or Respublica Gelensis, and so might have created a confusion of names.

June 5th.—I came to *Girgenti*, once the second city in Sicily, the well-known Agrigentum of the Romans, and the Acragas of the Greeks, which, from the testimony of Thucydides, (lib. vi. cap. 4,) was founded 582 B.C., by the inhabitants of Gela. This colony likewise, after the precedent afforded by their native place, bestowed on it the appellation of the adjoining river, which the poet terms the "yellow Acragas"—ξανθὸς Ἀκραγας. Several other instances of this pristine and Grecian custom, the οἴκημα ποταμοῦ, or dwelling of the river, remain in Sicily. In like manner, we have in England the town of Thame, so called from the river; and many examples occur where the river forms the principal part of the name of the place; as, *Ex*mouth, *Don*caster, *Cam*bridge, &c. The chief ruins, which now exist below Girgenti, are two grand temples, of the same solid Doric architecture as those of Pæstum, of Syracuse, and of Segesta. One is styled the Temple of Juno Lucina, and the other of Concord, but both without any decisive authority. The view from the inside of these temples, seen between the majestic fluted columns, is extremely magnificent. The town of Girgenti, heaped together near the summit of a mountain, above one thousand feet from the sea-level, and supposed by many to be Mount Camicus, a mile and a half distant, seemed like an ancient Grecian city, the space around being occupied by olive grounds and vineyards; on either side arise lofty but barren mountains, covered with their own fragments, as if with the ruins of a vast city: beneath the hill on which the temples stand, a considerable though elevated plain extends towards the sea: indeed, on this very plain Polybius describes the Roman camp to have been in the first Punic war. The situation of Girgenti, now stiled "La Magnifica," is one of the most commanding I have ever seen, and, at the distance of six or eight miles on the sea, the following line must have exactly described its effect—

> "Arduus indè Agragas ostentat maxima longè
> Mœnia."

Of the celebrated Temple of Jupiter Olympius, vulgarly called the Temple of the Giants, so minutely detailed by Diodorus, a few masses of stone only remain. A fragment of a colossal figure is seen, which once probably formed a Caryatic giant, and supported some portion of the interior; it is evidently too enormous to have constituted any part of the famous battle of the giants that was sculptured on the pediment of the east front. In fact, from the remains of this edifice were taken the modern arms of Girgenti, which represent three giants, bearing on their heads three towers; and thus would they almost induce me to consider that the name of *Girgenti* was rather corrupted from the word "*Giganti*" than from the original "*Agrigentum.*" There are likewise scattered about massive portions of many other temples; also of immense walls and numerous tombs. But Agrigentum

has left little of its artificial beauty, having been so frequently and so thoroughly destroyed. The prospect, however, over the adjacent country, as regards Nature herself, remains much the same as it must have been in the days of Agrigentine splendour and prosperity, and is now very beautiful and interesting to the traveller. The modern port of Girgenti, like the Peiræeus at Athens, distant from the *asty*, or city, about four miles, is safe and commodious. It is one of the chief caricatori in the island, and possesses vast and numerous pits excavated in the dry calcareous rock, in which corn is preserved. These pits are named by Varro (Re Rust. lib. i. cap. 57,) "*puteos*," and he says they were like those used in the Carthaginian territory. And I may remark, that this ancient custom still prevails in the north of Africa, where the Arabs and Moors not only use similar pits as granaries, but also as treasuries, wherein they secrete their money or dollars.

To the geologist, mineralogist, and botanist, Sicily really presents a field of study and research almost inexhaustible. With respect to its vegetation, I have been more particularly attentive, and have succeeded in taking ample notes of its beautiful and choice indigenous plants. In geology, the remarkable phenomena exhibited by the volcanic portion of the island, however engaging they are, would occupy more time than I could allow in order to investigate them in the manner I should desire. And even Mount Etna itself, if examined *alone*, would be found to constitute a world of interest in every branch of natural science.

From Porto Girgenti, I passed over a wilder and uninteresting country as far as Sciacca, sometimes spelt Xiacca. Here are the Thermæ Selinuntinæ of antiquity, and which are still much used. These hot sulphur baths are situate at the bottom of the white calcareous mountain S. Calogero, a short way from the town; but the more famous vapour caverns of Dædalus are high up the mountain; and upon its summit stand a church and hospital. Sciacca itself, rather a large but very dirty town, is placed on a high cliff, close above the sea, commanding a most noble view; indeed, from the windows of the convent where I lodged, the rocky volcanic Isle of Pantellaria, formerly *Cossura*, distant about sixty-five miles to the south, was distinctly visible. I endeavoured in vain to rest my eyes on some lofty spot or headland upon the African coast, being aware that Cape Bon (*Mercurii Promontorium*) is only one hundred miles across, and the ancient conqueror of Sicily, Carthage—or rather the place she once occupied—about one hundred and fifty miles. Turning my back on the Algerines, the Moors, the Hottentots and Caffres, I went rather inland, though continuing in a route nearly parallel to the coast, and having passed several rivers, I came to the plain of Belici, the *Hypsa* of old, near which was the unhealthy marsh said to have been deprived of its stagnant waters by Empedocles. This district in summer still requires another philosophical engineer, for fever caused by the mal'aria is then very frequent. Next, I rode through a wood of dwarf oaks, ilex, and cork trees, and afterwards crossed the Fiume Madiuni, the ancient *Selinus*, which received that title from the *Selinum* sylvestre, an umbelliferous plant abundant there; and the river, according to custom,

most likely contributed its own name to the city. A colony from (Hybla) Megara founded, as we are told by Thucydides, (lib. vi. cap. 4,) and, as near as we can discover, 630 B.C., Selinus, now called *Selinunte*. The wonderfully colossal temples are laying on the ground, in three separate and confused piles, and appear to have been overthrown by a tremendous earthquake. Several remarkable metopes, of very ancient and curious sculpture, were found a few years since, amongst the huge blocks of architrave, drums, and Doric capitals of the pillars. I saw them in the museum of the university at Palermo, and was surprised to observe remains of red paint upon some of them. Virgil, and after him Silius Italicus, have given the epithet *palmy* to Selinus, though at this day "palmosa," or "palmæque arbusta," can only be applied to it from the dwarf palm, or palmetto, (*Chamærops humilis*) which abounds in the more barren parts of the south of Sicily. From thence I went straight to Segesta, passing through Castelvetrano, S. Ninfa, and Vita. On this uninteresting road I beheld at a distance Monte S. Giuliano, the former *Eryx*, on which was the habitation of Venus Erycina, and now the town of St. Julian. The magnificent and venerable Temple of Segesta stands alone on the top of an isolated eminence, in a bare and wild country; its Doric peristyle is quite perfect, but there are no remains of its cella. To what deity this temple has been sacred there is nothing known; Diana, indeed, seems, from Cicero's account, (In Verr., lib. iv. c. 33 and 34,) to have been held among the Segestans in as high estimation as she was with the Ephesians; but, since this structure has probably been "extra urbem," it must, I think, have been dedicated to Ceres, according to the opinion of Vitruvius, (lib. i. cap. 7.) The position of the city has evidently been on the opposite hill to the east, which is called Monte Barbara, where are likewise the ruins of the theatre. Egesta, or Segesta, was one of the most ancient places in the island; the general legend or story is, that it was founded by some Trojans who were wanderers, after the taking of their own city; such is Thucydides' account; whilst Cicero tells us that it was built by Eneas, and, consequently, the Segestans were akin (*cognati*) to the Romans. He describes it, even in his day, as "oppidum pervetus;" and so Virgil, assigning to it the same founder, names it Acesta. And, in commemoration of this Trojan origin, some of the coins of Segesta represent Eneas bearing his father and the Palladium away from the flames of Troy. (See *Castellus*, Torremuzza, Siciliæ Vet. Num., tab. lxiv. figs. 2—7.)

Proceeding through a valley, I passed, not far to the N.E., the hot springs, or *Aquæ Segestanæ;* these are still in some repute, and flow into the river *S. Bartolomeo*, the former Crimisus. I then emerged from this dreary and uncultivated district, and arrived at the good Saracenic town of Alcamo. From hence I got once more upon an excellent carriage road, the ὁδὸν ἁμαξιτὸν of Pindar, or *strada carrozzábile*, as the Sicilians term it; and as I approached Partinico, I hardly ever witnessed a more superb view. The country there appeared like a magnificent theatre, backed by fine mountains that project into the sea; in front extended the exquisitely coloured water and gulf of Castellamare, with the plain, over which I rode, sloping gently to the

shore, and loaded with every production of nature. This I thought in reality one of the most fertile and lovely spots that can be conceived. After traversing some bare limestone mountains, along which the road is well carried, I descended, in the afternoon of June 10, through a sweet country, to Palermo "La Felice"—a beautiful capital, nearly surrounded by gardens.

The ancient name *Panormus*—Πάνορμος—will give you a good idea of its spacious harbour. This city no longer possesses any remains of her extreme antiquity; those more curious edifices, which she has yet to show, are of mediæval date, and the works of her conquerors, the Saracens, and not, as one might almost have expected, of the Phœnicians, who, as we are informed by Thucydides, seated themselves within her walls after the Greeks had begun to settle in numbers upon the island. Time, however, forbids me at present from giving you any description of Palermo, and of her most charming environs.

---

## MARCUS CURTIUS.

WHAT terror menaces the state, that through imperial Rome,
Fear reigns in each patrician hall, in every cottage home;
Lo! in the crowded forum's midst the earth asunder riven,
A widely yawning gulf appears, the sign of anger'd heaven.

The people gaze with fear-struck hearts, the sides are dark and deep,
Nor to be scann'd by mortal eyes how many fathoms deep.
"Be expiation quickly done, ho! soothsayers, now say,
What can avert the heavy doom that hangs o'er us to-day?"

Nought can the wrath of Jove avert, nought for your sins atone,
Until whate'er you prize the most shall in the gulf be thrown.
Such things declares the oracle. Then instantly upsprung
The gallant Marcus Curtius, the beautiful, the young.

And thus he spoke—"My countrymen, the things most prized by you
Are, a trusty blade, a stout right arm, and a heart that's brave and true.
The infernal gods a life demand, and I will gladly be,
My native land, my much loved Rome, a sacrifice for thee.

Ho there! my corslet and my helm—bring forth my warrior steed,
That never, in the longest day, yet failed me at my need."
He mounts—the assembled multitude scarce dare to draw their breath.
When they see the youthful hero thus devote himself to death.

He slacks the rein, he plies the spur, the charger dashes on—
The brink of the abyss is gain'd, the fatal deed is done.
From every woman's lips then bursts a shrill and piercing cry,
Through every manly heart there shoots a thrill of agony.

But hark! it thunders on the left, the omen not in vain,
Then they behold (O sight of joy!) the earth unite again—
The prize that's valued most by Rome has in the gulf been cast—
A PATRIOT'S LIFE is sacrificed—the curse is ever past!

*London, June,* 1843. THOS. D'OYLY.

# SAVINDROOG.[1]

BY M. RAFTER, ESQ.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

FAITHFUL AND FORSAKEN.

It was the harvest moon, and the blue vault was illumined with its rich effulgence. The reaper had laid by his sickle; the humble task of the gleaner was over for the day, and the children of toil were reposing in the peaceful hamlet, or enjoying the tranquil eve with song and dance, the unsophisticated pleasures of rural life. Midway advanced in the cloudless firmament, the lucid beams of the car-borne goddess shone with more than usual splendor; and the bold and picturesque features of the Droog and the jungle appeared distinctly visible in the silvery radiance of the mimic day.

The night was calm and still, and unbroken silence reigned throughout the Droog; for Kempé and his myrmidons had all departed on their expedition; which was of so important a nature, that almost every man who could handle a bow or a matchlock was pressed into the service; and, with the exception of the old men, women and children, the fortress was left almost entirely to the impregnable nature of its own defences. All the motley garrison had apparently retired to rest, and not a sound was heard to interrupt the solemn stillness of the scene; save the tinkling of a veena on the loftiest pinnacle of the Droog, and the mellow tones of a plaintive voice, pouring out some amorous descant on the passing breeze.

It was Vega, the solitary occupant of his aerial prison; where, since his disgrace on the preceding evening, he had continued, according to the orders of his incensed Chief, alone, unfed and unsheltered from the heavy dews and the scorching sun; which poured with unbroken fervour on the rocky platform that constituted the place of his confinement, and towered, in solitary grandeur, high over every other part of the stupendous mountain. But the sufferings he endured from the pangs of hunger, and the inclemency of the sky, were nothing compared to the agonies of his wounded spirit. Disgraced, and ignominiously struck by his Chief, in the presence of his fellow soldiers, for a generous attempt to save that Chief from the perpetration of a drunken outrage—imprisoned and thrown aside as a worthless thing; at a moment when every arm was put in requisition, and his heart was panting for an opportunity to distinguish himself in the field—shunned and scoffed at by his former companions, who blindly acquiesced in every act and opinion of their Chief, and who looked on the loss of his favour as the only true criterion of guilt; it was not in the nature of the Bheel to submit in silent humility to such an unmerited accumulation of insult and injury. He accordingly gave frequent vent, in no measured terms, to the bitter feelings of his agitated

[1] Continued from p. 134.

breast; and many a threat of vengeance fell mutteringly from his parched and quivering lips, as the last sound of the Collary horn, which indicated the march of the expedition, was heard faintly dying away in the distant jungle.

But, in addition to the recent outrages sustained at the hands of his Chief, there was one of much greater moment still rankling in the breast of the Bheel. This was the total estrangement of the affections of Lillah; who, though once apparently devoted to him with the fondest attachment, had been for some time past so completely occupied with her ambitious designs on the musnud, that the hapless Vega now met with nothing but coldness and contempt, in return for the passionate tenderness with which he still continued to adore her. While contributing his zealous services in the abduction of the Begum of Mysore, Vega had indulged a flattering hope of being rewarded with the hand of Lillah: but, whether the Chief had become more churlish of late, or whether the fascinations of Lillah were still necessary to his happiness, certain it is that every hint dropt by Vega to his lord, on this interesting subject, fell on a deaf ear; while the siren herself received his impassioned looks and burning sighs with a gesture of indifference, or a smile of derision, that filled the soul of the amorous Bheel with bitterness and despair.

Love, however, is an imperious deity; and will seldom suffer the flame he has once truly kindled in the breast to be totally extinguished, by any of those other feelings and passions which harass and perplex by turns the lord of the creation. Accordingly, in the midst of his mortified pride and indignation, the complaints of the lover were still vented more in sorrow than in anger against the object of his affections, whom on the present occasion he was thus apostrophizing to the sombre accompaniment of his veena:

False Lillah! where now
Is thy lotus eye,
More bright than the sparkling ruby's gleam?
Ah! yonder it is
In the clear blue sky
But cold on me is its frozen beam!
False Lillah!

Where now are the sighs
Of thy lips, proud fair,
Like fragrant gales from the sandal tree?
Oh! I feel them pass,
In the balmy air,
But no longer they breathe of bliss to me!
False Lillah!

Ah! where is the voice
That my soul could thrill,
Like the Cocil's lay in the jasmin grove?
Tho' its melody lives
In my fond heart still,
It murmurs no more to me of love!
False Lillah!

As the plant that expands
To the solar ray
In amorous joy ev'ry tender leaf;
But folds them up
At the close of day,
In silent sorrow and lonely grief!
False Lillah!

Beneath the beam
Of thine eye so bright,
The rose of my life was rich in bloom;
But now depriv'd
Of its heavenly light
I sink to the cold and joyless tomb!
False Lillah!

Here ceased the lay of the amorous Vega; who sat on his mossy rock, silent and motionless, as if he sought to catch again the echo of his plaintive ditty. To his utter astonishment, his lay did actually *still* seem to float on the air; but with such a superiority of tone and execution as must, he thought, belong to the lyre of some celestial musician.

In deep mysterious awe the wondering Bheel raised his head, and gazed around, with a timid superstitious look; half wishing, half fearing to view the hand which had produced such heavenly sounds, that fell softly and sweetly on his heart, like dew upon the budding flowers of Spring; as if from his celestial home, some pitying spirit had descended to sooth him with his minstrelsy. Nor did his awe or wonder cease when, from behind a hoary headed crag, like one of those fleet visions of the night that steal upon the heated fancy, clothed in the dazzling moonshine, the Yogie silently approached, and stood before the startled Bheel.

"Holy father!" exclaimed Vega, with a deep reverential tone; for, though proof to every physical fear, his imagination had invested the Yogie with a superhuman character that put his moral courage to a severe test, "well mayest thou boast the minstrelsy that has subdued the grief of the Begum; for even my distracted brain has been consoled by the magic tone of thy veena."

"It rejoices me exceedingly," replied the Yogie, "that my poor ability should have the power of soothing those sorrows which I know must be heavy in this your solitary prison."

"Great indeed is your power on the instrument," said the Bheel, "but much do I wonder, venerable father, to see one so old ascend, at such an hour, this awful height; which an unpracticed foot could scarcely gain amidst the cheerful light of day. It makes even me dizzy to look downward, from the parapet on which I am leaning: but the viewless powers of air have doubtless guided and supported your footsteps hither."

"My son!" replied the Yogie, meekly, "the gods have surely guided my footsteps, through this dark and wildering maze, to display the sacred light of Truth, and to turn at least one of many who err from the evil of his deeds."

"Holy father!" said the Bheel, "I scarcely comprehend the purport of your speech."

"I marked your manly conduct yestereven," said the Yogie, "when you nobly refused to pander to the wishes of your drunken Chief."

"You set too much value," said Vega coldly, "on a simple act of humanity; but I pray you speak more reverently of the Maha Rajah."

"I speak of all men," said the Yogie, "according to that intuitive knowledge of character with which I am endowed; and which teaches me to single you out from the common herd that surrounds you, as one that is worthy of a better fate."

"Venerable man," said the Bheel, "your words are flattering, but I know not whither they would tend."

"To your eternal welfare," said the Yogie, with marked solemnity: "I would lead you from a life of lawless plunder, fraud and violence, to scenes more calm and pure, which fit the soul for everlasting bliss."

"Holy pilgrim!" exclaimed Vega, "I acknowledge the goodness of your intentions, but you cannot change the nisib that is written in my brain."

"Do you then believe," asked the Yogie, "that you are destined for a life like this?"

"Most devoutly," replied the unhesitating Bheel; "my lot is that of a rover of the jungle, and destiny has stamped upon my brow that I am 'Mahadeo's thief.'"*

"Monstrous infatuation!" cried the Yogie, devoutly elevating his hands to heaven, "Poor ignorant creature! who knowest not how thou wert made, and canst not foresee the moment of thy dissolution, dost thou yet pretend to an acquaintance with the most hidden secrets of the Creator? and darest thou assert that a being of infinite wisdom and goodness has irrevocably consigned thee to a life, in this world, which must inevitably lead to eternal torment in the next?"

"With the designs of the Creator," said Vega doggedly, "I never meddle. It is sufficient to know that I was born a Bheel; and am, therefore, bound to obey in all things, without scruple or hesitation, the orders of my Chief."

"And dost thou pride thyself," sternly demanded the Yogie, "on thy fidelity to one who treats thee like a dog?"

"How!" cried the Bheel, with a start of passion, "what mean you, holy father, by such words as these?"

"Does he not employ you to hunt down his game, and aid him in its capture?" asked the Yogie.

"When such is his pleasure it is our duty to obey," replied Vega.

"Does he not seize on the lion's share of the spoil," continued the Yogie, "and leave you to batten on the refuse?"

"It is his birth-right to do so," said the Bheel.

* The common answer of a Bheel, when charged with theft or robbery, is, "I am not to blame, I am Mahadeo's thief." In other words, my destiny as a thief has been fixed by God.—*Malcolm's Central India.*

"Are not his opinions unquestionable, and his will your only law?" asked the Yogie.

"It is just and proper that they should be so," replied the Bheel.

"And when you dare to utter an opinion of your own, even for his good," said the Yogie, "does he not trample on you, for your officious meddling?"

"Nay that I deny," cried the Bheel.

"I myself have seen you," said the Yogie, "struck for a mere nothing by the tyrant, in a manner that no gallant man should tamely suffer."

"Alas! 'tis true," said the Bheel, "but still he is my Chief."

"Disgraced for ever in the eyes of your brother soldiers," resumed the Yogie.

Vega covered his face with his hands, but made no reply.

"Shut up," continued the Yogie, "like a wild beast in a cage; or rather like a trembling craven who dare not avenge his insulted honor."

"Death! old man," cried the Bheel, springing on his feet, "be careful what you say, and urge me not beyond my patience."

"Oho!" said the Yogie, in a cool sarcastic tone, "you like not the voice of truth, for it lays open the unreasonable nature of your boasted fidelity. You require the leech, but you cannot bear the touch of the probe."

"You handle your instrument so roughly," cried Vega, "that I pray you to put an end to the operation."

"All in good time," said the Yogie, "there is still another string to touch. You have not yet, I perceive, forgotten Lillah."

"What of Lillah?" cried the Bheel eagerly.

"I saw her last night," said the Yogie, "dancing, singing, and laughing at the captive Vega."

"Laughing! oh say not that she laughed at my misery," exclaimed the Bheel in a mournful tone.

"So may the gods protect me!" said the Yogie solemnly; she laughed as she hung upon the neck of your Chief, and dallied with his glossy beard."

"Fiends and furies!" cried the Bheel, gnashing his teeth in agony.

"While Kempé," continued the Yogie, "pressing her to his heart, exclaimed in exulting tones, "thus will I punish all presumptuous Pariahs who seek to steal fair Lillah from my love."

"Old man, old man!" cried the Bheel writhing with agony, "you torture where you cannot cure, and drive me to unavailing madness."

"This," pursued the Yogie, triumphantly, "this is the Chief for whom you entertain your boasted fidelity: who employs your courage, your talents and your energy to accomplish his own base purpose; and, as a reward for your services, robs you of the dearest treasure of your soul, to gratify the dalliance of his idle hours."

"Mysterious being!" cried the Bheel, whose breast shook with contending emotions, "I know not what your object is in thus cruelly torturing one to whom you are a stranger; but if you hope to shake that fidelity which, though you laugh at, you cannot under-

stand, you are deceived. My Chief, 'tis true, has struck me—disgraced me in the eyes of my comrades—imprisoned me, and kept me from my honest fame. Nay, more than this, he has robbed me of my only hope of happiness—taken from my eyes, my lips and my heart, the only object of my adoration, but yet to my dying day I never will betray my salt."*

"Alas! the pity and the shame!" cried the Yogie, in a voice of commiseration, "that one whose gallant heart might lead him on to wealth and honor, should play a part so poor and ignominious."

"What would you have me do?" demanded Vega, in an impatient tone.

"Methinks," replied the Yogie, "the generous thoughts that dwell within your breast should prompt you to direct your eyes to where, in yonder Haram, the hapless Begum of Mysore pines in sorrowful captivity."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Bheel, rising from his recumbent position, and assuming an attitude of defiance and mistrust.

"Her unmerited sufferings," continued the Yogie, "should move your heart, and nerve your arm with a giant's power, to aid the rescue of the hapless maid."

"So, so!" cried the Bheel, with the voice and aspect of a man who had been suddenly aroused to a sense of impending danger.

"And well am I assured," continued the Yogie, "that the liberal hand of her grateful sire, would crown her brave deliverer with wealth and honors."

"Ha!" cried the Bheel, with a sudden explosion of wrath, "thou venerable traitor! that comest to the tiger's hold with guileful heart and peaceful air! Old knave I do arrest thee! and right speedily shall thy carcass be held forth to feed the hungry fowls of heaven!"

Then forth the faithful Vega stretched his hand to seize upon his hoary prisoner; but ere he could accomplish his purpose.

"Hold!" cried the Yogie, with a frown, "before you touch my forfeit life, learn first, bold youth, to guard your own."

With a giant's grasp he seized the light but active form of the Bheel; and forced him, with irresistible impetuosity, across the parapet, which overhung a frightful and stupendous precipice. There he held him until he felt assured, by his throbbing heart and failing breath, that both his strength and courage were pretty well subdued: he then relaxed his iron grasp, and placed the astonished and panting Bheel upon his legs again.

* Habituated as the Bheels are to crime, they are not without principle, and are deemed more than most Hindoos, true to their salt, which means, to those who give them food.—*Malcolm's Central India.*

In the East, it is looked upon as the greatest crime to betray one in whose family or service a man has lived, or even with whom he has eaten. Hence the epithet *nemek-herám*, or treacherous to his salt, is one of the severest of reproaches.—*Memoirs of Baber, note.*

## CHAPTER XLV.

### THE BEL BUNDAR.

"Now Doorga seize thy hoary head!" cried the wrathful Vega, when he had recovered his breath; "to look at thy grizzled locks and silvery beard, who could expect such a devil's turn as this? To mortal eyes thou seemest a man, yet surely thou art some Asoora in disguise. But, man or fiend, thou shalt speedily taste the vengeful dagger of the Bheel."

Then from its silver case he drew the keen blade of his creese; and, crouching like the tiger when about to spring upon his sylvan prey, he was in the act of striking a blow that, spite of the disparity of strength, might have been attended with serious consequences, when the Yogie exclaimed in a voice of stern command:

"Once more, Vega, beware! Twice already have you felt the strength of my arm, but if it fall again 'twill be the last. Before you provoke the combat which must now be mortal, view me well, and say if you can remember how and when I got this ugly scar?"

The Yogie then unbound from his forehead the ample turban which had hitherto overshadowed and concealed his features; and displayed his high and noble forehead, which still bore perceptibly the mark of the wound inflicted by Vega on the day of the tournament.

The Bheel recoiled in utter amazement to see, thus miraculously restored to life, one who had so long been numbered with the dead; for he felt little difficulty in recognizing the features of Kistna, when divested of their artificial appendages. As if still unassured, however, that the object before him was actually a being of this world, he gazed intensely on the pilgrim's face; where shone, in the bright moonlight, that manly beauty which was the mirror of his princely mind; and whose native lustre, and unaffected majesty, had won the gentle heart of the Begum.

The astonished Vega at length broke silence, though some strong passion seemed to choke his utterance, as he exclaimed in hurried accents:

"That scar! ah heavens! I know it well, the scar upon that noble brow! And those eyes, so mild and yet so terrible! And has my guilty hand been raised again to shed the blood of him who nobly spared my forfeit life upon the field, yea when he himself was bleeding beneath my own accursed steel? And have I striven against him who, in the midst of his own sufferings, was mindful of his assassin in the dungeon, and bestowed upon me, even a second time, the precious gift of life and liberty?"

With a cry of mingled grief and shame the repentant Vega fell prostrate on the earth; and prayed the Rajpoot, as an act of grace, to set his foot upon his worthless neck, and once for all, to wreak his just revenge.

"Rise," said the smiling Yogie, "rise, gallant Vega, and quit these girlish cries; to you I look for more manly symptoms of gratitude."

"Name your wishes, noble prince," said the Bheel, with a gesture

of admiration and reverence, "and rest assured of my ready compliance with them."

"Accident," said the Yogie, "or rather, I should say, the marked interposition of Providence, enabled me to overhear a conversation between two of your comrades, when seeking shelter from a storm in the forest."

"Ah! you allude to Chinnapa and Ballajee," interrupted the Bheel; "then doubtless you were the ghost the knaves swore they saw in the ruined Choultry."

"Yes," said the Yogie, "I believe they took me for the ghost of a Banyan murdered by one of them."

"That was Ballajee," said Vega, "the fellow has been sick and half crazy ever since, and is now left behind in consequence."

"From their conversation," continued the Yogie, "I first learned the real fate of the Begum of Mysore."

"Ah yes," said Vega sighing, "I was unhappily engaged in her abduction; an exploit which I have since often repented."

"As time was pressing," resumed the Yogie, "I came hither instantly in the hope of saving her, or dying in her defence."

"And well have you proved yourself her faithful Rakhi-bund Baé," exclaimed the Bheel, enthusiastically; "so devoted an attempt must excite the sympathy of every generous mind; for if the Maha-Rajah knew you were now within his grasp not worlds could save you from his wrath."

"I came hither," said the Yogie, "with a full conviction of my danger; but the report of my death, and the excellence of my disguise, inspired me with confidence; and I will not conceal from you, gallant Vega, that the opinion I had formed of your character led me to calculate on some aid from you in my enterprise."

"And did you then do justice to the unhappy Bheel?" asked Vega, with a joyful countenance, "did you, in truth, place that confidence in the goodness of his heart which his own Chieftain has denied him?"

"I felt assured," replied the Yogie, "that he who would sacrifice his life from a principle of fidelity to his lord, could not be callous to the claims of gratitude: and the scene which led to your imprisonment has convinced me that I have rightly estimated your generous nature. To you, therefore, I appeal for assistance, to rescue the Begum from captivity; and I here solemnly pledge my honor that wealth and dignities, far beyond the amplest possessions of a subject, shall crown your efforts."

"Now by the sacred gods I swear!" cried Vega, sinking on his knee, "to accede to your wishes in their fullest and most unlimited sense. That which you would have lost by force, and could not gain by bribery, you have conquered from my grateful heart. You have spared me on the field—you have saved me from the scaffold; and, with heart and hand, I'll freely—devotedly assist you in the rescue of your fawn-eyed maid!"

"My gallant and my generous ally," exclaimed the Yogie, warmly grasping the offered hand of the Bheel, "I accept your assistance with unshaken confidence. Together we will do this night a deed accept-

able to the gods; and lo! from yonder fissure in the rock the Bel tree spreads its sinuous arms, as if placed there by Mahadeo himself to cement and signalize our honorable union. Together let us take the solemn oath of the 'Bel-bundar,'* and the burning hate of Siva will pursue him who shall dare to violate the awful pledge."

Then, hand in hand, those gallant men approached the Bel-tree, consecrated to Mahadeo; and to swear by which is the most sacred oath that can be taken by those who believe in the Trimurti creed. There, in a solemn tone, they mutually vowed to sustain each other, with heart and hand, by day and night, through fire and flood, from secret fraud and open strife, until the hand of death should close their career. Grasping each a branch of the hallowed wood, they called upon its presiding deity to witness their solemn compact; and to punish or prosper them as they proved false or faithful to each other: then plucking each a single leaf they interchanged them, as a sacred pledge to be worn next the heart, there to keep fresh and green the memory of their brotherhood.

"Now," cried the exulting Kistna, "my gallant brother and my friend, thus side by side we will bid defiance to the arts and arms of the oppressor; and ere long the Begum of Mysore shall find herself in a condition to reward her generous deliverer."

"The time is most propitious," said Vega; "for Kempé considers it so necessary to strike a decisive blow against the Polygar of Nundydroog, who is the main prop of the confederacy, that he has taken with him every individual that can wield a crossbow. We could therefore without much difficulty force our way through the garrison if necessary."

"But it would not be prudent," replied the Yogie, "to expose the Begum to the chance medley of any contest with a foe however contemptible. Can we not, therefore, quit the Droog without exciting observation, or incurring the risk of sending an alarm to your Chief before we are clear of the jungle?"

"There is one old path," said Vega, after musing for a moment, "that leads down the eastern side of the rock; but it is almost perpendicular in many places, and having been long disused it is overgrown with bushes and brambles in rank luxuriance: it has also the further disadvantage of passing unavoidably by the hut of the Bhaut, whose suspicions it would not be prudent to excite."

"I think," said the Yogiè, "I can lull his vigilance to sleep, if we are so fortunate as to get down so far undiscovered. But how, in the name of Vishnu, are we to gain access to the Begum without causing some disturbance."

"Oh leave that to me," said Vega; "if you are as active with your legs as you are with your arms, and can climb as well as you can fight, I'll show you a track to the garden of the Haram, which is, I believe, only known to myself; for I have often ascended it in the vain hope of winning back the affections of Lillah."

* One of the most sacred oaths a Hindoo can take is that of "Bel-bundar" or "the pledge of the Bel." The Bel-tree is rendered holy by its leaves being used in the worship of Maha Deva. When this oath is taken; some of its leaves are filled with turmeric, and interchanged with solemn pledges by the parties.—*Malcolm's Central India.*

"Then let us at once to our task," cried the Yogie with alacrity: "talk not to me of difficulty or danger, for every moment that the Begum pines in captivity is a reproach to my heart."

Inspired with hope and mutual confidence, the sworn brothers of the Bel tree bade adieu to Vega's aerial prison; and descended its steep and rocky side, to that hollow chasm which divided the summits of the Droog, and constituted a sort of rugged platform, many hundred feet above the level of the surrounding jungle. This was encumbered with rocks, and was overgrown with brushwood, through which they forced their way with considerable difficulty; being also obliged to use every precaution to avoid being seen by any stragglers who might happen to be stirring at that late hour. But all was as silent as the grave; no other sound interrupting the stillness of the night than the rustling of a lizard or a snake amongst the grass; and it was therefore evident that the garrison, not contemplating any danger from the summit, confined their vigilance exclusively to the lower part of the mountain.

After much difficulty and delay Vega at length discovered the track he was in search of, if indeed that could be called a track which was scarcely perceptible to the keenest glance. It was, however, the only means the adventurers had of reaching the Begum undiscovered, and they were therefore obliged to make the best of it. They now began to ascend in a zig-zag direction, holding on by the projecting rocks, and the shrubs and brambles that grew in their interstices; slipping backwards occasionally as the crumbling soil gave way beneath their feet; while the Haram, that crowned the almost perpendicular summit, still appeared an immense distance above them.

With unabated energy, however, the Yogie and his companion continued labouring upwards, till by degrees the distance sensibly diminished, and at length they arrived at the foot of a bluff precipitous rock, which effectually barred all further progress. This was a difficulty which the Yogie looked upon as totally insurmountable; for the track they had pursued terminated there, and no possible means of ascent offered itself in any direction; while, on looking back, the precipice they had mounted appeared truly frightful below the narrow spot on which they stood. He therefore began to suspect that Vega had either missed his way, or that some extraordinary alteration had been made in the place since his last visit. Once indeed a suspicion glanced across his mind, that the Bheel had betrayed him; but he speedily dismissed the unworthy thought. In the meanwhile, Vega, who had been taking breath after the toilsome ascent, quite unconscious of what was passing in the mind of his companion, after searching for a moment in the crevice of the rock, produced a coil of rope, with a loop at one end: this he threw upwards, and after two or three attempts, he dexterously succeeded in fixing the loop on an iron pin fastened in the summit of the rock, and which the Yogie had not before observed.

By means of this fragile aid, the Bheel now clambered to the summit of the rock, with the agility of a mountain cat; and the Yogie soon followed his example with more deliberation, however, and difficulty. They now found themselves within a few paces of the Haram wall,

which rose directly from the rock, and presented nothing on that side but one small window, through which a light was streaming; an indication that all the inmates had not yet retired to rest. Pressing his finger on his lips, the Bheel now motioned his companion to follow him in silence; and creeping on his hands and knees along a narrow ledge of rock, which intervened between the Haram wall and the awful precipice over which it was built, he at length succeeded in getting hold of the iron railing which skirted the terrace, and by which he finally contrived to raise himself up into the garden.

This hazardous exploit was performed by the Bheel with comparative ease, for he had all his life been accustomed to enterprises of a similar nature. It was, however, attended with more difficulty and danger to the Yogie; who being a much larger man, and not so well practised in the climbing art as his companion, required a more than usual exercise of firmness and caution to accomplish what, to many, would have seemed altogether impracticable. He did, however, at length clear the perilous passage, and got safely into the garden: but, when he looked back on the frightful precipice over which he had passed, by a ledge so narrow as scarcely to afford room for the human frame, where the slightest motion out of the direct line must be fatal; and when he reflected that over the same ledge the Begum must unavoidably pass, as the only means of escape, his heart sank within him at the idea of exposing her to so fearful a risk. There was, however, no other resource to save her from that captivity which he knew she herself regarded as infinitely worse than death; and his only hope, therefore, lay in the extraordinary firmness and fortitude with which she was so eminently gifted.

But Kistna was now within a few paces of the peerless object of his soul's warmest adoration, and every feeling but delight and ecstacy vanished from his mind. To breathe the same hallowed air, to gaze upon her uncontrolled, to press her to his heart, without fear of interruption, were all subjects of rapture which made him for a moment forget the serious difficulties that yet surrounded him. Leaving his companion on the terrace the noble Rajpoot now descended into the garden, which he crossed with a stealthy pace towards the verandah, to feast his eyes once more on the idol of his soul.

All was calm and silent in the apartment of the Begum, who was sitting at a table; comparing, by the light of a silver lamp, which hung overhead, a drawing she had just been finishing with the portrait contained in her bridal ring, of which it was apparently a copy. A feeling of disappointment threw a shade across her lovely features as she contemplated her own work; but this was quickly succeeded by an expression of unmixed delight when she gazed on the successful labours of the artist, and pressed the cherished ring to her bosom and her lips. Suddenly a soft strain of music swelled upon her ear, as if the strings of a lute had been swept by a passing zephyr. In mute astonishment she listened, and again she heard a low melodious cadence, as if the sound was diminished by distance or timidity. Her ear was now no longer deceived; it was the lute of her lover, whose majestic figure she beheld the next moment crossing the verandah.

With a cry of delight, which her presence of mind could not entirely

suppress, Lachema sprang from her seat, and threw herself into the arms of the Yogie; exclaiming, in murmuring accents, "My lord! my life! my husband!"

---

## CHAPTER XLVI.

### THE SURPRISE.

When the first transports of joy at this happy meeting were over; and the innocent raptures of the Begum, at the unexpected appearance of her deliverer, had somewhat subsided, Kistna expressed his apprehensions that his long absence might have excited in her breast some doubts of his affection:

"I never doubted my Kistna's love," said the Begum, "though I impatiently chided his tardy proceedings: but I have since ascertained that his efforts were unceasing, though unhappily ill directed."

"Alas! yes," replied Kistna, "I sought my adorable Lachema at the Courts of all those princes over whom she had given me so dangerous, but so rapturous, a pre-eminence; for I never could imagine that this jungle robber would have dared to look so high."

"Your dangers and your sufferings," said the Begum with a sigh, "must have been excessive during that unhappy period."

"My sufferings," said Kistna, "baffle the powers of description; but my dangers were not many, for I met on every side a noble and manly sympathy. All my efforts, however, as well as those of your afflicted parents, were totally fruitless; and finding that we could not depend on ordinary means for the discovery of your retreat, the happy thought occurred to me of adopting my present disguise, and seeking you thus throughout the world."

"My dear lord!" cried the Begum with a smile which more than repaid his sufferings.

"A report of my death," continued Kistna, "obtained currency in consequence, which has happily, as it appears, aided my stratagem."

"Alas!" said the Begum, with a deep sigh, "it was very near rendering your efforts entirely fruitless."

"My adorable Lachema!" cried the Yogie with fervour, "I have heard of and wept for your sufferings. But the hours, my love, are flying, and call for immediate action. Ere long I trust you will embrace your afflicted parents, but you must call up all your patience and fortitude for the struggle yet before us to obtain that blessing."

"I can brave all dangers and difficulties," cried Lachema, enthusiastically, "with you for my guardian and my guide."

Kistna now briefly communicated to the Begum the nature of the difficulties she would have to contend with, and the fatigues she would probably undergo before they were clear of the jungle. He also acquainted her with the nature of his connexion with Vega; and spoke in such high terms of the gratitude and fidelity of the Bheel, that she desired to see him immediately. Vega was accordingly called in; and the Begum having repeated to him the promises of protection and favour previously made by Kistna, held out her hand

for him to kiss, which he did respectfully upon his knee, vowing to devote his life to her service to the last gasp.

"Hey dey!" cried a voice, "these are pretty doings in the Haram of the Maha Rajah, in the absence of his highness, and when all the world should be asleep."

Turning, with unfeigned astonishment, towards the unwelcome sound, the Begum and her companions beheld with dismay the dreaded Cashmerian; who had entered silently by a concealed door in the wainscot, and stood within a few paces of them, wearing on her brow a frown of ominous import.

The word "Lillah" burst simultaneously from the lips of all.

"Yes," said the Cashmerian, with her usual nonchalance, "that is one of my names; though I am known by another to his highness the Yuva Rajah, whom I congratulate on his marvellous restoration to life."

There was an air of levity about the Cashmerian, which it was impossible to trace to its real motive. It might spring from good intentions, or from the deep treachery of which her disconcerted auditors *too* well knew she was susceptible: it was, however, prudent to give *it* the most favourable construction; and Kistna accordingly replied that he hoped Lillah, in her conduct towards the Begum of Mysore, would not forget the favours bestowed by that princess upon Coornavati.

"Depend upon it," replied Lillah, with a bitter smile, "I shall not forget her favours in a hurry; for she has stolen the affections of two of my most devoted lovers."

"How!" cried the Begum, with indignant surprise, "what mean *you*, Lillah, by this silly accusation?"

"Have you not received the homage of the Maha Rajah on a former occasion?" demanded Lillah, "and has not my first love, the gallant Vega, been on his knees to you this moment, pledging his life to your service, even to the last gasp?"

"Ah Lillah!" cried Vega, in a reproachful tone, "you set but little value on my affection."

"And with reason," cried the Cashmerian: "your affection for me is like your fidelity to your Chief. But you will suffer for your double treason before many hours have elapsed; for I shall instantly despatch a messenger to recal Kempé from the field."

"Lillah!" cried the Begum, in a supplicating tone, "Coornavati! on whom in happier hours I have lavished my tenderness; recal your threat, and spare the generous Bheel for my sake."

"Your highness," said Lillah coldly, "had better reserve your prayers for one that is dearer to you: for, if I mistake not, Vega and the Yuva Rajah will grace the same scaffold."

The horrid apathy with which the Cashmerian pronounced these words struck a damp to the soul of the Begum; and she shuddered to think that the fate of all three now hung upon the breath of one so heartless and so profligate. With a gesture of despair she threw herself on her knees before her former dependant, but now the mistress of her destiny; and, in a mournful and imploring voice, exclaimed:

other vegetable productions, which sprang in rank luxuriance from the rents and fissures of surrounding rocks.

But, unpromising as it was, it presented the only chance of escape; for in all other parts the Droog displayed a succession of steep precipices, overhanging rocks, and dark unfathomable gullies, altogether impracticable. The fugitives, therefore, had no other choice, and the only question now was the possibility of reaching it undiscovered; for the platform was occupied by the sentinel, who was steadily walking backwards and forwards on his post, with his matchlock on his shoulder. Indeed such was his apparent vigilance, that Kistna at length unwillingly came to the conclusion, that the man must be sacrificed; and it now only remained to decide on the mode least likely to make a noise, whether by a sudden stroke of the dagger, or a pitch over an adjacent precipice.

Luckily for the unconscious sentinel, who little imagined how near he was to eternity, the moonlight fell strongly upon him as he turned on his post, and displayed to Kistna the features of the identical Ballajee, with whom he had become so strangely acquainted in the ruined Choultry. It instantly occured to the Rajpoot that he might now accomplish his object without a sacrifice of life: he, therefore, retired to his companions, and communicated his intentions to them in a whisper. All three now again approached the guard, with the same precautions as before, though not equally unmarked; for the attention of the sentinel was attracted two or three times by the rustling of a leaf, or the falling of a stone, disturbed in the progress of the fugitives, but with all his vigilance he could discern no object whatever to excite his alarm. Once also an owl, whose meditations had been disturbed by the near approach of the Yogie's arm to the branch of a wild fig tree, on which it was dozing, sprang from its leafy shelter, and, blinded by the brilliant moonlight, flapped heavily in the face of the startled Ballajee, whose nervous system was evidently shaken by the ominous contact; for he muttered a few prayers and curses in a breath, and audibly expressed a wish that the hour of relief had arrived.

Now, therefore, Kistna thought was the favourable moment to put his plan in execution: he accordingly made a sign to his companions to prepare for action; and when the sentinel's back was towards them, emerged from behind a rock and followed him with noiseless steps. The moment the unsuspecting Ballajee turned on his round he, consequently, met plump in the face the tall figure of the Yogie, who exclaimed in a solemn voice:

"Murderer!"

"A ghost! a ghost!" cried the terrified Ballajee, flinging away his matchlock, and rushing into the shed, where he tumbled over the sleeping bodies of his companions, shrieking in panic-struck accents:

"Holy Doorga! 'tis the ghost of the Banyan!"

Vega snatched up the fallen matchlock, and, the coast being clear, the fugitives rushed down the path, happily unobserved; for Ballajee was thrown into violent convulsions by his fright, and the faculties of his comrades were totally obscured between sleep and amazement.

Down the rough descent the Yogie and his companions now hurried, with as much velocity as a regard for the safety of the Begum permitted: but, although their progress was much retarded by the trees and bushes that grew on each side of the path, yet their figures were effectually concealed by the luxuriant foliage; and, when they had descended a considerable distance, they had the gratification of hearing, on the platform above, the loud laughter of the guard at the unaccountable panic of the unfortunate Ballajee.

The fugitives met with no other obstruction in their descent, except what arose from the ruggedness of the road; and the first faint streak of day was appearing in the East, when they reached the hut of the Bhaut, where, somewhat to their disappointment, they found the old man already engaged at his morning orisons. The Begum, who had kept in the back ground, carefully concealed her face and form in a shawl of common texture, with which she had furnished herself for the occasion, and Vega and the Yogie advanced and saluted the venerable man.

"Holy pilgrim," said the Bhaut, "you are stirring betimes. I considered myself the earliest riser at the Droog, but you surpass me."

"The visions of the night," replied the Yogie, "have warned me to depart on my pilgrimage, and I have therefore come to render you thanks for the hospitality I have experienced at your hands."

"It grieves me," said the Bhaut, "to lose your pious company so soon; but the will of the deity must be done."

"The days of my pilgrimage," resumed the Yogie, "being now numbered, I am further warned to confide to your hands this sacred talisman; that, with its tones, you may still minister to the diseased imagination of the Begum, should she require your assistance."

With pious ecstacy the Bhaut received the inestimable gift, and placed it on his head, in reverence to its divine fabrication and the sacred character of the donor.

"Having made a vow," continued the Yogie, "to offer Pooja at the shrine of Mahadeo at Maugree, this gallant Bheel has volunteered to guide my footsteps thither; and this damsel, his sister, wishes to avail herself of the escort, to visit some relations in that city."

The venerable Rungapa commended the resolution of the Yogie; and assured him that the Lingam of Mahadeo at Maugree was well worth seeing, and possessed many miraculous qualities. He then took an affectionate leave of his sacred guest; promising, however, that when he had finished his matins, he would cross the mountain, and perhaps see him once more before he had quitted the forest.

---

## STREET MELODISTS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Hark, the Italian singing boy again is on his rounds,
And close beneath my window pours his well-remembered sounds;
When will he give us something new? I know his stock by heart,
The ear may even weary of Rossini and Mozart!

He comes at an unwelcome time, for after long delay,
An Album contribution I propose to write to-day;
The subject is not chosen yet, and in an hour at most,
It must be finished, folded, sealed, and dropped into the post.

Now all is hushed and tranquil—stay—does music haunt me yet?
The Savoyards are coming with their playful marmoset;
The strings of my poetic lyre assuredly would jar,
If mingled with the roundelay, and tinkling gay guitar.

They pass away, and undisturbed my task I may pursue,
Alas! how brief my quiet—through the window blinds I view
Two dark-eyed girls with kerchiefed hair, white teeth, and merry glance,
And my ears are strait saluted with the melodies of France.

They go, and now my hopes revive—I surely have the power
To write an Album article in less than half an hour;
But hold—the German glee singers their full deep tones unite,
Why did my neighbours list to them so eagerly last night?

Yet may not these poor fugitives from fair and distant climes,
Themselves suggest a subject for my meditated rhymes?
Through summer's heat and winter's snows they wander late and long,
Waking our stony highways to the melody of song.

They sang those joyous ditties once beneath blue sunny skies,
They owned the praise of gentle lips, the smile of tender eyes;
And now the warring elements in poverty they brook,
Meeting the stranger's scornful words, the stranger's chilling look.

Our leisure often they invade, our solitude annoy,
The peaceful colloquy disturb, the chain of thought destroy;
Yet are they not by sportive mirth or idle mischief led,
Alas! in sad necessity they pour their songs for bread.

And though impatiently at times we chide them from our path,
Soon shall relenting pity come to mitigate our wrath,
Bid us forget the startling strains that broke our studious rest,
Or only recollect them as the voice of the distrest.

# SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

It was in that pleasant season of the year when the fervid heats of summer have abated, and the rapidly-decreasing daylight, and chill but invigorating breezes, once more unite the evening family circle round the relighted hearth, that I first became acquainted with Sir Clement B ——. He and my brother had contracted an early friendship when they were both in the army, and quartered at Colchester. They afterwards lost sight of each other for some years. The baronet had given up his commission, and lived that sort of wandering, desultory life which men without a profession often fall into. Sir Clement and my brother, having at length met again, by mere accident, in the streets of London—that central point, where all have a chance, in the turn of human events, of encountering some old familiar face, the recognition equally agreeable to both—ended, on the part of my brother, in a cordial invitation to Sir Clement to spend a few weeks at our family seat in North Wilts, which the latter as cordially accepted.

Few men ever brought to a first introduction a fairer passport to the regard of strangers than did Sir Clement B ——; yet it was not from any particular attraction, either of form or face. His figure, rather undersized, was chiefly remarkable for its robust and Herculean make. The outline of his features had nothing remarkably classical or elegant; his eyes were large, of a light blue colour, and of a very mild and subdued expression; and his mouth, from its peculiar formation, seemed always to be clothed with an agreeable smile. But it was to his manners and conversation that nature had imparted such attractions as never failed to produce the most favourable impression on all with whom he ever came into contact. His language was choice, and at the same time fluent. He abounded in anecdote, and had a little dash of the sentimental, that very well accorded with the courteous refinement of his demeanour, which united, in an unusual degree, to polished elegance a certain engaging frankness. How very little of all that rendered the baronet an agreeable companion and accomplished gentleman he owed to early education will in the sequel appear.

On three or four occasions, when our family was drawn, in the evening, round the cheerful hearth, Sir Clement was casually led to relate some of the leading incidents of his strange, eventful life. I was then very young, and these narratives excited in my mind a high degree of interest, as indeed they did likewise in my mother, and all who heard them. They sank into my memory with all the force and depth which early impressions generally take; and though years have now rolled on, and erased, in their course, many more recent inscriptions, I still remember, as if it were but yesterday, not merely the substance of those narrations, but much of the very language, and

tone, and gesture, of the unfortunate narrator. Reality has certainly a great advantage over fiction. We naturally feel much more interested in that which *has* happened than in that which *might have* happened, but (so far as we are aware) never did. There was something in the look and manner of Sir Clement B ——, independently of his gentlemanly feeling and demeanour, which left not the slightest doubt of his strict veracity in the minds of those who heard him. But if I, on my own part, could ever have entertained any feeling of scepticism on this point, it is a remarkable circumstance, that, about two years ago, I became acquainted with a lady from whom I happened to obtain a full confirmation of many of the strange events which Sir Clement had related. Mrs. C ——'s father resided in the baronet's immediate neighbourhood, and having there passed all her early days, she thus, of course, became familiar with much of his personal, as well as his family history. Her father was well acquainted with the old baronet, Sir John B——, both of them being attached to field sports, and of hospitable and social habits, as sportsmen always are. She well remembered Sir Clement's sister, who was frequently at her father's house, and was one of the most exquisitely beautiful girls she ever beheld.

Sir Clement was born at B——, in Monmouthshire, the ancient seat of the family, which is of great antiquity, and held at one period other large possessions in the counties of Salop and Norfolk, as well as in Westmoreland.* Sir Clement was the eldest son, and, of course, the heir to the honours of his house, and yet, through some strange caprice or infatuation of his father, his education was wholly neglected. Instead of being sent to school, he and his little brothers were suffered to run wild with the goats upon their native mountains, and, incredible as it may seem, he declared to me that, at the age of fourteen, he could neither read nor write! When I read the life of the Ettrick Shepherd, it forcibly reminded me of what I had heard the baronet relate of his own early days, and kindred state of ignorance and happiness.

Young Clement and his brothers were extremely fond of riding, as boys generally are; and any animal on which they could conveniently lay their mischievous hands, whether it were horse, or ass, or goat, was immediately appropriated to their use. Thus, over hill and dale, many ill-matched and truly laughable races were run by the brothers, upon animals of various sizes, shapes, and kinds. With the use of either bridle or saddle they soon learned to dispense entirely, and to

* "As far back as the reign of Edward II., this family had estates at Crastfont, in Westmoreland, and they were distinguished as liberal benefactors to the church. In the year 1392, Thomas Atte B—— went to the holy sepulchre, in company with a pious knight, Sir Thomas Swinburne, and an account of his pilgrimage, written by himself, is still extant in a MS., in Caius College Library, at Cambridge. Another character of whom the family were justly proud was Augustine B——, who was born 1617, and was one of the most devoted and distinguished of those brave gentlemen who fought under the banner of the Earl of Newcastle at the siege of Lynn, in 1643. His sword is still in existence, with a label of this brave loyalist's own handwriting attached to it—'This I won at the siege of Linn, in the service of the royal martyr, Charles I.—A. B——.'"

stick steadily, in cases of urgent need, by the neck or mane. No effort of the unfortunate steed could dismount his rider; and in this way the young urchins acquired a wonderful skill in horsemanship.

But the most remarkable for his dexterity in this way was a younger brother of Sir Clement's, on account of a peculiar and lamentable malformation of the lower limbs. The legs were entirely wanting, and (dreadful to relate!) the feet, which were attached to the knees, very much resembled those of a pig. This singular circumstance was thus accounted for. Sir Clement stated, that, during the pregnancy of his mother with this ill-starred son, a large black pig one day suddenly entered the drawing-room, in which Lady B—— happened to be seated, and, rushing through one of the windows, shivered the glass into a thousand fragments. Her surprise and alarm at this unexpected intrusion were very great; and, as if to give the occurrence a suitable climax, the servants pretended (doubtless in order to screen their own negligence) that no pig had ever entered the house, and that in the enclosed ground upon which the drawing-room windows opened no pig was afterwards to be found; which audacious mendacity incensed Sir John, on his return home in the evening, in a twofold degree. However, the servants still persisted in telling their own story out of the house, when they durst no longer repeat it within, and the gaping rustics swallowed it with marvellous avidity. And when, at length, poor Lady B—— was delivered of this unfortunate child, the country people all declared that the animal which had caused all the fright and the mischief was some supernatural sort of creature, and "no real pig at all."

Notwithstanding the deformity of the lower extremities, the boy's face was singularly beautiful. His skill and boldness as a horseman, in spite of the disadvantage he laboured under, were very great. As he grew up to manhood, he had a remarkably fine hunter, which had been so trained as to be apparently aware of his helpless state. The intelligent creature would kneel down, like a camel, till his master had mounted, and then rising gently up again, would bound along with him over mountain and moor. It was equally curious and interesting to see the fine spirited animal, when returned again to the hall door, kneel down once more, as gentle as a lamb, till he had safely deposited his rider on the ground.

From the mischievous pranks which the brothers, when boys, were constantly playing, none suffered more than a neighbouring miller; and these ended, at length, in one of a rather indecorous and unwarrantable kind. They had frequently incensed the man of grist by their practical jokes, and by none more than by tampering with the mill-dam or sluice, which was to him, of course, a very serious matter. Frequently, when he had accumulated a full supply of corn to grind, and he expected that the dam likewise was ready prepared, and overflowing, he found that there had been a sudden ebb during the night, which had left him at low water. At last, the miller complained of this intolerable nuisance to Sir John, who severely reprimanded his sons, and forbade them to go near the mill again.

It so happened, that before the first heat and excitement of this affair had cooled down, a poor sweep, who appeared to be very weary

and exhausted, applied one evening, when the darkness was fast approaching, at the residence of Mr. C——, (the father of the lady to whom I before alluded, and from whom I heard a repetition of the whole circumstance,) for a little refreshment, and permission to sleep in one of the outhouses. Both these boons were readily and kindly accorded to him. He had a plentiful supper in the house, and a quantity of clean straw afterwards put down for him in the barn, with a warm rug to cover him. He was also told to come to the house in the morning, and have some breakfast, before he proceeded on his journey. As it turned out, however, the poor wanderer was nearer to the final end of his pilgrimage, than any one had suspected.

The morning came; but the sweep came not, to claim the proffered hospitality: it was at first supposed that he was weary with travel, and it was better not to disturb him. At length, when the day advanced, a servant went to the barn, to call its humble inmate to his breakfast. He was horror struck, on finding him to be quite dead, and cold. Hurrying to inform his master of the painful occurrence, the latter involuntarily exclaimed, "Well! I would not the poor creature had been sent away from my door last night, without refreshment or shelter, for all that I am worth in the world. If he had perished by the road side, I should have thought myself not much better than his murderer."

A circumstance like this soon ran round the neighbourhood, and reached, as a matter of course, the ears of the wild and mischievous lads at B——, who were now at open war with the miller. With all the headstrong and reckless impetuosity of youth, unchecked by proper moral culture or restraint, they resolved on taking this opportunity to play off a trick upon him, which would gratify their longing for retaliation, though by most unjustifiable means. Like many plotters of maturer years, and better knowledge, they thought less about the means, than the end they had in view. The poor sweep's body remained in the barn, to await the coroner's inquest; and the door was secured by an additional padlock. This the youths wrenched off on the following night; and taking out the body, they carried it upon a board to the miller's. They then set it up at the door of his house, and crouching themselves hard by, they began to cry, with all their might,—"Fire! fire!" The miller being at length awoke, hurried down stairs, and finding nothing wrong in the house, he fancied that some mischief had happened to the mill, or the out-buildings. He rushed to the door to satisfy himself, and opening it, the poor sweep's body immediately fell into his arms. The miller tumbled backwards, almost senseless with affright, and the young conspirators ran off, rejoicing in the success of their scheme. They said the miller fancied "the old gentleman" was come for him, and they at first thought it a very capital trick. But the neighbours, at least the respectable part of them, thought otherwise; and indeed many, who really enjoyed the joke at the miller's expense, and laughed at it in private, did not openly give it any countenance, but stigmatized it as indecent and revolting. The removal of the body, too, before the coroner and jury had seen it, had well nigh occasioned a serious investigation; only that there was great difficulty in *proving* who were the actual delin-

quents. The affair gradually died away; the brothers were obliged to enjoy their merriment in secret, which robbed it of half its value; and as they grew older and better informed, they became heartily ashamed of the part they had acted on the occasion. I remember Sir Clement's gravely remarking, at the conclusion of this anecdote, that if they had only dressed up a figure to represent that very remarkable personage, whom they then fancied to be the poor miller's peculiar dread and aversion, the joke would have been less objectionable, and more complete.

Some time after this, young Clement absented himself entirely from home for several weeks, and joined a wandering troop of gipsies, whom he chanced to fall in with, in the neighbourhood of his father's mansion. The desultory and independent sort of life which they appeared to lead charmed his young fancy much. The ambulatory drawingroom and bedchamber made up, by their novelty, for what they wanted in comfort or convenience. To be always at home, and never in the same place, was as strange as it was delightful to him. The encampment in the secluded nook of some shady lane, or woodland glade; the teakettle suspended over a primeval fire of sticks, kindled on the ground; and the more piquant contents of the large iron pot which furnished out the evening meal, had each a peculiar charm. Fortunately, he did not continue long enough with the tribe to be practically initiated in any of their nocturnal campaigns, against farm-yards and hen-roosts; but "the flesh-pots of Egypt" (as Sir Clement called them) were exceedingly savoury, and he was not at all nice in inquiring how they were supplied. He followed the good old rule, so frequently enjoined by children on each other—"he shut his eyes, and opened his mouth," and thus contrived to make himself extremely comfortable with his new associates. He fraternised with a beautiful young gipsy girl of twelve or thirteen, as with a favourite sister; and tumbled about with the younger urchins on the greensward, like so many kittens. The tribe numbered in the whole fifteen persons, exclusive of the new comer. Beside the old father and mother of the family, there were a grown-up son and two daughters, whose ages varied from eighteen to twenty-two; the son's young bride, and the more tender off-shoots of the parent stock, who descended by regular gradations down to the age of three years. The old chieftain, or head of the tribe, would sometimes boast, in his convivial moments, how it was that he contrived to bring up a large family so *creditably*. "I work hard for what I gets; my lodging costs me nothing, my firing costs me the same, and I always makes it a rule to go for my *grub* to the *cheapest* market!"

After young Clement had been a few weeks in the gipsy camp, he was drawing up one evening to headquarters, with his appetite greatly sharpened by a long ramble. It so happened, that the night before there had been a more sumptuous supper than usual; two quarters of fine boiled, or rather stewed, lamb, two couples of broiled fowls, with plenty of smoked bacon, and a profusion of choice vegetables. As the youngster was returning through the fields, by a footpath which bordered on one side a rural and retired lane, in a secluded recess of which, leading to a wood, they had been for the last two days domi-

ciled, he caught a glimpse, through the hedge, of a rather ominous-looking personage, having very much the appearance of a parish beadle, or constable, or some official of that sort. There was a solemn pomposity about the man, which indicated that the office, small as it was, was much too large for him. Behind him, at a little distance, followed two others, who appeared to be attendant satellites. With an intuitive misgiving, the youth at once connected the visit of these mysterious intruders with the profuse entertainment of the preceding night. He therefore cautiously followed the path through the fields, keeping the hedge between him and the objects of his curiosity, whose motions he carefully watched. When the leader came in sight of the gipsy encampment, Clement observed that he turned round, and beckoned to his colleagues to come up.

It happened, that Clement had been detained by his lengthened ramble considerably beyond the usual supper hour. That meal was already concluded; but Clement guessed, from his knowledge of the contents of the larder, that it had been as close a counterpart as possible of that of the preceding evening.

> " It was, as nearly as might be,
> The other fête's fac-simile ;"

The only difference being, that it was the legs and loins of lamb, which had now graced the festive board, with a similar complement of fowls, and bacon, and garnish of vegetables. Dinah, the little gipsy girl before alluded to, had reserved upon a dish the pinions of a fowl, and a slice or two of lamb, which she had placed carefully near the decaying embers of the fire; and as the youngster stood behind the hedge, opposite to the tent, to watch the turn of events, he heard her say, that she would keep the dish warm for her brother Clem.

The old chieftain was just beginning to enjoy, what Sir Clement called, " a glorious carouse." He had already dashed a glass or two of spirits down his throat, and held another in his hand ready to follow the same familiar road. The plentiful supper, and the agreeable libations, had filled him with exuberant glee. They had also produced the old confusion of ideas, between living *well*, and living " *creditably ;*" and the old oration now began to flow spontaneously, and as a matter of course. " As to how I contrives to bring up *my* family so *creditably*, why its just here: I work hard for what I gets. My lodging costs me nothing ; my firing the same ; and I always makes it a rule to go for my *grub*——"

In rushed the myrmidons of the law. " Ay, ay ! *we* know where you gets your grub : you need not tell us that, master ;" and the orator and his eldest son were immediately seized, and secured, before they had time to recover from the surprise into which they were thrown. Two of the unwelcome intruders then proceeded, amidst the curses of the prisoners, and the wailings of the women and children, to make a diligent inquest through the tent. They gradually ferreted out the various contents of the larder, dressed and undressed, accompanying their search with sundry ejaculations. First came forth the remnants of the supper just devoured :—" Ah ! this is how it is, sure enough. I knowed how it would be, if we could track the old fox to his

hole." Next appeared a lamb's head and feet:—"This be one o' farmer Jenkin's, I could almost swear; but he'll know his own, for sartain." Then a couple of fowls, still undressed, and unplucked:—"Ah! this will do; this is the sort o' thing to swear by." Next, a promiscuous assemblage of feathers, from duck, fowl, and goose:—"Ay, ay! you need not tell us *where* you gets your grub, master, nor *how* you gets it; m'appen *we'll* tell *you* something about that presently." Finally, the skins of three fine hares produced a convulsive shrug, and involuntary exclamation of horror, with eyes upturned, at the unparalleled atrocity: "Lord presarve us! O the villains! what will the squire say to this?"

Clement now perceived the men were about to carry away their prisoners, and with them the flagrant proofs of their manifold transgressions. He inwardly rejoiced that he was not returned to the encampment when it was stormed by the enemy. Like the dove amongst the rooks, he must inevitably have shared the same fate. He was not deficient in proper courage; but he shrank from the idea of being dragged as a criminal to the bar of justice. This unexpected incident, therefore, suddenly and at once dissolved the connexion between him and his friends the gipsies. When he saw the men coming out of the tent, he was seized with a great dread that they might by chance perceive him through the hedge, behind which he stood; and, he immediately scampered off as fast as his legs would carry him.

Before it became quite dark, he reached the friendly shelter of a barn, and went supperless to bed upon the straw which it luckily afforded. Having now leisure for reflection, he regretted extremely that he had not waited till the men were gone, that he might have bid his sister Dinah farewell. Hungry as he was, he did not so much regret the loss of the supper she had reserved for him; but her kindness in reserving it sunk deeply into his heart. He was also apprehensive that the gipsies would necessarily connect his sudden disappearance with the recent attack upon their camp, and the idea was most distressing to him. The bare thought of treachery was abhorrent to his nature. However, it was now too late for explanation. His resolution was finally taken, and he was already on his way back to his father's house.

Being exhausted with hunger and fatigue, Clement slept soundly, and awoke refreshed at an early hour. He immediately sallied forth from his humble resting-place, and proceeded on his journey. It was one of the loveliest mornings he had ever beheld. The air was fresh and balmy, the sun was just rising in unclouded grandeur, and the birds were pouring forth a thousand hymns of joy. After proceeding a little distance, he obtained, at a farmhouse, the welcome refreshment of some bread and milk, and then pursued his homeward course with renovated strength and spirits. Just before nightfall, with a mixture of doubt and apprehension, he beheld once more, at a short distance before him, his paternal roof.

He lingered until the deepening twilight favoured his approach, with less risk of being observed by his father. He went round to the servants' entrance, and with a gentle knock brought one of them to

the door. He learned, in answer to his eager inquiries, (what indeed he fully anticipated,) that his father was violently incensed against him. Like all truants, however, he contrived to find access to his mother, whose heart yearned with maternal sympathy towards her long-lost Clement. She had often been angry with him, when she reflected on his foolish and unjustifiable conduct; for intelligence of his having been seen with the gipsy tribe had found its way to B——. But what is a mother's anger? The summer cloud that obscures for a moment the bright sun of her inexhaustible love. Whenever a feeling of resentment had risen in Lady B——'s mind, it was soon lost in tenderness and anxiety for the safety and welfare of her absent son. With her, therefore, Clement's task of reconciliation was not a difficult one. He told as plausible a tale as he could, in extenuation of his folly; and having obtained her entire forgiveness, two steps out of three were thus secured towards obtaining that of his father.

Lady B—— now hastened to inform her husband of Clement's return, and to intercede in his behalf. At first the storm raged high; but she knew, by experience, that the best mode of assuaging it was to let its first violence exhaust itself for want of opposition,—as the fiercest fire dies soonest for lack of fresh fuel. When Sir John had abused his son to his heart's content, her ladyship began to throw in a few observations, but apparently charged with far more of blame than of palliation or excuse. This threw the worthy baronet entirely off his guard. Finding his lady thus to be much of the same opinion as himself, he thought it quite unnecessary to keep up a double fire, and soon left her in possession of the field. He felt that she was fighting the battle, both for him and for herself. Lady B—— then contrived, unconsciously as it were, and in the mere pursuit of truth and justice, to fall upon some slightly extenuating arguments. These increased in number and strength as she proceeded, and carried Sir John unsuspectingly along with them. The result was, that in about half an hour young Clement was called in; and after the usual professions of penitence, and promises of amendment, he was severely reprimanded, and then (to the utter astonishment of all the domestics) finally forgiven.

But the period now approached which was to work a remarkable change in Clement's character. Before he had completed his seventeenth year, he was suddenly and perfectly reclaimed from all his wild and irregular habits by falling desperately in love. One frequent companion now converted the pathless wilds, over which he still delighted to roam, into fairy-land.

> Oh! *first* love is a pleasant dream!
> No second boasts its powers!
> It hath the freshness of the stream,
> The odour of the flowers:
> It wakes the soul to new-born bliss,
> As nature wakes the spring,
> And sheds its thrilling ecstasies
> O'er each created thing.

Patty Rhûg (such, I well remember, was the fair maiden's name,) was the daughter of a poor cottager, who lived in the valley, at a little

distance from the mansion of young Clement's father. She was hardly yet sixteen, and one of the loveliest of those living Hebes that often cross the pedestrian's path amongst Cambrian solitudes. Her figure was petite, but in its proportions faultless; the little red cloak, that partly shaded her bosom, forming a fine contrast to the snowy hue of her full and ringleted throat and the simple mob-cap, peculiar to the Welsh maiden, embowering, as it were, with its full frill of muslin, those deep blue eyes, and blended roses of health and modesty that bloomed upon her dimpled cheek. Clement loved, with all the ardour of a first affection, this pretty artless creature. Seated by her side in a little sequestered nook, their usual rendezvous, he listened to the tones of her sweet untutored voice, as she sang some native ditty, with an emotion, to which he declared no strains of the daughters of refinement ever gave rise in after life. The enamoured youth also looked up to his fair mistress with no slight degree of respect, seeing she had greatly the advantage of him, inasmuch as she could read, while he could only spell! She had also learned a large store of oral tales and legends: and when, with her rustic black hat lying at her feet, and her fingers actively plying the knitting-needles, she repeated the story of "Gellert's mournful fate," or "Howel's deadly feud," he looked upon those blooming lips as the very oracles of wisdom.

But at length busy rumour, that foe to love and to lovers, whispered the tale of Clement's meetings with the pretty cottager in his father's ear. Summoned one morning to Sir John's closet, the youth was informed that his destination was the army, that his commission was already made out, and that he must join his regiment forthwith, as it was expected shortly to embark for the West Indies.

Sir Clement candidly admitted, in narrating this part of his story, that his feelings upon this occasion were of a mingled kind. His first sensation on hearing the announcement was one of grief for the loss of Patty; but this was quickly relieved, to some extent, by the anticipation of his red coat, and of the novel scenes on which he was going to enter. Youth is naturally buoyant; and it mostly floats, like a flower, on the stream of sorrow, which would overwhelm the cumbrous load of after-life. Clement was of a sanguine temperament; and so convinced was he that he should return a great man, and marry Patty, that when, on the evening of that important day, he lifted the latch of the cottage-door, and looked in upon the artless girl, as she sate at her spinning-wheel, his cheerful looks little prepared her for the news he had brought. Sobbing bitterly, with her face buried in her blue-checked kerchief, she remained deaf to all the consolations which her lover held out to her. He was going to leave her—going to a distant country—and, what was in her imagination still more formidable, going to cross the seas, and to encounter the dangers of a soldier's life.

During the few days which intervened between this painful interview and young Clement's departure, poor Patty's grief seemed rather to increase than to diminish. In vain her lover exerted all the eloquence of a sincere affection to sooth and to console her. At length the final parting came, and a sorrowful one it was: but it is useless to enlarge upon it. The usual routine of youthful lovers under such

circumstances was of course gone through. Love-tokens were interchanged, with a thousand promises, and mutual vows of everlasting fidelity. At last young Clement, after parting and returning, and again parting and once more returning, finally tore himself away. On the following day, with the early dawn, he quitted his father's seat in a postchaise for the Old Passage, near Bristol, and soon afterwards joined his regiment.

It was now, as Sir Clement said, that his real trials began. The sorrows of love brought no shame in their train; but the sorrows of ignorance brought as many blushes to his cheek as pangs to his heart. To be asked to read a paragraph in a newspaper set his whole face in a flame; while to a politely written invitation to dinner he could only venture to return a *verbal* answer, since to no one could he impart the marvellous tale that his skill in penmanship did not enable him to write a decipherable hand. From the first dilemma, however, he generally managed to escape, by turning to a brother officer, and saying, "Come, *you* read it; you read better than me:" (which was true enough!) —and from the second, by either calling or contriving to meet the person from whom the invitation came. Happily none of his brother officers detected, or at least seemed to detect, the singular neglect of his education. Indeed, it is most probable that a circumstance so novel in its kind, as that of the heir apparent to a baronetcy being brought up after so wild and untutored a fashion, never did occur to them: and thus many of the effects of his ignorance would by them be naturally enough placed to the account of his modesty. They might surmise that the young ensign did not write a *good* hand, and did not read *well;* but without ever once suspecting that he could hardly read or write at all.

Meantime, Clement, being of quick parts, and of an indefatigable perseverance in accomplishing what he had once set his heart upon, applied himself silently and successfully to remedy the more glaring defects of his education. He soon learned to write a tolerable hand, to read a paragraph that was not interlarded with French, and "to cast up," as he said, "his washerwoman's bill, by a peculiar process of his own;" and thus accomplished, the youthful soldier embarked with his regiment for the West Indies. Many, indeed, who (as the song goes)

> "At grammar school, or college,
> Have pluck'd the tree of knowledge,"

have afterwards entered upon life, without a much larger mental stock in trade than young Clement—"a little Latin, perhaps, and less of Greek,"—with but few ideas, and little of real knowledge, to crown their academic labours. At the time, however, when I became acquainted with him no traces were left of his early deficiencies. He had acquired considerable skill in French and Italian, and superadded to a knowledge of the world a competent acquaintance with the best literature.

While confined to the narrow limits of the vessel in which he sailed, the image of his beautiful Patty was often present to the lover's eye; and, as he stood by night watching the effects of the moonlight on that majestic ocean, upon which for the first time he was a traveller,

all the romance of green eighteen brightened, with the light of early love, the magnificent scene before him. But when, after a prosperous voyage, the young soldier landed at Jamaica, in that region of perpetual sunshine and life, his feelings (as he honestly avowed) underwent some little change. All was so delightfully strange to eye and ear, everything in the moral and physical world offered such a contrast to his native Cambria, that attention and curiosity were constantly excited, and at the same time gratified. In his own country, though pre-eminently gifted with picturesque beauty, or romantic grandeur, nature was seen struggling with sterility and poverty. But in this land of light and loveliness, she brought all her treasures together, to delight man; and, blending utility with ornament, seemed to have made this favoured island an epitome of all the comforts and luxuries scattered over divers lands. The mountains abounded with variety of fruits, as they united within the smallest possible compass a variety of climates, according to their altitude. There was the cocoa, whose delicious milky nut hangs so temptingly from the bright foliaged bough; the orange towering there to a considerable height, with all its golden fruitage; the stately palm tree, dear to holy song; the pine-apple, that appears fit only to have been one of the fruits of our first parents in their unfallen state; and the prolific tamarind, at whose very name the fevered patient seems to quench his burning thirst. As nature, too, was here profuse in her gifts, so the hospitality of the inhabitants was likewise unbounded,—a hearty and a genuine hospitality, in which pride or ostentation evidently had no part.

Clement passed through "the seasoning" which the climate exacts from almost every European, and his naturally strong and vigorous constitution carried him through it without even the appearance of danger. After a few months had rolled on, he had settled down in his habits and ideas, with the pliancy natural to early youth, into a regular member of the West Indian community. All things conspired to make him contented with his situation, and to reconcile him even to the separation (a separation once so painful) from his Patty. They had interchanged several letters after his arrival in Jamaica, which breathed mutual vows of unalterable love. A space of some months then intervened, during which the anxious lover received no tidings whatever from the fair cottager. Sometimes he tormented himself by fancying that she might be changed—or dead; but hope, as usual, at that buoyant period of life, generally prevailed. He had not, in fact, much time for reflection—what soldier has? The boon companions of the mess—and, sooth to say, the pretty West Indian girls, with their dark silky curls wreathed with blossoms of light, or glittering as with jewels from the collected lustre of the radiant fire-flies—occupied much of his leisure time, and often of his thoughts. And though sometimes he might bestow a kiss upon that little lock of fine fair hair, which at parting he cut from the long tresses of Patty, it was perhaps custom, almost as much as passion, which kept up this observance.

It was after the young soldier had been some considerable time in Jamaica that a circumstance occurred to him which, from its singularity, and its apparent connexion with the distant object of his love, filled him with the most painful apprehensions and anxiety on her

account. Walking one day leisurely, by reason of the intense heat, through an extensive grove of trees, to join his brother officers at the mess, to his inexpressible astonishment he saw, as suddenly he looked up, the figure of a female suspended, as it were, from one of the lower boughs of a banana tree, that stood almost close to his path. Almost doubting his own eyes, he immediately drew near to it, and, gazing intently on the mysterious object, who can describe his dismay and horror, when he distinctly recognised the face and figure of his beloved Patty, beautiful as when he last saw her, but with such a splendour about her as though her whole body were a transparent lamp, or, as he said, "like the sun shining through a silver gauze." Still, she was dead, and dead apparently by violent means. The young soldier stood rivetted to the spot, and it was with some difficulty that he prevented himself from sinking to the earth. He wiped away the large drops of perspiration from his brow, rubbed his eyes, looked at the surrounding objects, to satisfy himself whether those organs represented *them* correctly, and then reverted to the fearful banana. There still hung suspended the radiant but lifeless form of her whom he had so fondly loved. He gazed intently and anxiously for several minutes, and then, hurrying past the affecting sight, he soon reached the mess-room, but in such a state of agitation, that all questioned him as to the cause. Clement's explanation, however, only elicited bursts of laughter from his merry friends, and good-natured jokes about Welsh fairies and mountain sprites. They had no idea, they said, that such delicate little creatures would ever have migrated voluntarily to so warm a climate as Jamaica, and still less for the mere purpose of hanging themselves. Clement endeavoured, though not very successfully, to join in the laugh which he had raised against himself. He was unwilling to appear the slave of his country's superstitions, and he regretted that, in the agitation and surprise of the moment, he had been betrayed into any communication on the subject. He rejoiced, however, that the delicacy of a pure affection had prevented him from saying anything as to the resemblance the vision bore to his beloved Patty; as one of the lieutenants, a roguish young Irishman, swore that the case reminded him exceedingly of the "captain bold of Halifax and unfortunate Miss Bailey," and he sincerely hoped, for his young friend's sake, that it would not turn out to be anything of that sort. Clement strove hard to blunt the points of these random shafts, by rallying his depressed spirits, and, after some more than usually copious libations, both at and after dinner, he in some degree succeeded, and forgot for a moment his trouble and anxiety in the hilarity which surrounded him.

This relief, however, as it was forced, was but transient. When at night he retired to the solitude and seclusion of his own chamber, an oppressive weight began again to gather round his heart. He closed his eyes, and endeavoured to compose himself to rest; but the mysterious and appalling vision once more rose before his mental sight, almost as fresh and vivid as it had appeared to him in the morning, and in the open light of day. He could not shake it off; and these ideas began irresistibly to force themselves upon his mind, in connexion with it. He thought that his Patty might be dead,—that she had died by violence,—yet that she was now enjoying a state of rest

and happiness. These were the conclusions to which his romantic turn of mind impelled him.

After a sleepless night, he rose at an early hour, uneasy and unrefreshed. He went out; and involuntarily, nay, almost against his own will, wandered towards the wood, where he had witnessed the strange sight on the preceding day. When arrived within its precincts, the same instinctive feeling led him towards the same spot, and the identical tree. As he slowly approached it, he lifted up his eyes, which had been fixed musingly on the ground, and he then gazed anxiously and intently, as if he hardly knew what he might expect to see. It was an unspeakable relief to him, and he was not ashamed to confess it, when he discovered that there was nothing more than usual. There stood the tree, a lofty banana, in its tropical grandeur; and the scene around him was tranquil and beautiful, as all the scenes of nature, at least her forest scenes, invariably are. The sky was cloudless; the dew-drops glitttered like gems on the guava's snowy flowers, and on the varied foliage, which excluded the rays of the early sun; the hum of myriads of insects floated on the air; and the gorgeous tribe of birds and butterflies, as they flitted past him, enlivened the pleasant glades of the surrounding wood. The air was balmy, but of an agreeable coolness; and the young soldier felt his nerves again in some degree restrung. He returned homeward, and partook of breakfast with his wonted appetite.

He would have now gladly persuaded himself, that his eyes had deceived him on the previous day; but this he found to be impossible. If they had deceived him in that, he could no longer trust them in anything. The painful apparition was too clear, too distinct and defined, in outline, colour, and proportion, to admit of such a solution. Nor was it transient, or of brief duration, as passing visions are sometimes said to be. He had examined and scrutinised it with his eyes so long, and with such deliberate and minute attention, that he fancied it must be almost palpable to the touch. He saw the trees, and other surrounding objects, as plainly as before; but not more plainly than he saw the strange and affecting vision before him. It was not to be wondered, therefore, strongly attached as he was to his distant Patty, that it recurred frequently to his anxious thoughts, in spite of all his efforts to the contrary. Again and again, especially in the hours of silence and solitude, it would rise before his mental sight, gather itself distinct into shape, and fix upon his mind, with all the force of conviction, the ideas before alluded to.

But Time, which wears down all things, gradually wore off the sharper outlines of this distressing image. And as He first effaces the delicate tracery of a Gothic building, or the sharp relief of a beautiful medal, and then crumbles and destroys the more solid and substantial parts; so the recurrence of the painful idea to young Clement's mind was less and less frequent, and the impression grew fainter and more faint, until at length he had almost ceased to think about it at all. It was only when packet after packet arrived from England, without bringing him any letter from the object of his affection, that the mysterious vision would again obtrude itself upon him, with many fearful misgivings.

## STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY H. B.

I HEAR, I hear glad voices sing
  In that loved home of mine,
And laughter wake her echo there
  As in the olden time;
There's not a spot I look on, but
  To me 'tis hallowed ground—
O stranger! cease the revelry,
  I cannot bear the sound.

Oft *we* have raised our songs of joy
  Within those very walls,
And hearts as light as thine can be
  Beat in my father's halls;
But one by one, those voices dear
  Were hush'd—those hearts grew cold.
O stranger! let me gaze in peace,
  This was my home of old.

One moment cease the festal song,
  'Tis torture to my breast;
I would but take one last, *last* gaze,
  Ere I too silent rest.
Around that hearth our childhood smil'd,
  Beneath yon oak we play'd;
But now within the green churchyard
  All side by side are laid;

And I am left a blighted wreck
  To mourn my kindred gone;
To feel that in this vast, wide world,
  I am myself *alone*.
Forbear! forbear that sound of mirth,
  I cannot bear the tone;
O stranger! Do not wake the past,
  *Thy home was once my own.*

# THE FORTUNES OF AN AUTHOR.[1]

BY MRS. ABDY.

THE next day Percy journeyed with his friend to the hospitable mansion of Sir Evan Apreece, and he found Apreece's assurances of a cordial welcome fully realized; the old gentleman and lady actually overwhelmed him with thanks for relinquishing the gaieties of London to share the dull visit of their son; and the girls were lively, pleasing, and unsophisticated, and promised rambles over Welsh mountains, and rides on Welsh ponies, to their guest with unsparing liberality.

Percy retired to rest delighted with the whole family; how long he might have continued to like a house without music, literature, or visitors, it is not in my power to say, for he awakened in the morning after a disturbed and feverish night, feeling seriously indisposed. He attempted to rise, and he was not deterred from proceeding in his toilet by cold trembling hands, and flushed burning cheeks; he was sensible of the exceeding unpleasantness of being ill in the house of other people, before opportunity had been given to him to render himself popular and agreeable to them.

"It would never do," he said, while he resolutely sought for his waistcoat, "to be laid on the shelf as a regular invalid, and to bring illness and trouble into the family that I have been invited on purpose to enliven."

Poor Percy! in the midst of his heroic resolutions he fainted, and when Apreece came to summon him to breakfast, he found him quite insensible. The mansion of the Apreeces laboured under the serious disadvantage of being five miles from the town wherein resided their medical practitioner, and a horse had to be caught and saddled before any messenger could be sent to him. Apreece's own man volunteered his services, as being twice as young and active as anybody else in the servants'-hall; and resolving that his message should be equally dignified and exciting, he informed Mr. Watkins, the Galen in question, that "his master's intimate friend, the distinguished Mr. Percy, author of a great many celebrated poems and novels, had been found insensible in his bed; that if not dead then, there was no doubt he must be so by this time, and that the family were all in a state of distraction." Mr. Watkins's daughter, Euphemia, uttered a faint shriek; she was acquainted with the name of Percy, having recently read several of his poems, transplanted into the columns of a county newspaper; and Mr. Watkins hastened to prepare for his departure, feeling that even if Percy were actually dead, composing draughts would be required for the young ladies, and cordials for the old people. Fortunately, however, by the time he arrived, Percy had recovered

[1] Continued from p. 184.

his consciousness, and was able to submit to Mr. Watkins's favourite operation of bleeding.

"It will be a terrible crisis," he observed to the ladies, "and if this poor young gentleman were in any hands but my own, I should fear the worst for him; but as it is, I may venture to hold out a few very faint hopes to you; at all events, if mortal skill can save him, it shall be done."

The Apreeces placed unlimited confidence in Mr. Watkins, who really possessed some skill, at least enough to know how to treat a brain fever; for such was the disorder of Percy. The directions given by him were implicitly followed by the family: Lady Apreece was the most unwearied of nurses, and the young ladies attended on Percy as the damsels of old might have done on a wounded knight; Apreece was like a brother in his care and anxiety, and in a month Percy was pronounced convalescent. Still, however, he was in a state of great weakness and exhaustion, and his hospitable entertainers would not hear of his departure. His eyes had not recovered their usual strength, but the young ladies read aloud the County Gazette to him, while Lady Apreece occupied herself in knitting comforters and muffatees, for his solace and safety when the cold weather set in six or seven months hence. Neither was Sir Evan Apreece the least valuable of his friends; he quietly procured from Mr. Watkins his account, (which was a very exorbitant one,) and paying him three-fourths of it, desired him to make out a new account for the remainder, and send it in to Percy. There was much delicacy in this *ruse;* had he insisted on defraying the whole, Percy would have felt hurt and offended, but as it was, he was thankful for Watkins's moderation, and smilingly observed, that "while the medical men of Wales were satisfied with such small profits, even a poor author might afford to be ill there."

"You must promise to grant me a favour," said Apreece.

"Would that I could do so," said Percy, with feeling. "I have received so many from you and your family, that nothing could make me more happy than to be able to offer you a return in kind."

"We cannot bear the idea," said Lady Apreece, "that in your still delicate state of health, you should be exposed to the inconveniences of seeking fresh apartments immediately on your arrival in London; those occupied by my son are roomy and good, favour him by being his guest for a few days."

Percy acceded with thankfulness to this considerate proposal, and he and Apreece took their departure on the following day, Percy feeling so grateful for the kindness he had experienced in the family, that if the Misses Apreece had not been inveterately cherry-cheeked, red elbowed, and thick ankled, he might perhaps have considered it a point of duty to lay his heart at the feet of one of them. As the travellers approached London, Apreece seemed to be enjoying some very agreeable anticipations, and had he not hit on the fortunate resource of whistling a lively air, he would have felt some difficulty how to work off his superfluous animation.

"The air of London appears very oppressive and heavy to me," said Percy, "but on you, Apreece, it seems to have the effect of the

laughinggas. Are you looking forward to an interview with any favourite fair one?"

"No, indeed," said Apreece; "I am exhilarated on your account, not on my own; something tells me that you will find yourself greatly elevated in the opinion of the public, your absence will have taught people to feel your value—you know the old proverb says, 'When we are missed then we are mourned.'"

"I cannot flatter myself," said Percy, with a melancholy smile, "that in the height of the London season anybody should greatly 'miss' a declining author, whose last novel few have praised, and whose new tragedy no one has read."

"Take my word for it," said Apreece, "you will find yourself somewhat of a lion to-morrow."

Percy imputed this declaration to his friend's well-known and indeed avowed ignorance of the habits and manners of the literary world, and on reaching the apartments of Apreece, willingly took his recommendation to retire early to repose.

Apreece lived in the vicinity of St. James's Park, and the next morning Percy resolved to indulge himself with half an hour's walk there, previous to calling on Lord Orrington, Darfield, and Mr. Carey. The day was warm, smiling, and sunny; and, after taking a few turns, he sat down on a bench, at the further end of which two ladies were already placed. They were strangers to him; but it was evident from their look of recognition, as they met his eye, that he was not so to them. This circumstance did not at all surprise him,—public characters, however few people they may know, are sure to be known by very many: the conversation that followed, however, surprised him very much,—it was carried on in a low tone, but Percy had powers of hearing like those of "Fine-Ear" in the fairy tale, and every word was distinctly audible to him.

"What a wonderful likeness to Percy the author!" said one of the ladies.

"I never saw Percy," replied the other, "except at a distance; there appears to me undoubtedly to be a likeness; but such things are not of infrequent occurrence."

"Surely," said the first lady, "it is not of very frequent occurrence to meet with so startling a resemblance in a perfect stranger."

"And why should you conclude him to be a perfect stranger to Percy?" said the other; "may he not be his brother? I heard once of two brothers who were so exactly alike, that their friends continually mistook one for the other; this caused them some inconvenience, and excited some anger in them. At last, however, they were deprived of all power of railing against the stupidity of the world, for one of them actually mistook himself for his brother! He walked into a shop, imagining he saw his brother there, and found that he had been looking at his own reflection in a large pier glass! So at least runs the story;—'I tell the tale as 'twas told to me.'"

The first lady responded with some observations on family and hereditary likenesses; and Percy, feeling rather tired of this "lecture on heads," arose to depart, wondering that the ladies should take such a vast deal of trouble to find out a likeness for him, when the dif-

ficulty might have been at once so easily and naturally obviated by supposing him to be Percy *in propria persona.*

Percy left the Park, and speedily encountered a lady and gentleman whom he knew by sight, having met them at a literary party, but to whom he had not been introduced.

"How very ill poor Percy is looking," said the gentleman, as they approached him.

"Ridiculous!" said the lady, laughing; "I may say to you in the words of the garrulous young lady in Cecilia, 'Dear me, Mr. Meadows, how you do forget things!' Surely you cannot possibly——"

They passed on, and their words were lost in the distance.

"What can possibly be the matter with the people?" soliloquised Percy. "Apreece promised me that I should be a lion; but I seem rather to be considered as a ghost, double, or fetch."

Soon, however, Percy had a more agreeable subject for cogitation; a playbill met his eye, and he saw at the head of it, "Unprecedented success of the Venetian Bride." A year ago Percy had offered his tragedy for inspection to one of the theatres; he had received no answer for many months, and at last had been told that it was mislaid, and having preserved another copy, he took the rash step of printing it; why it should thus suddenly have been played, and thus warmly applauded, was a riddle to him; and as he was passing by a coffee-house at the time, he resolved to order some refreshment there, and to request the sight of a newspaper, in order that he might have the chance of obtaining a little information on the subject that so thoroughly mystified him. A newspaper was placed in his hands, and his quick eye soon fell on the following paragraph:

"The exquisitely touching and beautiful tragedy of the Venetian Bride continues to attract crowded audiences. How melancholy the reflection that the talented young author cannot gather the laurels so unsparingly dealt forth to him, how sad that the doom which 'heaven gives its favourites, early death,' should have caused a place to be left vacant in the ranks of dramatic literature which will not be easily filled by a worthy successor!"

In another part of the paper was this announcement—"The new edition of the late lamented Percy's admirable novel, 'Fireside Annals,' was yesterday delivered to an impatient multitude; the doors of the publishers were literally besieged by eager applicants."

Percy felt like Dick Swiveller in the Old Curiosity Shop, as if he had "gone to sleep in an English night, and awakened in an Arabian one!" He apprehended a return of his brain fever, and cautiously turned to the advertisement department of the newspaper, that he might calm his excited nerves by reading edifying notifications of faultless young ladies who were willing to accept situations as governesses, and exemplary matrons who had no objection to fill the responsible post of a single gentleman's housekeeper. At length, even in the safe every-day column of advertisements, his eye fell on a startling announcement; it appeared that a monument was about to be erected to the memory of the late lamented Percy, and the names of many of the great, the noble, and the gifted of the land, were appended as contributors to this costly tribute of respect.

There was Lord Orrington at the head, giving a sum fully worthy of his rank; there was the admirer of Sheridan's comedies, and the patronizers of one act interludes; there was Sir James Cosby, the criticizing poet, and Lord Babbleton, the satirical young peer; in short, there were all the friends, foes, and rivals of Percy. The mystery was cleared up; it was evident that he had been reported dead, and had become much dearer both to public and private circle than he had ever been while he was alive. One circumstance, however, still perplexed him;—where was the name of Mr. Carey—the friendly, wealthy, good-natured Mr. Carey, the father of Lucinda, the lovely and loving? Alas! too well he divined the reason;—the gentle, susceptible girl, who had declared it impossible that any woman who loved truly should survive the loss of the object of her affection—the warm-hearted opposer of second loves—the admirer of suttees—no doubt she had sunk a victim to the agony endured by her in consequence of the supposed death of Percy, and her parents had their thoughts too painfully directed to their daughter's monument to think about that of her lover.

"I cannot suffer this suspense," said Percy to himself; "and yet, how shall I bear to go to Brunswick Square, and listen to the sad tidings of Lucinda's loss from the lips of her sorrowing parents?"

Fortunately, Percy remembered that the gentleman who had introduced him to the Careys lived in Upper Baker Street. He entered a cab, and was speedily deposited at the door of Mr. Barton, from whom he knew he could obtain accurate information respecting the "whereabouts" of the family in Brunswick Square with whom he was very intimate. Percy was doomed to be disappointed; Mr. Barton's servant told him that his master had friends from the country staying with him, and that he had appropriated the present day to accompanying them to morning sights; he, however, qualified his information by saying that they had not left the house above half an hour, and that their first destination was to Madame Tussaud's waxwork. Thither Percy eagerly repaired. The room appeared full of company, but, like many other people, he was puzzled to distinguish the wax figures from the living ones, and sat down to observe, at his leisure, who were moving and who were stationary among the groups surrounding him. He saw nothing of Mr. Barton and his country cousins, but a family soon approached, consisting of two sisters and a brother, with whom he had a slight acquaintance, having met them twice at Danfield's. He expected some sort of greeting from them, but certainly not the greeting that ensued.

"What a wonderful resemblance of the late lamented Percy," exclaimed one of the young ladies—"Madame Tussaud has really surpassed herself."

"It is admirable," cried her sister—"it seems to live and breathe!"

"Most assuredly it does," thought the gentleman thus freely commented upon.

"It is his own fine hair, doubtless," said the elder young lady; "and how beautifully the eyes are put in—they have no appearance of the dulness and heaviness of glass."

"I can see nothing in the figure to admire," said their brother,

who piqued himself on being difficult to please, and, like the farmer in the tale of the Old Cheese,

"Had been taught
To entertain his friends with finding fault."

"All wax-work is ghastly, stiff, and a libel on real life, and this attempted resemblance of Percy is quite a failure—it is just like a head in a hairdresser's shop window."

Percy could not resist the temptation of moving his head, and fixing his eyes on the captious critic.

"Exquisite!" exclaimed the young ladies in a breath. "I wish all the figures were moved by machinery—how it improves them!"

"Absurd," said the brother; "clockwork is merely fit to amuse children with, and the action of the head and eye in this figure is peculiarly unnatural; that of Cobbett is much better contrived."

The party here moved on, and Percy relinquished his first design of starting up to accost them, feeling assured that the young ladies would merely consider his speech and action as the triumph of unrivalled machinery, and the brother designate them as "a ridiculous endeavour to combine a walking and talking figure in one, producing thereby a failure in both!" Having carefully investigated the groups of visitors, Percy left the room, and ordered his vehicle to Brunswick Square, determined to know the worst at once. The house was, happily, not closed, but several carriages were at the door.

"Alas! alas!" thought Percy, "morning visitors would not come at this early hour; it is, doubtless, a consultation of physicians."

The door was opened by a new footman: Percy expressed his wish to speak immediately with Mr. or Mrs. Carey.

"They are both just now particularly engaged, sir," said the man.

Percy shuddered; he doubted not that they were weeping by the death-bed of their beloved daughter.

"Tell me, I entreat you," he said, in a hesitating tone, "is the business on which they are engaged of an afflicting nature?"

The man displayed his white teeth in the broadest of all possible smiles as he replied, "I rather believe not, sir."

Percy's curiosity was now excited; he repeated his request for admission, declaring at the same time that he was one of the most intimate friends of the family, and he was shown into the drawing-room. There was spread an elegant *dejeuné à la fourchette*, and a numerous and splendidly dressed party were seated round the table.

The entrance of "the late lamented Percy" produced, as the newspapers would say, "quite a sensation." Mrs. Carey was seized with symptoms of hysterics, and Mr. Carey, although rather sceptical that a ghost could venture to appear to a large company by broad daylight, let fall his glass of champagne in the moment of doubt. Percy summarily settled the subject, by assuring them that the report of his death was "quite a mistake." He looked around him—an enormous bride-cake was on the table.

"Doubtless," he said, "Mrs. Carey, "I have to congratulate you on the marriage of Miss Holt."

"No, indeed," said a fretful, discontented voice at a little distance;

and Percy, turning to see from whence it proceeded, recognised Miss Holt. Her eyes looked very red; she wore an overtrimmed blue satin dress, and a large wedding favour was pinned on her bosom. "I am only the bridesmaid," she continued; I am in no hurry" (with a little nervous, ill-got-up titter) "to change my situation. Miss Carey was married to-day to Mr. Rawlinson, and they are now some miles on their road to Cheltenham: I understand it is not the fashion for the bridesmaid to accompany a newly-married couple, so I have remained at home."

Percy was almost as stationary and paralyzed as he had appeared at Madame Tussaud's wax-work, and firmly did he resolve never again to put faith in a young lady's declaration that she should follow her lover to the grave; the credulous adorer who believed in the declaration traced on the sand by the Spanish maiden—

"Death for Diana, not inconstancy,"

which was washed away by the next tide, appeared to him rational in comparison of himself. He gave no vent, however, to his agitation, but hastily pleading want of time, retreated from the room, pursued by Mr. Carey's entreatics that he would drink just one glass of champagne to the health of the young couple, and Mrs. Carey's solicitations that he would only wait while a piece of bridecake was put up in paper for him. "At least," thought Percy, "I have gained one good from the report of my death—it has disclosed to me the perfidious Lucinda in her true character. But, as the "perfidious Lucinda" had never really boasted any hold of his heart, he easily reconciled himself to her loss, and determined that he would immediately proceed on his visit to Darfield. Darfield was on the steps of his house as Percy drove up, and received him with great cordiality, and without any astonishment.

"Your death," he said, as he introduced Percy into his study, was scarcely published in the papers before I was made aware that it was a mis-statement. On your first seizure, the messenger who was sent to summon Mr. Watkins to your assistance affirmed that you were either dead when he left the house, or must be so before he returned. Mr. Watkins's daughter Euphemia had a cousin in London who was connected with one of the daily papers; she hastily wrote to him, to impart this valuable piece of information, and he instantly penned an elaborate paragraph, stating "the sad and sudden death of the talented and celebrated Percy." When she heard from her father that you were still alive, she began to be rather fearful of the consequences of her officiousness, and, meeting Apreece, disclosed to him what she had done. He immediately wrote to me, telling me of the circumstance, and suggesting to me whether it would not be better to allow the report to remain uncontradicted, as you had no relations and no lady-love, were the child of fame alone, and might possibly find fame more favourable to you, if she believed your removal from the possibility of deriving any pleasure or advantage from her flatteries. I saw the justice of this remark; I wrote to your friend, expressing my acquiescence in his plan, and entreating him to send me frequent information of the progress of your illness, which he has kindly and

punctually done. The full tide of public grief for your loss then took its course; journals lowly and exalted vied with each other in extolling your excellencies; some praised your poetry, some your prose, some your morality, and some your humility, and all agreed in uttering the bold prophecy that we 'ne'er should look upon your like again.' The review that cut up your novel so severely, noticed your tragedy with unmixed commendation, saying that your former defects of style, which were like specks upon the sun, had completely disappeared in this, your last best work, and the magazine which had 'begged to decline the honour of all further contributions from you,' spoke of you as 'our late talented, admirable, and—must we own it?—favourite contributor!' New editions of your novel and tragedy were immediately called for, and a golden shower of no trifling amount has descended upon you and myself; the manager of the theatre where your tragedy is now performing has also sent me a letter, requesting to be informed of the name of your heir-at-law, that he may settle with him concerning the profits of your piece. These are the principal facts attending upon your supposed demise. I have also some minor anecdotes which will greatly amuse you. Sir Charles Cosby has written a monody on your death which draws tears from all the aristocratic circles in which he nightly reads it; and you have likewise been celebrated by Dick Dunstan, one of the inferior gentlemen of the press."

"Dick Dunstan!" exclaimed Percy: "I never exchanged half a dozen words with him."

"Nevertheless," continued Darfield, "he has published in an obscure magazine (and the article obtained an amazing sale for that one number) 'Reminiscences of the late lamented Percy;' they occupy about a dozen pages, and you will, I am sure, be amused by the account of speeches that you never uttered, deeds that you never did, letters that you never wrote, and thoughts that never entered your brain. Poor Dick considered that no one was ever likely to contradict him; he will now find his mistake, and will be severely mortified."

"Not at all," said Percy; "I feel in such good humour with him and the rest of the world, that if he says I compared him to Milton I shall publish no counter statement. But now to the important subject of my patron—what said the Earl of Orrington?"

"Oh!" replied Darfield, "he appeared quite in a new character; he threw off all his pomposity and coldness, and wept and sentimentalized like an old gentleman in a German drama; he said that he had been the first to draw forth your talents, that they had been the solace of his declining years, that he had felt for you as a father would towards a son, and that you had not the slightest idea of the depth of his regard towards you."

"The last part of the declaration is perfectly true," said Percy; "however, I see his name put down to a magnificent donation for the purpose of erecting a monument to me, and therefore, according to the line,

'They who part with money never feign,'

I suppose he had really some good-will towards me."

"Do not think me uncharitable," answered Darfield, "but, as the

monument was his own idea and suggestion, ostentation might have had as much to do with his liberality on the occasion as affection."

"And," said Percy, hesitatingly, "Lady Anne Gransden—have you heard anything about her?"

"A great deal," replied Darfield—"more than I think it altogether prudent to repeat. Lady Anne has been very ill, nay, still continues so, and report does not scruple to say that she is overwhelmed, not only with grief, but with remorse, at your loss, and that she believes you died

'Lamenting of a lady's love,
And plaining of her pride.'"

"Can it be possible?" exclaimed Percy, his eyes sparkling with hope. "Do you not think her illness may be accidental, and unconnected with my reported death?"

"Her illness," said Darfield, "immediately followed the tidings, but I do not feel justified in telling you more, since I derive a great part of my information from Mrs. Euston, her friend and companion, with whom I have been well acqnainted from her childhood. I will only tell you that I felt strongly tempted to reveal the secret that you were still in the land of the living, so great was my pity for the fair mourner; but I resisted the temptation. Lady Anne, you will pardon me for saying, had always too much pride in her composition, and I thought it well that she should undergo the punishment of her fault for a little while longer."

"What am I to do, my dear friend?" said Percy, bewildered by the new and delightful ideas that poured in upon his mind. "How shall I present myself before her?"

"I will immediately," said Darfield, "proceed to Belgrave Square, as in duty bound, to tell Lord Orrington of your existence; it is not fair to expose his patrician nerves to the horror of fancying that he encounters a spectre, should you come suddenly before him in your own person; and, having prepared the way for your reception, I will leave you to improve your position as you best may, and to persuade the haughty noble who professed to have 'loved you as a son,' that the next best thing he can do will be to love you as the chosen partner of his fair ward."

Darfield departed to Belgrave Square. Lord Orrington was absent for the day. He asked for Mrs. Euston, and the unfeigned joy with which she received the pleasing commission of breaking the communication to Lady Anne was sufficient to convince Darfield, if indeed he had required to be convinced, that the heart of the "proud ladie" was completely conquered. Mrs. Euston soon returned to Darfield, after a private colloquy with her patroness, and the result was that Percy was sent for, and introduced into the boudoir of the haughty fair one who had treated him so coldly on their last meeting; she was now pale and gentle, dressed in deep mourning, and evidently had suffered severely since their separation. She extended her hand, too much affected for speech, and Percy silently and fondly pressed it.

I meant to detail to my readers the conversation that ensued, but I think it will be more prudent to refrain. Every one must allow, that

when a damsel of rank and fortune has a predilection for a poor author, it is desirable that she should condescend rather more to him than she would think it necessary to do to a duke or a marquis: people, however, are apt to differ respecting the necessary degree of encouragement which may be prudent and expedient for ladies of long pedigree to extend to "squires of low degree;" and were I to recount the dialogue between Lady Ann Gransden and the love-stricken Percy, I am convinced that half my readers would say that my heroine evinced too much condescension, and the other half would declare that my hero presumed upon too little. Suffice it, then, to say, that Percy left Belgrave Square the accepted suitor of Lady Ann Gransden, and that on the return of Lord Orrington in the evening, his ward first delighted him by telling him that his interesting protégé was alive, and that he would not be called upon to disburse the large sum which, in a fit of munificence, he had promised towards the monument, and had repented of ever since, and then reminded him that "the web of our life is of mingled yarn, good and ill together," by informing him of her own engagement to the young author.

Lord Orrington's dignity was somewhat wounded by the tidings of this disproportionate match; but he remembered that Lady Ann was within a month of being of age, that he had not even the claim of relationship to advise her, having merely been the intimate friend of her father, that his opposition would be of no use, and that his love of patronage and display might be fully gratified by extending his willing approbation to her choice. Consequently, he was enabled to give his consent (which was neither asked nor needed) in the most gracious manner, and dispatched a few very obliging lines to Percy, congratulating him on still ranking among the living, and inviting him to breakfast in Belgrave Square on the following morning. Percy, meanwhile, had repaired to the lodgings of Apreece, and was busily employed in recounting to him the adventures of the day.

"Truly," he concluded, "have I reason to be grateful to Miss Euphemia Watkins for leading the world into a mistake about me, and to you for suffering them to continue in it. When an author begins to decline in public favour, it may be said, in the words of Goldsmith,

'Nought is left him but to die'—

that is, to die in dramatic fashion, in front of the audience, but, in reality, to revive as soon as the curtain falls, and enjoy, behind the scenes, the sound of the plaudits and bravos that celebrate his demise."

"I did not offer to accompany you in your ramble," said Apreece, fearing that you would apply to me, in your difficulties, for an explanation which I by no means wished to precipitate. I have not, however, been destitute of amusement; I have been looking over files of newspapers, all vieing with each other in extolling your talents; and I have also paid a visit to your landlady, who has been favoured with an influx of company ever since your death was announced, all begging in the humblest terms for relics. She has dispensed, with munificent

prodigality, covers of letters, stumps of pens, bits of India rubber, remnants of sealing wax, empty wafer boxes, and exhausted ink bottles. Your intended successor, fortunately, had not quite concluded his bargain with her, and she instantly doubled the price of her apartments, and has let them to 'a young poet comfortably off,' (strange contradiction of terms!) who hopes to gather inspiration by sitting in your easy chair, and dipping his pen in your stained and shabby inkstand. I then wrote paragraphs for all the newspapers, announcing the fact of your existence, and I conclude that paragraphs will soon appear announcing your singular good fortune in the career of love as well as in that of fame."

Apreece's anticipations were realized; the public had hardly recovered the surprise of being told how many tears they had wasted, and how many sentimental speeches thrown away, when they were called upon still further to wonder at the matrimonial exaltation of their favourite. At the close of the season, Lady Ann Gransden bestowed her hand upon Percy, and he has since occupied a place of decided consideration in the literary world; his publications are universally approved, and he has been solicited to write another tragedy; but he is no longer considered as an unique genius, no longer compared to Shakspeare or to Sir Walter Scott. In returning to life, he has lost at least two thirds of the popularity with which death had invested him, and the warmest praises that now greet him are poor and faint compared with the funeral chorus formerly raised by the mourning public, who, so far from saying, with King Henry in Chevy Chase, when informed of the death of his gallant namesake, Earl Percy,

> "I trust I have within my realm
> Five hundred good as he,"

seemed to consider the hundreds of poets, novelists, dramatists, and magazine writers still left to them, quite unable to supply, by their united powers, the vacuum left in the world of letters by the exit of "the late lamented Percy!"

---

## THEMES.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

'Tis said, "the spider and the bee oftimes
Suck from one flower!"* Then wherefore should not I
Dip my clay pitcher in the well of rhymes,
Though but a petty palmer passing by?
The wind, wild prodigal, from flowery limes
Steals many a kiss;—the hornet and the fly
Touch lushy peaches, meant for regal lips,—
And suns themselves are subject to eclipse.

The pilgrim's earthen bowl, the monarch's cup
Of burnished gold—*this* soils not—*that* not clears
The fount, whence Poesy—bright bubbling up—
Sheds with impartial grace voluptuous tears:—

* Ben Jonson's "Volpone."

And, if I dare to drink a tiny sup
  Of those sweet waves, it need create no fears
That touch like mine should stop the current's force,
Or stain the pure exuberance of its course.

Therefore once more I'll wake my slumb'ring lyre,
  Whose strings so long have lain untouched and still;
But when I search for themes, I feel the fire
  Within me quenched,—the poet's fervour chill;
I cannot sound as erst the echoing wire,—
  The ice must melt that gyves the frozen will,
Ere its pent waters gush in freedom o'er
The channels where they brightly leaped before.

The theme? Shall it be—Love? No, that's a dream
  Which flies with youth—its ever-constant shade;
And why should I on Retrospection's stream
  Fling my dull lute?—the ashes of the dead
Why rake from their repose?—or check the gleam
  Of lightning in its progress?—Pleasures fled
Are smothered fires which lend no cordial glow—
And graves of joy launch forth pale ghosts of woe.

Shall it be Friendship?—in that word wild woe
  Lurks—like a scorpion coiled 'midst withered leaves;
Man's friendship is the ice, with death below
  To hail the foot unwary; the crude sheaves
Of an unfruitful harvest; and the blow
  Of flowers that bear no seed!—The spider weaves
For silly flies its snare,—but *Man!*—Man fills
For brother-man a cup, that drugs and kills!

Oh! I have felt (and therefore I may tell)
  False friendship's harlot kisses on my cheek:—
Still, still thro' every vein their poisons swell—
  Still do they gall me as a chain; to break
Whose angry links doth every power repel,
  Whilst each new effort makes the spirit weak:—
Thou, who hast wounded! may thy spirit yet
Feel all the tortures of a keen regret!

Not so! not so!—I pardon thee!—It was
  No foul deceit, but the fair phantasy
Of two bewildered spirits! Thine, alas!
  Hath left the peaceful path, to climb on high
The trembling ladder (frailer than frail glass)
  Of popular esteem,—sad change!—while I
A labyrinth of weeds and flowers still tread,
Thorns 'neath my feet and tempests o'er my head.

Yet, in my loneliness, at times will gleam
  The prophet's flash across my quickened sight,
And then I see thee, waking from thy dream,
  To meet the world, its falsehood and its spite;
Those summer friends, that now so tender seem,
  Shall leave thee, in thy fashion's sudden blight,
And then thy heart—oh! it will backwards turn
To former friendship's sad neglected urn.

# RECOLLECTIONS OF A ROYALIST OFFICER.[1]

BY COLONEL DE R * * * * *, AN EARLY COMRADE OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

A FEW extracts from the opening of the Viscount Walsh's work, will perhaps be the help to others that they were to me, to feel with those who in Corsica were listening for the distant murmur of the on-coming tempest, before which every crowned head in Europe was to bow, save his

"Whose eyes were dim and his mind was dark,"

ere it had ebbed away,

"And he sate in his Age's lateness,
Like a vision thron'd, a solemn mark
Of the folly of human greatness."

The reminiscences of the viscount's childhood, with which it commences, while they are a pleasant picture of a time past away for long from France, and which could have existed only in the *vie de château*, show at the same time *how* blind it was possible to be to the gathering storm-clouds. Was the tumult which broke from the swelling heart of the artisan a thing *so* sudden?

"Great political overthrows," he observes, indeed, "do not break out without having been preceded by vague rumours of trouble and disorder;" and he adds, what surely was truer *then* than ever, "a kind of vertigo and delirium seems to come at the same time to *those* who *govern;*—men who labour to earn their bread, fold their arms and begin to reason as if they were charged with the administration of the affairs of the public; the mania of counselling takes possession of all,—the *habit* of *obeying* is lost.

"For me, my children, I was born in a time that bordered upon storms, but I remember still the beautiful blue sky, *le beau ciel bleu*, of my childhood. *Then*, no care, no inquietude, darkened my father's forehead. Numerous and respectful, my eldest brothers rose around him; and the smaller ones among us climbed his knees, to hear him speak of our mother, whom God had taken.

"It is in vain now that you busy yourselves in your studies or run to your amusements; your noisy games cannot so drown the politics your relatives are talking, but that you hear the words, sedition, conspiracy, machination, and outrage, the rumour of fears incessantly awakened and general uneasiness, mingling with the sound of your sports: in the days of my childhood, no such whispers reached our ears. I remember the tranquillity of my native town; its mall so animated with children during the week, and so covered with gay company on Sundays; and its

[1] Continued from p. 204.

churches, which were so numerous and beautiful;—(in Anjou, the trace where many a fine church stood, is, I believe, lost utterly;)—I remember the fêtes and the family parties we used to enjoy; but I remember none of the words full of trouble that you hear now. In *those* days politics did not enter into household life; and on the table of the salon there were no newspapers seen lying, except the French Mercury, which I remember occupied my father a good deal, on account of the enigmas and logogriphes it contained.

"When my brothers, on their return from their regiment, spoke of the king and queen, whom they had seen at Versailles, it was always with respect and enthusiasm; and when on Sundays we were at high mass, under the charge of our sister, who took our mother's place to us, she always made us rise from our seats at the 'Domine salvum fac regem!'—thus while we were yet little, what we honoured most after God was the king. And what passed in *our* house, passed elsewhere; to love God, honour the king, serve one's country, was what was inculcated then in every family.

"Louis XVI. was then reigning; he had just abolished the torture and the statute labour, and from all sides the people blessed him. ('When the crown of France was placed on his brow,' says the Edinburgh Review, 'Louis unconsciously said, on the day of his coronation, 'Cela me gêne!' and so indeed it did. King at three-and-twenty, he had the honest desire to govern, without the courage to rule. Unlike Charles I., his *word* was *truthful*, but he had not the constancy steadily to adhere to it. Men seldom do much harm without having much good in them; it is the ill-assortment of the parts that upsets, and so it was essentially with Louis XVI.')

"Among the young officers who came to visit my brothers, I recollect that there were many who spoke with exultation of what the king had thought it right to do in declaring for the independence of America; and I remember, too, that an old colonel, who had heard them relating with enthusiasm all that there was of generous and chivalrous in this war, said to them, 'Gentlemen, it does not belong to me to blame what the king has done; but God grant that he may never repent of having lent his support to revolt!'

"Notwithstanding all the years that have passed over my head since then, all the changes and overthrows that followed those days, I still seem to hear at my father's table that conversation between the young soldiers and the old commander. It was the first political discussion that I ever remember: and very often since, the old man's words have come back upon my mind. 'It is not to found republics that a *king* should draw the sword!' said the Emperor Joseph to the royal husband of Marie-Antoinette.

"At the time I am trying to describe to you, God had placed the crown upon the brow of the Just. Louis XVI. was the most virtuous man in his kingdom; the Frenchman who had most at heart the good of his country. Marie-Antoinette, the daughter of the great Maria-Theresa, was, by the loftiness of her mind, the strength of her character, worthier perhaps than any other woman, to bind round her beautiful young forehead the noblest diadem that glittered beneath the sun. Among our fathers, the thought of the sovereign was a *fixed*

*idea;* every one lifted his head at the name of the monarch. In France, and on the hearts of Frenchmen, that word had a magic in its sound; it woke up the worn pulses of many a gray heart-broken wanderer on foreign shores in the days of trouble, and I have seen, in our years of exile, the stranger stand astonished at this fond worship we had borne with us into the land of our banishment.

"But Louis XVI. had more enthusiasm than wisdom; carried away by his desire to do good, he often repeated to himself, 'A deep happiness has been reserved for *me*, that of rendering better the fate of those placed beneath my sceptre!' but giving himself up to the delight of these thoughts, he did not reflect that in the pleasure of ameliorating, there lies the immense danger of innovating.

"Like all timid characters, Louis would not undertake *alone* the reforms he saw necessary; he was willing, too, to share the honour of the work with the most enlightened spirits of his age and people. Often had he read and heard that a king ought to be the father of his subjects,—ought to study their tastes and their necessities; and therefore, in order to know well what it was that France would have, he called around him the *élite* of the French.

"It was on the 22nd of February, 1787, that the opening of the Assembly of Notables took place at Versailles; it was the first link in the long chain of events I have to recount to you. I was then but quite a child; but I remember the sudden change which took place in my father's parlour. Words, which till then we had never heard, were repeatedly occurring in the earnest conversations which had all at once superseded the quiet chat of the family fireside. Society, till then so peaceful, saw its surface suddenly troubled by the breath of change. It was yet light as the gale of spring; the mind yielded itself to its influence, and thought not of the hurricane.

"However, there *were* men who were not satisfied with the discourse the king had delivered before the Notables; they thought that Louis XVI. had not shown in it sufficient nerve: and the old colonel, of whom I have already spoken to you, said of the speech—'I am sorry his majesty did not make an harangue *à la Henri quatre!* When a king speaks, I like to see him do it leaning upon his sword.'

"To put you in a position to judge, my children, how different were the addresses of these two monarchs,—to paint you Louis and Henry by means of their own words, I will transcribe them for you.

We will here refer for a moment to Professor Smyth, who says of the subject under discussion—"Previous to the assembling of the States-General, Calonne, who for a time replaced Necker, came forward with what he considered as a grand measure; he called together *the Notables.* The Notables were a kind of privy council, assembled on great emergencies, consisting of the chief persons of France, the *haute noblesse.* They numbered one hundred and forty-four. When Louis XVI. ascended the throne, he found himself at once embarrassed to such a degree by the alarming deficit in the revenue, that some measures must be instantly adopted." The professor has been showing that this deficit was brought on by the enormous and reckless extravagance of his predecessors; the sons of St. Louis having forgotten the dying charge of him who lay expiring on the plains of Africa,

"Lay not upon thy people too great taxes and subsidies, unless it be from heavy necessity for the defence of thy kingdom. And labour thou *then* that the *expense of thy house be within reason and not beyond* measure!"——"Louis XVI. was young; but, as all parties allow, he *loved* France, and was prepared to make any sacrifice for her welfare. Had his generosity only met with a response in the privileged classes, all might have been well."

"Calonne," says Mr. Swinburne, in his 'Visits to the Courts of Europe,' "of all the candidates to be chosen!—unfit!—mischievous! When dismissed, he actually assisted the infamous Lamotte in her calumnious libel on poor Marie-Antoinette in the diamond necklace affair. The queen showed Madame Campan, Lamotte's manuscript with Calonne's interlined corrections. The Count d'Artois," continues the Edinburgh, in which we met with the review of Swinburne just as we were pausing in Viscount Walsh, "wasted immense sums in gambling, and was supplied by Calonne with public money, *unknown to the king*, to pay his debts." And *this* was Louis's minister of *finance!*

To return to the Viscount—

"Louis XVI. said to the Notables, 'Gentlemen, I have gathered you round me to acquaint you with my projects, as have formerly done many of my predecessors, and more particularly the chief of that branch of our house to which I belong,—him whose name is dear to every Frenchman, and whose example I shall always make it my glory to follow.

"'The projects which will be communicated to you on my part are great and important. On the one hand, their object is to ameliorate the revenues of the state, and insure their entire disembarrassment, by a more equal partition of impositions; on the other, to liberate commerce from the different fetters which impede its circulation; and at the same time to unburden, in every possible way that circumstances will permit me, the more indigent part of my subjects. Such are, gentlemen, the views with which I am occupied, and which I have decided upon after the most mature examination. As they all tend to the public weal, and as I know the zeal for my service with which you are all animated, I have not feared to consult you upon the mode of carrying them into execution; and I shall hear and examine in turn, the observations you may make with respect to them. I depend upon your counsels to be all tending towards the same end, and all in accordance with each other; and upon no private interest raising itself against the general welfare.'

"If Louis XVI. had abandoned himself more fully to the inspirations of his heart, he would have been more eloquent. How fine a position for a king! With *less* circumspection, Louis XVI. would have been *more strong*. My children, I tell you, and I shall tell it to you often, there is an immense *power*, there is even an art, in *openness*. Listen to Henry IV. at the Assembly of Notables at Rouen!

"'If I wished to acquire the title of *orator*, I should have learnt some fine harangue, and I should pronounce it with fitting gravity; but, sirs, *my* desire tends to titles more glorious, which are, to be called the liberator and restorer of this state! to attain to which I

have assembled you. *You* know to your cost, as I to mine, that when God called me to this crown, I found France, not only as if *ruined*, but almost *lost* to Frenchmen. By the grace of God, by the prayers and the good counsels of my servitors who follow the profession of arms; by the sword of my brave and generous nobility, from which I do not distinguish my princes, for nobility is our fairest title; by the faith of a *gentleman!* by my pains and my labours, I have saved it from perdition; this hour let us save it from ruin. Share with me, my subjects, in this second glory, as you have done in the first! I have not called you, as have done my predecessors, to make you approve *my* pleasure, I have had you assembled to receive your counsels, to believe them, to *follow* them; in brief, to put myself under your tuition, an inclination that seldom seizes kings, especially the grey-bearded and the victorious; but the passionate love I bear my subjects, the extreme desire I have to add those splendid titles to that of monarch, make it easy and honourable to *me!*"

Judge, now, whether the speech of Henry IV. would not carry off many more suffrages than that of his descendant! And yet the Béarnais did not love France more than Louis XVI. loved it; he did not wish its happiness more ardently. But in reading the words of Henry IV., you feel that the hand of a minister has not been at work upon the discourse; you find in it I know not what of royal vigour, which has not been weakened by the cautiousness of the cabinet; you feel that *the Victorious* has pronounced the frank and noble words, with his sword at his side, the sword of Arques and of Ivry!

Gabrielle d'Estrées had been desirous to be present at the assembly of the States, which was held in the great hall of the magnificent Abbey of Saint Ouen; hid behind a curtain of tapestry, where fleur-de-lys glittered on a ground of azure, she heard with keen emotion the discourse of the king. Henry hastened to her when the ceremony was over, to know what she had thought of it. "Never," replied she, "did I hear better spoken! but greatly amazed I was to hear you talk of putting yourself under tuition!" — "Ventre Saint-Gris!" exclaimed the king, "it is true! but I *mean* with my sword at my side!"

In 1787, Louis XVI. should have meant it the same; but alas! it *was* not so,—*he* also came loyally to put himself under tuition, with a true heart, with intentions that were patriotic, with views that were upright,—but without *the sword of the Victorious.*

"In 1594, kings wore still the iron cuirass and the plumed helm. In 1787, Louis XVI. was clad in a habit of velvet. I sometimes think that external things, even those which seem the most futile, have more influence than we know in human affairs.

* * * * * *

"Miroménil, keeper of the seals, spoke after Louis: his discourse was of such insignificance, that no memory of it has survived, except in the minutes of the day."

It was otherwise with that of Calonne, comptroller-general of finance; his reputation *as a wit* was confirmed on this occasion; and this sufficed for a long time to a mind so intensely trifling. In the

grave dilemmas in which our country then was, it was a *statesman* we wanted!

"After having turned a host of phrases very sonorous, and very *spirituel*, in description of the different species of economy which may be exercised by a minister of finance, the one which strikes the eye by its severe outside, an air of importance which does not prove any reality,—the other, which thinks more of duty than of reputation, and leaves men to talk of what it grants while it is silent upon what it saves,—with a great deal more which, certes, displays his wit! it is a grace thrown over fiscal calculations! and one may very easily recognise in this drawing-room style the minister who replied to a request of Marie-Antoinette's, "Madame, if it is a thing possible, it is already *done*; if it be *im*possible, it *shall* be done;" and after having displayed, with tolerable courage, the empty coffers of the state,—the comptroller-general of finances terminated his discourse to the Assembly of Notables, *thus*—

(How can an English pen copy out the quotation without a burning heart at the thought of our *own* minister's speech (on an occasion of financial difficulty) just ten days ago, Friday, March 11, 1842; and the wind up with its lofty appeal, which was *its* termination?)

"And what remains for us now, in order to fill up the alarming void, and make us reach the desired level? What is left to us in order to supply all that is wanting, and procure all that is necessary for the restoration of the finances?

"The ABUSES that prevail.

"Yes, gentlemen, it is in the *abuses themselves* that is to be found a fund of riches which the state has the right to reclaim, and which alone can serve to restore order; it is in the proscription of abuses that lies the only means of providing for every need; it is from the bosom of disorder that must spring that fruitful current which shall fertilize every portion of the monarchy."

After *reminding* the Notables that "the observations they would have to offer to his majesty should be inspired by zeal, and mingled with *due expressions* of gratitude," this harangue *à-la-mode* concludes with saying, "Let others recal that maxim of our monarchy,—'As wills the king, so wills the law;'—the maxim of his majesty *is*, '*As* wills the good of the people, *so* wills the king.'"

"In this last phrase there is more than *wit;* there is a striking homage to the generous heart of Louis XVI. Yes! all that France could wish for her own happiness, her king desired still more ardently for her. Had they, in this war they were declaring against abuses, demonstrated to Louis that his own power was among the things to be reformed, he would have stripped himself that instant of his regal mantle, and lifted from his brow the resplendent and awe-inspiring crown of Charlemagne, of Saint Louis, and of Louis XIV. But, my children, he who is born king must die a king; the crown is not a vain ornament,—the sceptre and the hand of justice are not playthings,—the throne is *another* thing than a velvet-covered chair! To all these shows of royalty, there are, attached by the cords of duty, obligations that are unalterable.

"Certainly it was worthy of a son of Saint Louis to come thus in some sort under another oak of Vincennes, to talk over with his subjects the abuses which fettered the steps of government, but with what precaution was it necessary to advance towards reform!"

With what precaution Louis and his ministers *did* advance, we have seen from Professor Smyth, who says further in speaking of the period preceding the deliberations of the National Assembly, "The truth seems to be, that the minister (Necker) and the court were at their wit's end, stunned and overpowered; like men bewildered, they seem to have courted ruin in the very steps they took to avoid it. Surely, the want of statesmanlike talents in the king and his ministers, and the ignorance of everything it imported them to know, were never so apparent. Alas! the priest's lips had not kept knowledge, nor had the people learnt the truths of Scripture at their mouth."

The Viscount in his narrative appears to fall into the same line of thought, for he goes on to observe, in some very forcible reflections on the word *abuse*, "Christianity well listened to, well understood, is the only thing which can put an end to the existence of abuses; had it always been well comprehended, there had never been fanaticism and persecution; yet there are many who, at the name of religion, cry out, "Religion! *it* has given rise to abuses by millions!" They who speak thus, persist in confounding the pure gold of the altar with the imperfect men who ascend to it. Alas! there is in this day so great an *abuse* of *words*, that men no longer understand one another. Hypocrites have abused the name of God; kings the word *duties;* ambitious men the word *liberty;* proud men the word *equality;* revolutionaries, the word *public good;* impostors, the word *good faith;* the perjured, the word *fidelity;* and finally, all the world have abused the word *abuse*; above all, at the epoch of the Assembly of Notables. A source of tears, of misery and of blood, to many; this word has been the source of riches and prosperity to others; there are those who owe heavy ill to abuses; there are those who defend them as a source of revenue and a lucrative profession."

"Such reformers as M. Necker do incredible mischief," was the long after comment of Napoleon.

## THE RICH RELATION.

BY ABBOTT LEE.

We said that we could keep a secret—we meant of course as long as we pleased—and now we please to tell it, but not in a hurry! Oh, no! we shall do it leisurely—at our ease—at our pleasure—and we hope, dear reader, to yours.

So we shall go back to the Poor Relation's two-pair back room in Soho, and see what is going on there.

The Poor Relation was sitting in her homely chair, dressed as usual, in her simple coarse black robe. There was not the slightest possible change in her ordinary externals, and yet there was a difference that could be felt better than expressed. There was a something flickering over her like sunshine—it was the sunshine of happiness.

Heigho! we wish we had some of it! for this happiness is the best cosmetic in the world; a better beautifier than all the long list of impossibility-doing-things that the innumerable number of venders advertise in their immeasurable lists in the interminable papers. They *promise*, but happiness *performs*. Happiness is the finest of all pearl powder, and the brightest of all rouge. Happiness gives higher grace to motion than the most first-rate of Parisian dancingmasters. Happiness modulates the voice more harmoniously than the most accomplished professor of elocution. Happiness adjusts the flow of the dress more tastefully than the first *artiste* of fashion. And happiness has a nostrum of its own, the manufacture of which has always been kept a profound secret, and we dare say always will be, proving its own vast superiority over every other house of business, which gives a dancing brightness to the eyes, and a merry mouthing to the lips, which not even in any paltry imitation is to be met with in any of the advertising perfumers' lists.

The Poor Relation was sitting, as we said, in her old-fashioned chair, the light from the high window falling full upon her, and though not the slightest aim at adornment was visible, yet being, as we have just said, beautified over with happiness, she really looked almost worthy of having her portrait taken. The light within danced and played and flickered over her and about her with a very pretty sort of electricity. Animated she always was—could not help being—but now a little of the softening of sentiment made her seem both more amiable and more interesting, for happiness hath a lustrous but not a dazzling light, and our heroine was now surrounded as by a halo of mellow beams and not of burning blazes. Mr. Harrowby was sitting on the other side of the Poor Relation's embroidery frame, and there had been silence between them for some minutes.

"Your thoughts are my property," said the Poor Relation, with a smile, "and I must exact them from you."

"By right, or by courtesy?" asked Mr. Harrowby.

"I cannot take the lowest ground when the highest belongs to me: —by right," replied the Poor Relation.

"The right of might?" again asked Mr. Harrowby.

"All sorts of right. The right of might, and the might of right."

"Well, now you have my thoughts, for I was thinking whether I had any right to keep my thoughts from you."

"So then, you were disputing my property," said the Poor Relation.

"I was only thinking whether I should install you in a possession of—perhaps trouble."

"Mine! mine! mine!" exclaimed the Poor Relation eagerly.

"Then you could not forgive me for keeping a secret from you?"

"Pleasurable or vexatious?" asked the Poor Relation.

"Vexatious, undoubtedly."

"Then it is mine by an equally undoubted right. Were your secret merely pleasurable, I would not ask it, but being grievous, I *must* have my share."

"Being what it is, I think you have a right to know it, and indeed I feel now as if I were scarcely justified in having withheld it so long."

"And why have you withheld it?"

"May I equivocate, or must I be quite candid?"

"You must not deviate a hair's breadth from the straightforward line."

"I will not, and so, to prove my candour, even perhaps of seeming less delicate than I could wish, I will own to you the simple truth why my confidence has been so late. My dear Hester, had you been in a position of influence and wealth, I should, had I approached you at all, have done so at the outset, with the avowal I am now about to make. Will you forgive me, if I candidly tell you, for in no other way can I offer any motive for my silence—will you forgive me if I tell you that never till to-day did it strike me that I ought to be as explicit with you in matters of a pecuniary nature, as I should have felt it compulsory upon me had you been a rich heiress?"

"Of a pecuniary nature," repeated the Poor Relation.

"Yes. It never occurred to me that it was incumbent upon me to enter on the subject of my own affairs."

"And is this your secret!" exclaimed the Poor Relation. "Nay, then, keep the rest. I have no curiosity; I don't like accounts of pounds, shillings, and pence."

"Nevertheless *you must* listen to mine."

"Are you going to unfold your rentroll, and do a mighty long sum in arithmetic? Nay, then I shall sleep or sing. Which is the most agreeable? Sleep might leave you more at leisure, but I like to be contradictory, so I'll sing;" and the Poor Relation began to trill out little snatches of song, in a way very well calculated to put computations of pounds, shillings, and pence, out of every body's head.

But Mr. Harrowby was not to be so silenced. The more joyous grew the lip of the Poor Relation, the more sombre grew the brow of the rich gentleman.

"Miss Granger—" commenced Mr. Harrowby.

"Ah, now I am serious at once. Well, Mr. Harrowby?"

"I must beg your attention to what I am about to disclose to day. If I defer it till to morrow, you might accuse me of dishonour."

"You are going to tell me how many acres of land, and how many farm-houses, and how many fisheries, and how many mines, and how many shares in this, that, and the other, you possess, and I don't want to hear you."

"I am going to tell you what I do not possess. I am going to tell you that which, if you were intending to marry me for wealth, would materially lessen my value."

"Ah, what!" exclaimed the Poor Relation. "Are you not the last of the great Squire Harrowbys, who, from generation to generation, have been the golden image of dear Mrs. Mackillop's most idolatrous neighbourhood; and am I not, the poor unpaid governess, equally the object of its pitiable pity?"

"It was because that, comparatively with you, I was still rich, that I forgot the necessity of telling you that, comparatively with what you think me, I am poor."

"Poor!" repeated the Poor Relation.

"Ay, poor," replied Mr. Harrowby, firmly. "It costs my pride something to make the avowal, even to you. My family, from generations downward, have lived in an almost baronial style; and doing this each for a long period, has bequeathed to his successor a load of mortgage upon his inheritance, until the accumulation almost swallows up the principal. With this serious drawback, I have come into my father's estate, and I am consequently not nearly so rich a man as I have the credit of appearing. Hester, in putting out of the account between us this great diminution of my worldly value, do I not at the same time prove how fully I recognise your superiority to all mercenary motives in the preference with which you honour me?"

"So then," said the Poor Relation, "you show me that, instead of preferring your gold, I must prefer yourself—and did you think I did not do so before?"

"The thoughts that were absent, as well as those that were present, sufficiently prove my appreciation of your disinterestedness. I might forget to undeceive you—it was not possible I could deceive you."

"And are you now then," said the Poor Relation, "so stripped of adventitious value, that I may really regard you only for yourself alone? Have you thrown off the veil of worldly advantages which so obscured you from my sight, and separated me from you, that I may now see and know you as you are? Oh, if you were only as poor at this moment as I have been my life long, what a happiness it would be!"

"Dear flatterer," said Mr. Harrowby, "such pretty compliments might almost sweeten that bitter thing, poverty. But unhappily, or rather let me say happily, we are not likely to be reduced to love and a cottage; and if I ask your consideration of the two ways which lie before us, it is because we are left to our own choice, and are yet out of the reach of compulsion."

"And these plans?" asked the Poor Relation.

"The one is, to continue at Harrowby, and do as my forefathers

have done: by doing so, we should escape personal privation; but I should bequeath to my successor difficulties still more accumulated than those which would shackle my inheritance, and in all probability Harrowby would be sold to pay off its own liabilities. The other is, simply to go abroad for a few years, and live frugally, and so do what may be done towards lightening this load of responsibility."

"But you would not like to leave Harrowby—for years? Your birthplace—the home of your boyhood—your family resting-place for generations back?"

"No. It is the place where my fathers were born and buried."

"And you do not like continental manners. You are so very English, that I wonder you should like *me*. You must have done it only out of contradiction."

"*Liking* is a little word for a large meaning. I certainly should not volunteer going abroad without a motive, but with one—and with you——"

"Ah," said the Poor Relation, "it has always been such a trouble to me that you were so rich, and so much above me. Had we been poor together, it would have been such happiness to have laboured for each other! Our very bread would have eaten the sweeter!"

"I did not think you had been so romantic, Hester; but since such is your taste, may not a few years of banishment, of alienship, of estrangement from home, of wounded feeling and outraged pride, be almost as desirable?"

"Oh! delightful!" exclaimed the Poor Relation.

"Delightful!" repeated Mr. Harrowby in a tone of chagrin; "oh, Hester, your habits of life seem to have kept you in happy ignorance of the high feeling of, it may be, unjustifiable pride."

"More delightful still!" exclaimed our heroine.

Mr. Harrowby looked pretty considerably chafed.

"You are looking at romance, I am looking at reality," said Mr. Harrowby, gravely.

"Ah, now I could tell you how you might have got up a very pretty romance, and at the same time have repaired your dolorous reality."

"Since it amuses you, perhaps you will proceed."

"My *recipe* would have been a rich wife."

"Psha!"

"You are very amusing."

"I came to you with a matter of feeling, and you have made it a matter of mirth."

"Am I not composing joyous odes out of your melancholy strains?"

"The sympathy that would echo them might be sweeter."

"Shall I condole with you, or rejoice with myself?"

"Whichever is nearest your heart."

"Oh, most ungrateful and ungallant man! Would you have me grieve with you that you have chosen me out of the world, or rejoice with myself that you have done so? And must I make pretty speeches to you instead of your making them to me?"

"What compliment can I pay you so great as that of preferring you to all the world?"

" And what compliment can I pay you so great as that of feeling it to be paramount to every other in the world?"

---

" You have been silent for ten minutes," said the Poor Relation; " if you please, sir, rise and explain."

" I was thinking——"

" Something that you wish to tell me, and yet that you do not like to tell me."

" In such a case what would you have me do?"

" Now you are rather Machiavelian," said the Poor Relation. " The matter must be disagreeable to me, or you would not be puzzled; and if I enjoin you to tell it, you throw the blame upon me. Have I not guessed the case?"

" Something like it."

" Is it necessary that I should know it? and necessary that I should be offended?"

" I should like you to know it without being offended."

" I suppose I must help you—I must guess. But to save me a little trouble, give me the subject matter."

" Need I even tell you that? Is it not the one which engrosses all my thoughts?"

The Poor Relation's face mantled over with a blush. " Is it then the details?"

" My dear Hester," said Mr. Harrowby, both deferentially and affectionately, " will you promise to bear with me patiently, if I venture to show you the bent of my desires?"

" Which prefatory matter is only to introduce something that I cannot bear to hear patiently."

" It is to show you how you may be very generous."

" People like only to be generous in their own way."

" I must ask you," said Mr. Harrowby, with an effort of desperate resolution,—" I must ask you to permit me to take you from this unworthy home, to permit me to place you under the protection of some of my own relatives, to allow them to make such arrangements as the circumstances require, and so to enable me to receive you publicly and openly from the hands of their honourable sanction, instead of obtaining my diamond straight from the pit itself;" and as he spoke, Mr. Harrowby glanced round the old meagre chamber somewhat disdainfully.

" Mr. Harrowby," said the Poor Relation, both proudly and dictatorially, " from here, from this mean chamber, this humble dwelling, from this the place of my daily labour, my daily privation, my daily lesson of humility, and the school of my rough teaching; in my utter friendlessness, my isolation, without a single adventitious ornament, but simply *as* I am and *what* I am, you take me or—*you leave me.* You sent me this morning dresses and jewels, and I know not what of wedding paraphernalia; and when I returned them to you, I trusted that the matter would have been dropped for ever. I will not have the slightest disguise thrown round my condition. You chose me out of poverty, and you shall take me out of poverty, or not at all. If

you are ashamed of the world's eye looking on your generosity, give me up; but I do so glory in your superiority to all mercenary motives, that I will not have your noblest action disguised and veiled and cloaked, so as to seem to assimilate or to humour the world's selfishness. Throughout the whole of our acquaintance, I have ever rejoiced in the humility of a position which, the more humble that it was, the better proved your noble generosity, and nothing shall make me agree to garble or confound it in the eyes of the world. If you choose to invite a host of your great friends, do so—they shall be welcome witnesses of your disinterestedness—but it must be here, for I will carry to my grave the hoarded happiness of knowing that you chose me out of my destitution, while you would have been welcome to the highest and fairest and richest in the world. You would not rob me of such a joy—would you?" said the Poor Relation, in a voice tremulous with emotion, and with a sigh and a smile struggling with each other.

"*As* you are and *what* you are!" said Mr. Harrowby, with a little manly emotion on his own side. "They who have the jewel need care but little for the setting."

---

Now very certain it is that one great feeling uppermost in the heart does not by any means swallow up all the rest, not being exactly like the great Lawgiver's rod, capable of gorging all those of the Egyptians; and thus it was that the real and undoubtable satisfaction which the bridegroom-to-be certainly experienced in what may be called *the act of his heart*, though it was the master emotion,—that very odd little kingdom being a veritable electorate monarchy, and not the least bit in the world of a republic,—yet very certainly there was a great swarm of mortifications and vexations, which pretty considerably chafed and fretted the old family gentleman with his long pedigree and his proud blood, and his aristocratic relations, and his fastidious taste. It certainly was provoking that the Poor Relation would not allow herself to be persuaded that it would be more consistent with the requirements of *caste* to suffer herself to be overshadowed by the patronage of the great, with a *chevaux de frise* of punctilios all round her, hedged in and fenced in by scornful exclusiveness, with a grim guard of ceremony to watch and scrutinise the struggling efforts of her manacled limbs in the narrow circle of her barred and bolted state prison. We say it certainly was provoking to a man who, while generous enough to do a generous thing, was not quite generous enough not to wish to hide it, thus to be made to stand in the midst of the blaze of his own generosity, where he was so very likely to get scorched and burnt, and where the light that he would gladly have put out, illuminated him so thoroughly, and made him so very conspicuous. But so it was: the Poor Relation would like only what she liked, and she would do only what she would, being singularly unfeminine in her feminine liking of doing just what she pleased and nothing else, and neither more nor less.

And it was her pleasure, her wayward contradictory pleasure, that Mr. Harrowby's bride should be taken from a two-pair-back-room lodging in Soho.

"It certainly is very odd," said Mr. Harrowby, "how anything in the shape of news circulates. I really think that rumour is like smoke —it pierces through every chink, and pervades every cranny, and yet nobody knows where it comes from. Here are our county papers full of the news of my approaching marriage, and with such a curious mixture of truth and falsehood as to make quite a riddle of the matter. Thus they have it that Mr. Harrowby is going to lead to the hymeneal altar a young, beautiful, and accomplished lady,—so far true,—a very near relative of Mrs. Mackillop of Swan Vale,—half true and half false; for though you are a relation, yet still not so very near,—the heiress of extraordinary wealth—an odd delusion is it not, dear Hester? —lately come into the possession of a large property—Ha! ha! ha!— the jewels of an East Indian nabob—as if you had anything to do with jewels, or India, or nabobs—a lady who has travelled much—a glimpse of truth again—of first-rate talents and highest accomplishments— truth itself;—that after the happy ceremony, it is expected that Harrowby will be honoured by the presence of the happy pair, and that the neighbourhood will be charmed and delighted and made perfectly happy by the acquisition of so fascinating a lady, who will, as a matter of course, take the lead as lady patroness of every thing far and near, and prove the most delightful acquisition to every thing and every body;—and we to be going abroad to recruit—is it not odd enough?"

"Odd enough, indeed," said the Poor Relation.

---

Well, the world went round and round and round, until at last it turned the identical little speck on which stood the old house in Soho, just duly and truly with its back-two-pair-window directly towards the sun, and thereupon the sun was so obliging as to shine full into the antiquated casement; and so doing, to smile very kindly and complacently, and benignly and cheerily, upon the Poor Relation on her bridal morning. They say that "blessed is the bride that the sun shines upon," and certainly the bridal wreath blossoms the gladliest beneath the joyous life-giving beams—stay now—don't be poetical— the bride did not wear any flowers, either natural or artificial. She was as simply clad as any cottage maid—but not in her coarse black stuff? O, no, that would have been ominous. She was dressed in the purest, the plainest, the most simple white robe that could possibly be fabricated; not a stitch of embroidery was woven into it, not a riband hung upon it, not a trinket glittered upon her person. And yet now, with all this plainness, the Poor Relation looked mightily classical: the folds of her white garment hung so gracefully, her dark and carefully braided hair contrasted so forcibly with the flow of the slight veil that depended from her head, that it might be doubted, or rather it might not be doubted, whether the artistical grace of her simple attire did not put fashion to the blush,—that, in fact, it was an exquisite fastidiousness of taste rather than the necessities of poverty that had so robed her, and that Simplicity had taken the opportunity of showing Fashion that she was but a simpleton beside her, and that

it would be very much to her advantage to change sides, and go over to the opposition benches.

At least so thought Squire Harrowby, as on that same felicitous morning he presented himself in that two-pair-back-room, and internally congratulated himself that the future lady of Harrowby would grace, and not *dis*grace, his dear-and-doted-upon old ancestral home.

The bridegroom-elect approached his white-robed bride, looked a little lovingly and a little admiringly, was going, no doubt, to say something very gallant and very emphatic, when he suddenly felt his hand caught in a most loving ecstasy of pressing affection, and himself called a few of the best and sweetest names in the world.

"Ah, Mr. Harrowby, so you really are determined to carry off the very flower of our flock, the very treasure of our family, our dear cousin Hester! Ah, you sly, covetous man! would nobody do for the lady of Harrowby but our clever, accomplished, fascinating girl? But I wish you joy! I wish you joy, with all my heart!"

Mr. Harrowby looked as if his memory had been stirred up, and a few of the dregs had imparted an unpleasant flavour. He glanced inquiringly towards the Poor Relation.

"I invited Mrs. Mackillop, and she was kind enough to come," replied the Poor Relation to his look.

Thereupon Mr. Harrowby shook hands with Mrs. Mackillop, as heartily as he knew how, the lady's warmth of feeling during the ceremony amounting to a blaze.

"*Come!*" said Mrs. Mackillop, energetically, "I was delighted to come! How could I be otherwise, when our dear Hester, who is so nearly related to me, and is indeed quite like my own child, and a sister to Rachel, wished me to be with her, how could I help coming? I'm sure I always loved her like a mother, and if I felt a little angry with her at any time, it was only because I felt hurt that she did not repose more confidence in my maternal bosom."

"That was all," said Hester; "I knew it all the while."

"You dear girl," said Mrs. Mackillop, "you are now so frank, so candid, so open-hearted! Why did you not repose more confidence in me before? We should have managed every thing differently, and I should have been so delighted to have had the happiness of introducing you into society."

"Under different circumstances," said the Poor Relation, glancing towards Mr. Harrowby, "I might have been less happy than I am."

"Ah, well; you managed your own affairs, and I must try to forgive you; and I do it the more readily, because now I shall get you back again into our neighbourhood. Thank you for that, at any rate, Mr. Harrowby. Ah, now you have had your secrets, and we have ours—haven't we, dear?" and Mrs. Mackillop nodded very knowingly towards her Poor Relation.

The Poor Relation coloured a little, and glanced her eye towards the shaded side of the room; whereupon, as a bridegroom's eye always follows a bride's, at least during the honeymoon, Mr. Harrowby also looked the same way, and thereupon saw his little favourite friend, Rachel Mackillop, standing, one third blushing, one third smiling, and one third crying, but dressed as fine as a dozen brides; and by her

side the eldest born of the Mackillops, the heir and head of that elevated house, seeming exceedingly manly and important, and stretching out his dimensions and his years, so that he should neither be considered juvenile nor small-sized, and looking altogether as grand and matrimonial-ceremonial, as satin waistcoats and satin stocks, and chains and rings, could make him.

"Ah, how delighted I should have been to have given the wedding-breakfast down at Swan Vale!" exclaimed Mrs. Mackillop. "It would have been so *proper* that our dear Hester's nearest relations should have surrendered her up to her future happy home; and a champagne breakfast under a pavilion on the lawn would have been so delightful; and then every body would have seen how highly we loved and prized our sweet girl—I'm sure the children quite doted upon her—I'm perfectly jealous of you, you dear, naughty girl, for robbing me of so much of their affection—you have really quite bewitched them, from the least to the greatest. But it was all owing to a misconception—a misconception, dear, was it not? I'm sure I am quite charmed with the confidence which you now repose in me. And so, Mr. Harrowby, since I am denied the happiness of giving you your bride from a home that ought to be like her maternal one, I have come up to town expressly for the purpose of sanctioning my dear Hester's marriage with my public approbation, being, as you so well know, her nearest relation; and I have brought my Rachel, who loves her as a sister, to be bridesmaid; and my son, as the representative of her family, to give her to you."

So thereupon, Mr. Harrowby, who felt considerably relieved by knowing that his marriage would look all the better in the eyes of the world for being thus sanctioned by a really respectable connexion of his bride's, very cordially shook hands all round.

"It is a most agreeable surprise," said Mr. Harrowby.

"Ah, and perhaps you may have a few more agreeable surprises before we have done!" said Mrs. Mackillop, looking as if she must open her mouth as a safety-valve or explode with a secret.

The bride *looked*, however, and Mrs. Mackillop held her tongue.

"Ah, now when your wedding tour is over, won't it be delightful to have you settled at Harrowby, just within a nice drive of Swan Vale, and going backwards and forwards from one home to the other, all like one family? Won't it be delightful?"

"Won't it be delightful!" exclaimed Rachel, "I can see you every day!"

"Won't it be capital!" said the Mackillop representative. "You'll lend me one of your hunters, won't you, squire?"

Mr. Harrowby nodded and smiled, and looked at his watch.

"A hint! a hint! a capital hint!" exclaimed the Mackillop representative.

"My carriage takes the bride," said Mrs. Mackillop, with dignity.

Heigho! it wants a great deal of firmness to bend to changing circumstances, even though they be what we most desire. The Poor Relation was led right gallantly out of that narrow chamber, and yet she returned to take a last look at the place that had been a shelter, if not a home, in the sanctified meaning of the word. The white-

robed bride stood in the entrance of the door for a moment, with eyes surcharged with tears, and glanced round the homely chamber: by the window still stood her embroidery-frame, through which her wearied fingers had often plied the multitudes of stitches that were to be converted into daily bread: there in the midst, upon a yard or two of square carpet, was stationed the little round table at which she had taken the solitary meal so hardly earned—there the low chair in which she had studied, when study was the sole relaxation from labour—there the few books, rich in thought and feeling, which had been to her as mental gardens in which to wander—there on one side the old but rich-toned instrument, whose music had answered to her slightest touch;—the bride looked round over all, and then glanced upward to the window—never more would the sun shine upon her through that casement.

---

But the sun shone upon the bride in a much more aristocratical manner as she stood at the altar in St. George's Church. And did the lip of the bride falter as she uttered the irrevocable words which were to make her own destiny? Nay—for the sounds did but syllable the meaning of her heart, and *there* was no fluctuation. It is a beautiful theology which makes marriage a sacrament.

So the sun shone very kindly on the bride as she stood on those altar steps in her simple white robe and her simple white veil, with a whole tear in her eye and a half smile upon her lip, and everybody else, as well as the good-natured sun, looked very delightedly upon her too. Howbeit, though the surpliced priest and the amen-clerk, and the flower-decked bridesmaid, and the inflated matron, and the Mackillop representative were there, and though her foot pressed where the satin slippers of the great part of the Red Book had trodden from the first publication of the volume in the year we don't know when, annually down to the *anno domini* then being enacted, and though every thing was classical, from the steeple-tip down to the foundation-stone, and the very hassocks might have cried out, "we are made for proud feet, and not for humble knees," yet the Poor Relation saw but one object in the world—need we say that that object was Mr. Harrowby? At the moment when the officiating priest had asked his heart that catechetical question, "Wilt thou have this woman—for better for worse?" the bride had lifted up her rich, dark, swimming eyes, with a look of searching inquiry, but meeting with no fluctuation there, no wavering, doubting, hesitating indecision, the film of clouds seemed to roll away from the face of her summer sky, and the happiness of her heart to irradiate her face.

Heigho! the name of Hester Granger the Poor Relation died, and was buried that same summer's morning in St. George's Church: but instead of epitaphs they got up epithalamiums, and in lieu of mourning they had finery and flowers, and instead of tears abundance of smiles.

So it was all over with her for life, and resigning herself to her fate as though she were actually more than contented with it, the bride walked down the steps of St. George's Church, as if she had forgotten that fact in natural philosophy, that troubles are as plentiful as burrs

in the world, and that some of them might even stick to her bridal garments; to be sure, she was leaning on the arm of the bridegroom, and we suppose that it is also a metaphysical fact that the mind thinks one thought enough at a time.

"My dear Hester," said Mr. Harrowby, "we had better return. This splendid equipage stops our more sober *suite*. Others are here trying our *recipe* for happiness."

"Have I not," said the bride, "a sort of patent privilege to have my own way for a day and a month, however submissive I am to become ever after?"

"A day and a month and for ever!" said the bridegroom, bridegroom fashion.

"To-day without the ever, at least!" replied the bride; "and so to begin, I propose to use my prerogative to its fullest extent. Are you prepared for a day's blind submission?"

"Quite," replied the bridegroom, with an answering smile. "I am ready to do your bidding, whatever it may be."

"To begin then—Put me into this carriage and follow yourself."

Mr. Harrowby looked as punctilious men look when they are conscious of committing some great solecism in manners. "My dear Hester, you are under a mistake. Our own equipages are behind."

"Nevertheless, I have a fancy for this one," replied the bride, "and so, on your allegiance."

As she spoke, the bride stepped lightly in, and Mr. Harrowby, with a little suspicion of her sanity, perforce followed in no little embarrassment as to what might be subsequent.

Nevertheless, in a very customary sort of a way, the steps were dashed up by a couple of richly liveried domestics, the door was dashed to, and the carriage dashed off.

"My dear Hester," expostulated Mr. Harrowby.

"What, rebelling under one day's promised obedience! Ah, then, how shall I perform a life's?"

"But, dearest, we subject ourselves to indignities by assuming what is not our own."

"Did you ever read Cinderella?" asked the bride very gravely.

"I have," replied the bridegroom, still more gravely, as though he did not at all see the jest.

"And 'Ricquet with the Tuft?'" said the bride.

"My literary studies may possibly have extended so far," replied the bridegroom, even more seriously.

"Then you know that Cinderella's pumpkin turned into a gay equipage, and that the mishapen Ricquet grew quite symmetrical; and, on such authorities as these, won't you believe in fairyism?"

"I think, if there are any such, you must be one," replied Mr. Harrowby, relaxing into a smile.

"That is exactly the point of faith to which I wished to bring you," said the bride; "so now believe me to be a fairy, for this one day at least, even though you find me mortal every other day of my life."

"You have already proved the potency of your spells in one instance, for which I thank you. It was well thought of to bring Mrs.

Mackillop to us; but how have you charmed her into coming, and in such holiday humour?"

"Did I not tell you I was a fairy, and that is only one proof of my power. I knew that you wished me, on this day, to have the sanction of some worldly-valued countenance—my vagrant life has made me heedless of such things, and, besides, you being my all, I cared for nothing else; but knowing your wishes, gave me the pleasure of meeting them; it was better that you should receive me from the hands of my own relations, than that I should have been patronised by yours, and therefore I permitted Mrs. Mackillop to come."

"*Permitted her to come!*"

"Yes, *permitted.* I told you I was a fairy, therefore, I had but to hold out my wand, and lo! you see the effects."

"I do, and wonder."

"And you promise me faithfully to submit patiently to me for the rest of this day. You promise, whatever may happen, to manifest no surprise in the presence of a third person. I am going to treat you to an exhibition of my fairy power, and I should not like the evidence of your astonishment to be taken down against me, and on it to run the hazard of being burnt for a witch."

"You astonish me now; how much more do you mean to try me?"

"Oh, this is a mere sample, to put you on your guard. Don't you know how many old-fashioned legends and traditions there are of knights of old finding that they had got fairy wives, and then so offending the angelical creature, that all of a sudden there was a puff, and lo! the exquisite little impersonation had sublimated away in smoke. Now, take care you don't outrage my celestiality, and find me evaporated."

"I am to wonder internally?"

"Exactly so."

"And eternally?"

"Not exactly so. No. I will make you my father confessor before the day is over; but now let no wonder peep out either from your lips or eyes."

Mr. Harrowby was pretty considerably bewildered, but he was much more so when the dashing equipage in which they had been rolling along drew up in front of a stately mansion, and other carriages coming and going, together with little knots of gaily liveried domestics hanging about, and certain dots of bystanders hovering round, and other little signs and signals, showed that some especial bustle was about the place, and some particular arrival was being anxiously watched for; but his suprise was all the greater when he found that the particular equipage in which he was then and there sitting in the left-hand corner, with Mrs. Mackillop's Poor Relation on his right hand, was the nucleus of observation—the observed of the observers—and it is more than probable that his faith, and consequently his bravery, would have entirely failed him, had not the watchword "courage," from his bride, put a fresh match to his gunpowder, which did not flash in the pan, but served him right soldierly, and therefore he aided out the bride very gallantly, and found himself surrounded

all of a sudden not only by very happy Mrs. Mackillop, but by Rachel, who hung round the bride right lovingly, by the Mackillop representative—not only by these, we say, but by all his own nearest relations and most especial family friends.

The poor bridegroom!—his head was muddled, no doubt. He looked round, and saw himself surrounded by a certain assortment of uncles and aunts and cousins: he cast his eye up—it was to a fretted roof and gilt cornices: he looked down—it was to a silk carpet: to his right hand—walls covered with mirrors: to his left—lofty plate glass windows and brocade curtains. All his uncles and aunts and cousins talked together, and the poor bridegroom could not for his life tell what it was all about.

"It was so unkind of you never to introduce us to this lady before!" said one.

"It was so kind to introduce us now on this particular day!" said another.

"It was so sly of you," said a cousin.

"But we saw all about it in the papers; we knew you were making a great match," said an aunt.

"And what a splendid mansion you have got here!" said an uncle.

"And what a lovely bride!" said a young officer cousin.

"Capital investment," said an old lawyer kinsman.

"The nearest relation I have in the world, and the dearest next to my own children," said Mrs. Mackillop, with a laced pocket handkerchief.

"So well connected and so rich," said one senior to another, in an aside.

"He's looked to the main chance, and proved himself a much more sensible fellow than I gave him credit for being," replied the other.

"The sweetest creature and the cleverest, though she is my own relation!" said Mrs. Mackillop.

But the bridegroom rested not till he had led his bride away from the inquisitive and congratulatory group, and they passed through a range of rich and stately apartments until they entered a little boudoir at the end.

"Hester," said Mr. Harrowby, "at this moment, when I ought to know you best, I seem to know you least."

"Is that a reproach?" exclaimed the bride. "Ah, can you utter a reproach to-day?"

If his bride had not had such very fine eyes, Mr. Harrowby thought that he could.

"'For better for worse,'" said the bride; "you know that was the bargain."

"I seem to be the only being shut out from your confidence."

"And being the only one in that little secret solitude, my heart, you have but to shut the door, and look round at every thought and feeling that is chambered there."

"My dear Hester, I led you this morning, while the day was yet scarcely an hour younger, from your little solitary lodging in Soho, believing that your whole value centred in yourself; and now, as if by enchantment, I am transported into a palace, and find you surrounded

by all the insignia and homage of wealth. What wonder if I seem to doubt my bride's identity?"

"Did I not tell you that I was a fairy! But, lest you should think me a witch, and give me over to the penal statutes, I will do as I said—I will make you my father confessor."

"Lack-a-day! what an odd thing this life is!" said the Poor Relation. A little while ago, I was lonely, deserted, degraded—*now*, I am yours, and——you are master here."

"And will you not explain?

"O yes. You remember that hot summer's day, when Mrs. Mackillop's Poor Relation got down from the outside of that stage coach, all covered with dust, and a certain Mr. Harrowby's servant bade her get out of the way?"

"Ah, hush! don't remind me of that!"

"Well, then, to go back a little farther, to the time when I received Mrs. Mackillop's letter of invitation, in my two-pair back-room lodging which we quitted but this morning. I had been delving at my embroidery frame from six in the morning—I was wearied. Ah, after a day's hard hunt, you cannot even guess how much more exhausting is the stooping toil of the pale girl, who plies her needle from morning to night, than that of a man who spends his day in leaping mad-speed over five barred gates—I was wearied, I say, with the toil of that day, and I was asking myself, in a fit of moody discontent, why *I* was shut out from all those loving relationships of life which the peasant enjoyed so largely—why *I*, who could have loved so well, should yet have nothing to love, while the poor mechanic, coming in from his daily toil, found the bitter cup of his labour and poverty sweetened by the love of the eyes that grew brighter at his coming—and I was saying to myself, O, happy are they who have a sister, a parent, a brother, a friend, who bless them by receiving from their hand the fruit of their love and labour, the thousand little kindly offices of their affection, the daily tendering of the uncountable kindnesses of daily life—ah, happy are they, the happier for being in labour and poverty, for love, like light, grows brighter in the dark night of adversity. And why am I left here, dungeoned up from this light of love? Is it poverty that makes a leper of me? poverty that makes me shunned and forsaken? Hitherto the cultivation of what little talent my mother Nature had bestowed upon me had sufficed for my contentment; but there ever comes a time when the heart will be put off no longer, but will, *will* speak its claims, its requisites;—that time had arrived with me. I sat in that lonely chamber in Soho, where I had so long toiled for the morsel of bread that had sustained my ungrateful life, and well nigh thought that such a life was scarcely worth the anxiety of its sustainment; and while I was thus thinking, Providence answered my heart, speaking thus in its repining loneliness. Two letters were put into my hand at the same time; the first which I opened was from Mrs. Mackillop—it was to invite me down to Swan Vale. My heart beat at the opening which seemed here to be made for it. It said, 'I will go and love them if they will let me!' I opened my second letter—ah! what a change did that scrawl make in my destiny! I knew that my poor father, who had been an officer in the army, had a nabob

uncle, rich in East India rupees. This uncle had come over to England, had purchased and furnished the house of which you are now the master, had prepared for a long life, forgetting that the world's to-morrow might be no to-morrow for him, had therefore forgotten to make a will, and so, dying in sad haste, his wealth devolved to one of whose insignificant existence he was, most probably, unconscious."

"Dear Hester—"

"Don't interrupt me, or I shall never be able to begin again. Well, there I sat with my two letters—five minutes' reading had changed the colour of all my future life. Yes, I said, like a very silly enthusiast, as I am, 'I will go and see if these relations of mine will let me love them. How sweet it is to be remembered in our loneliness and poverty!—to be loved for our own sake, independently of all worldly advantages!—and if they love me while I am poor and forsaken, how pleasant it will be to surprise them afterwards with a view of my worldly worth—and perhaps I may be able to make some of them happy by it.' Well, I came. You remember the day, and the heat, and my rusty black stuff, and my boa, and my packages, and my umbrella—was it not all delightful?"

"No! no!"

"Don't interrupt me. Well, I soon found out that Mrs. Mackillop desired nothing more than an unpaid slave, and I was not sufficiently disinterested for that, but I loved the children and—"

"Me."

"Well, I must not deny what I promised and vowed an hour ago. Well, then, if I did find that you had crept into a corner of my heart, and that I either could not or did not feel disposed to turn you out, I was the more bent on preserving my secret; for I said to myself, a hundred times a day, 'If he is generous enough to love me—he, who is standing so high in the estimation of the world, while I am thus poor and degraded—and if his affection should overmaster his pride, and he should really, I being as I am, and he being as he is, prefer me before the world, such a happiness would indeed overbalance all the ills of life;—and then what pleasure there will be in surprising him with the worldly wealth which he had so generously disregarded!'"

"My romantic Hester!"

"Nay, rather my romantic Mr. Harrowby! Well, then came our explosion. You know that when Mrs. Mackillop found out my presumption in causing your folly, and Swan Vale became like a furnace seven times heated, I returned to my little back room in Soho. Then came my season of trial. I had left you free as air, and whether your wishes would fill the sails and waft you to me, was then my sad incertitude. Then, perhaps, I *was* romantic, for I would not enter on my new life of wealth until I knew what your heart had determined—and ah! how proud as well as how happy did you make me when you came to me in my loneliness! Your affection overbalanced both your interest and your pride, and then I said to myself, 'Not a shilling of my new fortune will I disburse until we enter on it together.' And now you may guess why I was so delighted to hear of all your pecuniary embarrassments, how I rejoiced in your annoyances, took pleasure in your discomfiture; for see how the value of this gold is en-

hanced since by it you may keep your Harrowby, the home of your childhood, in all its palmiest pride! Oh, if you were only quite a beggar, how I should rejoice! But this is long speechifying. Let me finish. Well, I found your pride rather restive when I would insist upon your fetching the lady of Harrowby from a back two-pair in Soho; and though I was determined to be nothing but the poor embroidery girl until you made me your wife, yet I so far acted upon your wishes as to let Mrs. Mackillop into my secrets, and she, dear forgiving creature, immediately pardoned her Poor Relation all her sins and iniquities, and indeed forgot that she had any, and kindly gave her the sanction of her presence, as you have seen, this morning. I installed her here a week ago; from this place she issued what invitations we thought would give you pleasure, and so you have been married with some *eclat* after all."

"I think I am something like the sleeper awakened, only not yet quite awake."

"Oh, I shall soon awaken you with contradiction. In that one thing I am, at least, unchanged. But now, do tell me if you have not been delightfully cheated, after all? Don't you feel very much disappointed? No going abroad; no nursing sickly estates; no retrenchments; no pity for your insane imprudence from the old worldly wise: no admiring sympathy from the sentimental young. Everybody will say that you have done the most prudent thing in the world."

"I think so too," said Mr. Harrowby.

"And you are not the least bit disappointed?"

"Not the least bit," said Mr. Harrowby.

But the bride and bridegroom's *tête-à-tête* was over. They were very clamorously called to breakfast, and a famous breakfast was there spread. Mrs. Mackillop had managed things amazingly well, and she presided so entirely to her own satisfaction, and it was such a delightful family party, nobody being there but the relations of the happy pair, and everybody was so charmed with everybody, themselves inclusive, and the champagne was so excellent, and everything was really so much the thing, that when the bride and bridegroom were fairly packed up and packed off in their travelling carriage for their wedding tour, everybody thought it would be a pity to give over enjoying themselves the less, so they went on enjoying themselves the more, until at last they tried the experiment to the utmost of how much pleasure they really could absorb.

And so, dear reader, not being chemical, and not understanding much of this inductive science, instead of publishing the result of this experiment, we make a present of it to the Royal Society, and end in wishing much happiness to the Poor—O no—*the Rich Relation.*

---

## LIFE OF ADDISON.*

ADDISON, the witty and the wise, how can we better occupy a few of these our pages, than by a consideration of such a man?

Doing this, we commence with that feeling of regret which always attends on the insufficiency of retrospective views. The celebrity of marked men following on the wake of their life's voyage, throws no light upon the outset, and when the honour of their later days excites a just interest respecting their earlier ones, the trail of their footsteps has already become erased; the thousand sparks of characteristic feeling that were daily being thrown off in coruscations that would, if concentrated, have thrown the fullest light upon the individual, dying successively in their emanation, leaves nothing but dense darkness behind. Curiosity is too often compelled to rest on inference. The moral man cannot be phrenologically compacted by analogy, as it has been said that Cuvier philosophically deducted the anatomical conformation of the animal of which he was but furnished with a fractional bone, seeing that the mental organization has become distorted, contorted and deformed—a perfect hunchback, instead of that beautiful image of symmetrical perfection of which the noble proportions of a single part would have furnished a data for the whole. Not thus, however, now walks man, that being of contradictory qualities. He who can reason rightly and yet act wrongly; who can premeditate greatly and perform piteously; who can talk the sage and do the sinner; who can lip heroics like some stern Roman, and yet grovel in maudlin buffoonery that might befit a court jester, yet be whipped for lack of his wit. He who can be at one moment liberal and open-handed, and at another the churl with the shut-up heart; now gentle and now unforgiving;—he who is, in short, a mass of eccentricities and contrarieties. Were one solitary act presented to some moral Cuvier, being one of the benignant, he would theorise an angel; were it one of the debasing, he would deduce a demon, and in either case he would be wide of the mark—for, after all, man belongs to a composite order of good and bad discrepancies and inconsistencies.

Being thus unable to reason out the strange anomaly, all that can be done is to trace the backward steps of the illustrious, and to collect such vestiges as lie over the pathway they have trodden.

And this is all that is practicable in the case of Addison. With all her industry, Miss Aikin has been able to resuscitate little of his boyish days. She gives, however, an interesting sketch of his father, who was himself both scholar and author; and this is no bad introduction of the son. Lancelot Addison, then, was born in 1632, in an obscure little village, called Maltesmeaburn, in the parish of Corby Ravensworth, in the county of Westmoreland: he was the son of "a minister of the Gospel," but in such humble circumstances that it was as "a poor child" that Lancelot was received into Queen's College, Oxford. After having obtained both reputation and a bachelor's degree, he was expelled for his monarchical and episcopa-

* By Lucy Aikin. 2 vols. 8vo.

lian principles, but since those who make themselves enemies by the bold avowal of stanch principles in any cause always at the same time make friends, so it was that Lancelot Addison found the houses of those of the Sussex gentry who were attached to the royal cause open to him, until the Restoration came, and then, his circumstances having been represented at court, the chaplaincy of the garrison at Dunkirk was bestowed upon him: truly no great preferment, and leading not to better but to worse; for when, in consequence of the cession of Dunkirk to France, he was sent over to the coast of Africa, where he lingered out eight years of banishment, when yielding to his inclination to snatch a visit to home and England, he was immediately superseded in his post at Tangiers. In this dilemma a friend presented him to the living of Milston, near Ambrosebury, Wilts, worth but 120*l.* a year; and on this stipend he ventured to marry, the lady being Jane, the daughter of Nathaniel Gulstone, D.D., and the sister of the Bishop of Bristol. Afterwards he became prebendary of Salisbury cathedral, and one of the king's chaplains in ordinary, and thus progressively mounting the ladder of preferment, arrived at his highest step when he became Dean of Lichfield.

But it was at the parsonage house of Milston that Addison, *the* Addison, *our* Addison, first opened his eyes on the sun. This dawn of his own existence is wrapped so much in the gloom of obscurity, that we can trace nothing of distinct outline of any embryo of the future. One scanty vestige is all that is left of the child as father of the man.

"The only anecdote of the childhood of Addison which has come down to us, seems to indicate something of the constitutional sensitiveness which lay at the root of that reserve, or that modesty carried to bashfulness,—whichever it may best be called,—which attended him through life, without however perceptibly impeding his worldly success. Having, while at a country school in his father's neighbourhood, committed some trifling fault, the dread of punishment or disgrace so affected his imagination as to prompt him to make his escape into the fields and woods, where he is said to have subsisted on fruits, and lodged in a hollow tree, till discovered and brought back to his parents."

And now we have the youth entering on his academical career, and laying the foundation of that friendship with his schoolfellow Steele, which, though with an interrupted current, yet flowed like a refreshing stream through a long course of life, sadly, however, being dried up and wasted at its end.

"After some preliminary school education at Salisbury and Lichfield, places where his father's eye would be over him, he was removed to the Charter-house, as a private pupil, not on the foundation, where he drank deep of the fountains of classical learning. 'He employed his first years,' says Tickell, 'in the study of the old Greek and Roman writers; whose language and manner he caught at that time of life as strongly as other young people gain a French accent or a genteel air.'

"It was at the Charter-house also, that he formed with one of his schoolfellows a friendship of great cordiality and long endurance which, from its results in after life, deserves to be classed among the most important circumstances in the histories of both. This schoolfellow was Richard Steele."

And now we have Addison at Oxford imbibing that classic lore which seems to have become incorporated in his fancy with all that rich and glowing legendary wealth with which his mind had become impregnated from the lips of his father. The Dean, during the years which he had passed in Tangiers, had relieved their tediousness by collecting, for the purpose of publishing, such an heterogeneous mass of the floating traditions of the country, the gold and pearl of Barbary, the wild romances of the Moors, the gorgeous superstitions of a material heaven, the wanderings of dervises, and the revellings of sultans, mingled indeed with the sterling information which, being incorporated into descriptive history, became the staple of his authorship, that it was undoubtedly from him that his son derived that fondness for such imagery which is discernible throughout his writings, tinging with the warm colouring of their imaginativeness often the most sober of his meditations. We seem, indeed, to see the village priest sitting under the porch of his own parsonage-house at the little obscure Milston, and while his own brow was yet embrowned with the hot radiance of a Barbary sun, with his own fair wife sitting at his elbow, and his little ones nestling round, away from the world and its tumults, with a heart full of its affections, but it may have been with a mind not quite quiescent in the stagnation of unrequired activity—we seem, we say, to hear him delighting his loving auditory with descriptions of the dark Moors, their tales of chivalry and slavery, and the romantic legends of Barbaric pride. In this childish group was Addison, and when we follow him to the cloisters of his college, need we wonder that the dreamings of such a nursery lore, the more impressionable from the loneliness of that hamlet home where they were imbibed, and from the circumstance that it was from the lips of the kind father, the village priest, and the wonder-seeing traveller that they fell—what wonder, we say, if, while the student opened the chambers of his memory to the poets and philosophers of classic lands, that already should be stored and treasured there, the treasures and the pleasures of a boyish fancy, which Greece and Rome could not displace, but with which they must submit to become companion and incorporate.

Here, then, we have Addison at Oxford:

"Tradition has preserved to us few particulars concerning Addison during his residence at Oxford; fewer by much than we might reasonably desire, on the consideration that the earlier periods of the life of a man of eminence, who was the architect of his own fortune, are necessarily the most fertile of interest and instruction. Of the steps of his academic progress however, the following notices are derived from the highest authority.

"He was removed from the Charter-house to Oxford in 1687, and entered of Queen's College. Two years afterwards, the accidental sight of some of his Latin verses excited so much admiration in Dr. Lancaster, afterwards provost of that society, that he exerted himself to procure his admission into Magdalene College, of which he was elected Demy (semi-communarius), in 1689. That was called the *golden election*, because twice the usual number were admitted, there having been no election the year before, by reason of the quarrel between the college and James II. Among those elected at the same time with Addison were the noted Sacheverell, Boulter, who became primate of Ireland, and Smallbroke, afterwards a theologian of some note. Addison became *probationary* Fel-

low in 1697, and actual Fellow the following year. That he had long before his attainment of a fellowship engaged in the labour of tuition, we learn from the brief statement, that 'Sir John Harper is under Mr. Addison's care at Magdalene,' contained in a letter of Mr. Smalridge's without date, but certainly written about 1690. Of his habits and disposition the following notices are all that could now be collected at Oxford. That he was always very nervous; that he kept late hours; and that most of his studies were after dinner:—a circumstance, it may be observed, pretty conclusive of the sobriety of his habits at this period. A walk with rows of trees along the side of the college meadow, is still pointed out as his favourite haunt; it continues to bear his name, and some of the trees are said to have been planted by him. The particular direction of his assiduous studies we are left to discover by the results; from these we may safely conclude them to have comprised the classical authors, Greek and Latin, and a wide range in polite literature. There is no appearance that the exact sciences ever obtained any great share of his attention; but he was not, like Pope and Swift, chargeable with the arrogance and folly of decrying and attempting to turn into ridicule subjects which he did not understand. It is evident that at this or some later stage of his progress he made himself a master in the art of criticism, and acquainted himself widely with systems of metaphysics ancient and modern; and distinct traces are discernible in his writings of a taste for natural history and a respectable proficiency in some of its branches. His first destination was for the church, and it is probable that moral and theological topics had begun already to engage his attention."

Ay, those were the palmy days of literature when Addison walked his cloister, and concocting Latin verses after the square and rule of the classics, laid the foundation of his own fortune with cubes of poetical Latinity. In those dulcet days authorship was a sort of priesthood, and the nobility of the land vied with each other who should offer it most homage—*for a consideration*—no doubt, since printed adulation was the price. No sooner did a young aspirant show promise of dawning power, than the Mecænas of the age entered into a competition of who should be the patron. Silver was nothing thought of in Solomon's days, because of its vast plenty, and talent is not estimated among ourselves just for the like reason. The Augustan age, as it is called, could not have furnished captains to the whole regiments which we could now draft in an hour, and the nobility of the present day, instead of being patrons, have become competitors. We verily believe that there appears less of the distinction of superiority only because there is more of its equality.

Howbeit, happily for him, Addison lived in days when there was a competition for dedications, and he came in for a share in the advantages of such a fashion.

"The embarrassments attending a scanty allowance, and the necessity of seeking patronage betimes, as the only passport to the emoluments and dignities of the profession which he purposed to embrace, strongly persuaded Addison to this employment of his talents; and on the return of his majesty from the continent, after the campaign of 1695, the young Oxonian offered him the homage of what was then styled, 'a paper of verses.' The great event of the year, the capture of Namur in sight of the whole French army under Villeroi, who feared to risk a battle for its relief, supplies, as might be supposed, the prominent theme of eulogy; and in fact it was an action which greatly advanced the military reputation of William.

"This address, therefore, is to be regarded less in the light of a mere laureate effusion of court compliment, than a deliberate assertion of whig principles, in which, through whatever means he came by them, born of such a father and educated at Oxford, the life-long perseverance of Addison through all changes of fortune is a sufficient pledge of his sincerity. He prefaced his poem likewise, with what Dr. Johnson scornfully designates, 'a kind of rhyming introduction to Lord Somers.' Fortunately for their author, his unpretending and certainly elegant lines, experienced a more generous reception from the illustrious statesman to whom they were inscribed,—himself an ardent cultivator of literature, and justly commended, in this very piece, as 'above degrading envy.' 'The present of a muse unknown,' was accepted with characteristic urbanity, and rewarded by a request to see the author.

"From this first introduction, Somers, attracted doubtless by a classic elegance of mind clothed, like his own, in all the graces of native modesty, adopted the patronage of Addison with the zeal of real friendship; such favour, and from such a personage, could not fail of exerting a decided influence both on the feelings and judgments of its object. In his political capacity, Addison would assuredly have made no difficulty in avowing himself the disciple of Somers; and a slight sketch of the character and career of this memorable statesman will thus cast a reflected light on his own.

"Addison had now attained the age of 25; he had spent ten years in the University, and it was four since he had taken his Master's degree. His residence in college, notwithstanding his fellowship and the resource of pupils, brought him so little of emolument that he was still burdened with debts. His father had long been urgent with him to put a period to his general studies, and proceed to take orders; nevertheless he still continued to defer that irrevocable step, like one waiting upon fortune."

Even in the case of Addison, we must needs say, that this indecision ought to have been decisive, since this "waiting upon fortune" seems to have been neither more nor less than unwillingness, rather than ardour, to enter the church, and the mere looking upon it as a subsistence getting resource rather than a service of faith and love. But happily he was rescued from a contingency, where, we must needs say, that in every instance, without exception, unwillingness is unworthiness, by his patron Montagu.

"It was apparently the duty of Montagu, after rescuing the object of his protection from the spiritual arm, immediately to provide for him by some civil employment; but, regarding him as not yet fully qualified for any considerable office, he could only concur with his earlier patron Lord Somers, in a step than which indeed none could be more flattering to the merits, or grateful to the feelings of Addison,—that of soliciting for him from the crown a pension of 300*l.* per annum, to enable him to complete the circle of his accomplishments by travel.

And now, previously to entering on their travels, provided for by royal bounty, (royal bounty would have a large exercise if it were now called upon from the like grounds,) Addison came forward with a book, seemingly for the sake of carrying the credentials of authorship abroad with him in print.

"The composition of Latin verse, even when not a commanded exercise of the schools, seems an effort of imitation so natural and obvious to the academic, with a memory stored from the treasury of the ancient classics, and a taste formed almost exclusively on their models, that it

cannot but be regarded as a serious derogation from the credit of early English scholarship, to have produced so little of this kind of fruit. Dr. Johnson has remarked, that before the appearance of the works of Milton and Cowley, and of May's continuation of Lucan's Pharsalia, the English 'appeared unable to contest the palm of Latin poetry with any other of the learned nations.' These writers had found no successors of equal merit when Addison, whether moved by the example of two poets both of them early objects of his fervent admiration, or solely by the promptings of his own elegant and highly classical spirit, first determined to build up a literary reputation on the foundation of Roman song. Some pieces of merit had however been produced, which, mingled with others of inferior quality, had issued from the Oxford press, but with a London editor, in 1691, in a single volume entitled Musæ Anglicanæ.

"It appears that Addison, on setting out for his travels, carried with him the new volume of Musæ Anglicanæ, and occasionally availed himself of it as a kind of credential letter in his visits to the scholars of the continent. Hence it happened that, in the words of Tickell, 'he was admired in the two universities, and in the greater part of Europe, before he was talked of as a poet in town.' On this subject, the same biographer gives us likewise the following anecdote and remarks:—'Our country owes it to him, that the famous M. Boileau first conceived an opinion of the English genius for poetry, by persuing the present which he made him of the Musæ Anglicanæ. It has been currently reported, that this famous French poet, among the civilities he showed Mr. Addison on that occasion, affirmed that he would not have written against Perrault, had he before seen such excellent pieces by a modern hand."

And now we have Addison studying French letters and writing English ones, the last of which have always been considered models of epistolary eloquence, and truly they are full of pretty turns of taste and compliment. We know not that we have any right to say that they are artificial, because no man is required to put his heart under his seal in every envelope; but we do say that these epigrammatic turnings and roundings of sentences have more of the flavour of artistical seasoning than the smack of the honest sincerity of affection, which seldom stops to model its forms, as it would indeed be impossible to mould the flavour. Hitherto we have always made something of the same sort of stumbling of conscience over the practice of publishing the private letters of the dead that we should have done at purloining a reading during their lifetime; but, in the case of Addison, we could almost say that he had written rather for the world than for the individual—written under an anticipative influence of future publication. Yet even this might be the very perfection of sincerity. We could almost bring ourselves to believe that his soul had no secrets. There seems an equanimity in his benignity amounting nearly, if not quite, to an exemption from passion. The ocean of his mind appears to have been ever calm, placid, and unruffled, while its ripples in the sunbeams are the very emanations of gladness and vivacity.

But now this stationary portion of his life closes: Addison treads the classic ground of Italy. His elegant mind luxuriates in the rich fields of ancient art and nature's loveliness. If there be an evil resulting from this devotion to ancient glory, it is that it leads men to art rather than to nature; to the monuments of an intellectual idolatry rather than to the gushing springs of ever welling truth. But if it be

a superstition, it is a gorgeous one; and if Addison put on the shackles, they were not only golden ones, but gleaming with the flash of jewellery. Howbeit, he prepares for his return to England, and reaches Geneva. Here ill news await him. King William is no more, and departed with him are many of the bright expectations of his life. The pension that supplied him with his travelling fund died with the monarch that bestowed it, and thus was Addison thrown on his own resources. Profiting by a liberty that, though disastrous in its cause, might yet not be without profitable results, Addison, instead of returning, travelled through Switzerland and Germany, apparently the while corresponding and making friends with many distinguished people, both in the way of rank and talent. And now comes one of those eras which probably we have all known, on the occasion and the event of which the colour of our after life depends. Which of us has not arrived at the confluence of some such diverging roads, of which the treading of the one would lead him far away from the destiny of the other, and where his momentous choice became the fiat of his destiny. Addison at the Hague was this doubting and pausing wayfarer. We shall show how a few, we know not whether of advised or unadvised, words determined the issue. Miss Aikin says—

"That the period of Addison's life now under consideration must have been one of considerable anxiety, if not embarrassment, is unquestionable. Every circumstance seemed to conspire against him: disappointed of his promised office abroad, he was returning to meet a defeated party at home; in the meantime his resources had been curtailed by the cessation of his pension, his Oxford debts still pressed upon his mind, and his fellowship and whatever supplies could be afforded him by a father certainly far from affluent, seem to have formed his whole reliance for present support."

And now comes the opening, best explained by the very words of those most concerned:

"Tonson, we find, had been commissioned by no less a personage than that Duke of Somerset commonly designated as the Proud, to make inquiry for a proper person to undertake the office of travelling tutor to his son, Algernon earl of Hertford, then in his nineteenth year. He had the good judgment to recommend Addison, to whom he opened the business by letter before he embarked for Holland. The very remarkable particulars of the subsequent negotiation explain themselves in the original correspondence.

"THE DUKE OF SOMERSET TO MR. TONSON.

"Mr. Manwaring told me you had now received a letter from Mr. Addison, wherein he seems to embrace the proposal, but desires to know the particulars; so if you please to come to me to-morrow morning, about nine or ten o'clock, we will more fully discourse the whole matter together, that you may be able at your arrival in Holland to settle all things with him. I could wish he would come over by the return of this convoy. But more of this when we meet, in the meantime believe me

"Your very humble servant,

"SOMERSET.

"*For M^r. Jacob Tonson, at Gray's-inn.*

"THE DUKE OF SOMERSET TO MR. TONSON.

"*London, June the* 4^th^, 1703.

"I received yours of the 21^st^ of May, yesterday, and am very glad, after

so long a time, you are at last safely arrived with the Duke of Grafton at the Hague. As to what you write of Mr. Addison, I shall be very glad to see him here in England, that we may more fully discourse together of that matter, but at the same time I should have been much better satisfied, had he made his own proposals, that he then would have been on more certain terms of what he was to depend on, especially since he did not intend to leave Holland so soon on any other account; therefore I think I ought to enter into that affair more freely and more plainly, and tell you what I propose, and what I hope he will comply with, viz. I desire he may be more on the account of a companion in my son's travels than as a governor, and as such I shall account him: my meaning is that neither lodging, travelling or diet shall cost him sixpence, and over and above that, my son shall present him at the year's end with a hundred guineas, as long as he is pleased to continue in that service to my son, by taking great care of him, by his personal attendance and advice, in what he finds necessary during his time of travelling. My intention is at present to send him over before August next to the Hague, there to remain for one year, from thence to go to all the courts of Germany, and to stay some time at the court of Hanover, as we shall then agree. The only reason for his stay at the Hague is, to perform all his exercises, and when he is perfect in that, then to go next wherever Mr. Addison shall advise, to whom I shall entirely depend on, in all that he thinks may be most fit for his education. When we are agreed on what terms may be most agreeable to him, I dare say he shall find all things as he can desire. This I thought fit for saving of time to enter into now, for many reasons, that we may the sooner and the better know each other's thoughts, being fully resolved to send him over by the end of the next month; so I must desire him to be plain with me, as he will find by this that I am with him, because it will be a very great lett to me not to know his mind sooner than he proposes to come over. I need not tell you the reason, it being so plain for you to guess, and the main of all, which is the conditions, as I have mentioned, may be as well treated on by letter as if he was here. So I do desire his speedy answer, for to tell you plainly, I am solicited every day on this subject, many being offered to me, and I cannot tell them that I am engaged positively, because Mr. Addison is my desire and inclination by the character I have heard of him, &c.

"MR. ADDISON TO THE DUKE OF SOMERSET.

"May it please your Grace.

"By a letter that Mr. Tonson has shown me I find that I am very much obliged to your Grace for y^e^ kind opinion that you are pleas'd to entertain of me. I shou'd be extreamly glad of an opportunity of deserving it, and am therefore very ready to close with y^e^ proposal that is there made me of accompanying my L^d^ Marquess of Hartford in his Travails and doing his L^d^ship all y^e^ services that I am capable of. I have lately receiv'd one or two advantageous offers of y^e^ same nature, but as I should be very ambitious of executing any of your Grace's commands, so I cant think of taking y^e^ like employ from any other hands. As for y^e^ recompense that is proposed to me, I must take the liberty to assure your Grace that I should not see my account in it, but in y^e^ hopes that I have to recommend myself to your Grace's favour and approbation. I am glad your Grace has intimated that you would oblige me to attend my L^d^ only from year to year, for in a twelve month it may be easily seen whether I can be of any advantage to his L^d^ship. I am sure if my utmost endeavours can do any thing, I shant fail to answer your Grace's expectations. About a fortnight hence I hope to have y^e^ Honour of waiting on your Grace unless I receive any commands to y^e^ contrary.

"I am, &c.

"*To his Grace the Duke of Somerset.*

"THE DUKE OF SOMERSET TO MR. TONSON.

"*June* 22nd 1703.

"Your letter of the 16th with one from Mr. Addison came safe to me. You say he will give me an account of his readiness of complying with my proposal. I will set down his own words, which are thus:—'As for the recompence that is proposed to me, I must confess I can by no means see my account in it,' &c. All the other parts of his letter are compliments to me, which he thought he was bound in good breeding to write, and as such I have taken them, and no otherwise; and now I leave you to judge how ready he is to comply with my proposal. Therefore I have wrote by this first post to prevent his coming to England on my account, and have told him plainly that I must look for another, which I cannot be long a-finding. I am very sorry that I have given you so much trouble in it, but I know you are good, and will forgive it in one that is so much your humble servant. Our club is dissolved till you revive it again, which we are impatient of.

"SOMERSET.

"MR. ADDISON TO THE DUKE OF SOMERSET.

"May it please your Grace,

"Since my return from a journey that I was obliged to make into North Holland I have received y^e^ honour of your Grace's letter, w^h^ has hinder'd my immediate going for England. I am sorry to find that I have not made use of such expressions as were proper to represent y^e^ sense I have of the honour your Grace design'd me, and shou'd be extremely glad of any occasion that may happen in which I might show how proud I shou'd be of obeying your Commands, and most particularly if during my stay here I cou'd be any-ways serviceable to my L^d^ Hartford.

"I am, &c.

"*To the Duke of Somerset, July*, 1703."

So Addison's talents were rated at board and lodging and a hundred a-year. "Tell it not in Gath! Publish it not in Askalon!"

And now we have Addison in England, with his cultivated mind and his unappropriated talents—the rich field wasting like a wilderness. Still he was honoured by the wits of his age, and though Whiggism was in the shade and Toryism in the ascendant, yet Addison was not without his friends. He was elected into the Kitcat Club; and here, if the moral philosopher could be supposed to feel any poetical strife, it might well have had a fair opportunity, in elbowing the proud Somerset, and vaunting the name of the high-born lady whom he nominated as his "*toast*," according to Kitcat usage, which required that "each member, on his admission, was to confer this distinction on some lady of his choice, whose name was then entered on the minutes of the society, and engraven on a drinking glass, with some lines of verse in her honour. The Countess of Manchester, daughter of Robert Greville Lord Brook, was selected by Addison on this occasion. But still, though honoured by social distinction, Addison was without appointment, without profession, at a period of life when a position ought to be fixed, and not have to be sought for, being in his thirty-third year, with nothing but a goose-quill to depend upon for support. Ah, but a goose-quill was a more profitable implement in those days than in ours.

But the horizon brightened. However much a Tory in inclination, expediency with Queen Anne was on the side of Whiggism, for how

or where else could she look for hands to strengthen the ascendancy of her crown. It was now that Marlborough gained the great day of Blenheim, and by that most curious operation of distant causes upon present effects, the campaign that made the conqueror a Duke, gave the man of literature a government post. The Earl of Halifax, Addison's peculiar patron, had been in disgrace, but had made a powerful rallying.

"Such was his position when the news arrived of the battle of Blenheim. On this occasion lord-treasurer Godolphin, little remarked in general for the love or encouragement of letters, his own leisure being engrossed by the pursuits of Newmarket,—meeting lord Halifax, exclaimed, in the fulness of his joy, that such a victory ought never to be forgotten, and added that he had little doubt so distinguished a patron of literature as his lordship must be acquainted with some one whose pen would be capable of doing it justice. Halifax answered,—with an implied reproach to Godolphin for his imperfect adoption of the whigs, and reluctance to bestow any favours on them,—that he did indeed know a person eminently qualified for such an office, but that he would not desire him to write on the subject. An explanation being asked, he warmly added, that while too many fools and blockheads were maintained in their pride and luxury at the public expense, such men as were really an honour to their age and country, were shamefully suffered to languish in obscurity: That for his own share, he would never desire any gentleman of parts and learning to employ his time in celebrating a ministry who had neither the justice nor generosity to make it worth his while.

"The lord-treasurer calmly replied, that he would seriously consider what his lordship had said, and endeavour to give no occasion for such reproaches in future; and that on the present occasion, he took upon himself to promise, that any gentleman whom his lordship would name to him as capable of celebrating the late action, should not repent exerting his genius on the subject. Lord Halifax, thus encouraged, named Mr. Addison, but insisted that the lord-treasurer should himself send to him. This was promised, and the next morning Mr. Addison, 'who was at that time but indifferently lodged,' was surprised by a visit from Mr. Boyle, chancellor of the Exchequer, sent by lord Godolphin, who after opening his business, acquainted him that his lordship, to encourage him to enter upon his subject, had already made him one of the commissioners of appeal in the Excise, but entreated him to look upon that post as an earnest only of something more considerable. In short, the Chancellor said so many obliging things, and in so graceful a manner, as gave Mr. Addison the utmost encouragement to begin that poem which he afterwards published and entitled the Campaign."

And here we have a fair picture of Addison in his social aspect:—

"Addison's kinsman Budgell, whom he admitted to a close acquaintance, in perfect conformity with the account of Steele, mentions that he was accustomed to call the intimate conversation with a single friend, 'thinking aloud;' and that he used to say, 'there was no such thing as real conversation but between two persons.' Pope, according to his disposition, has given a sinister interpretation to the incurable want of ease in mixed company which hung upon him, even while admitting the charms of his intimate society. 'Addison's conversation,' he says, 'had something in it more charming than I have found in any other man. But this was only when familiar: before strangers, or perhaps a single stranger, *he preserved his dignity by a stiff silence.*' Young gives a different turn to the fact: 'He was not free with his superiors. He was rather mute in society on some occasions; but when he began to be company, he was

full of vivacity, and went on in a noble stream of thought and language, so as to chain the attention of every one to him.' We may here perhaps observe, that a man of delicate feelings will always avoid being free with those who might in return be too free with him. That powers so admirable, united with so much modesty, gained for their possessor almost as many friends as witnesses of them,—that it was henceforth in his power to command such society as pleased him best,—and that the patrons who had first adopted him redoubled their efforts to elevate him to stations suited to their augmenting sense of his extraordinary merits, the facts abundantly prove. When the appointment of commissioner of appeals in the Excise was first conferred upon him, he had indeed been expressly desired to regard it as a mere earnest of better things; and early in 1706, by the recommendation of Lord Godolphin, he was appointed under secretary of state to Sir Charles Hedges. This minister, who ranked with the tories, was superseded before the end of the year, after a hard contest, by the Earl of Sunderland, son-in-law of Marlborough; an ardent lover of liberty, and a devoted partizan of Addison's illustrious and early patron, Lord Somers; and by him he was continued in office more willingly perhaps than he had been at first admitted by his predecessor."

From this time the life of Addison was composed of two twisted threads —the politician and the author, separate and dissimilar, united in the mingled yarn of his existence. Now came a season of prosperity, in which the public character of the statesman seems to have superseded that of the literary man. Lord Halifax, whom the Queen had restored to his seat at the council-board, had been appointed to carry out the act for the naturalization of the Electress Sophia and her descendants, together with the Order of the Garter to the Electoral Prince of Hanover, and had invited Addison to accompany him on this splendid embassy, attended by Vanburgh, the then Clarencieux king at arms, to perform the ceremony of investiture. During this visit the little court of Hanover was doubly called upon to put forth all its splendour, since the nuptials of the Electoral Princess with the Prince-royal of Prussia was at the same time performed, and assuredly this little court embassage must have furnished one of the gayest of the holiday times of Addison's life. At this era, too, we have him, on his return, surrounded by the wits of Button's coffee-house, and resuming his old intimacy with his school-mate Steele, though Miss Aikin will not allow that Addison's conviviality ever grovelled into intoxication, or that severity and parsimony ever commingled with his dealings with his friends. She shall here speak both for herself and Addison.

"Since the return of Addison from the continent, the course of their respective fortunes had restored him and his earliest friend to the habitual enjoyment of each other's society. Steele had long since quitted the army; he had commenced his career as a dramatic writer in 1704, with the comedy of the Funeral, followed it up with the Tender Husband, in which it has been mentioned that he had received his friend's assistance, and added another but less successful effort, the Lying Lover. He had been appointed to an office in the household of Prince George of Denmark, and about the same time, through the interest of Addison with Lords Halifax and Somers, obtained the post of gazette-writer,—the lowest, as he says himself, in the ministry,—with a salary of 300*l.* per annum. He had also married in succession two ladies of fortune; the last in 1707. Thus possessed of sources of income, which with a moderate share of prudence would have been ample for all his occasions; by the aid of his dramatic

reputation, and the charms of his lively conversation and really amiable temper, he was now able to figure in the gay world which he loved. The Kitcat club admitted him a member in consideration of his zeal as a whig partisan, and he obtained success to much of the same distinguished society which was frequented by his more elevated friend; but with the addition, there is reason to believe, of a looser and less reputable set, composed of what were then styled men of the town. Steele is said to have behaved to Addison in society with a marked deference, very uncommon and striking between old comrades, equals in age and nearly so in all things, excepting genius and conduct. In private, however, there can be little doubt that they associated together on terms of great familiarity and confidence; and were frequent depositaries of the literary projects of each other."

"There are traces in these letters of some pecuniary transactions between the friends: Steele informs his wife, in August 1708, that he has 'paid Mr. Addison the whole 1000*l.*,' and at a later period he says, 'Mr. Addison's money you will have to-morrow noon.' No part of the correspondence affords the slightest confirmation of the story willingly received by Johnson, but discredited by Thyer, of Addison's having put an execution into the house of his friend, to recover a hundred pounds which he had lent him. Steele, in one account, is said to have told the circumstance with tears in his eyes; another version of the story makes the debt 1000*l.*, and represents Addison as remitting to Steele the balance of the produce of the execution, 'with a genteel letter,' informing him that he had taken this step in order to awaken him to a sense of the inevitable ruin awaiting him from his habits of negligence and profusion; Steele, it is added, took the warning in good part, and believed the proceeding designed to do him service. Tales thus contradictory carry their refutation with them; but when, at a later period, Steele in one of his frequent exigences informs his wife that he has raised money elsewhere, 'but was denied by his friend,' it is no improbable conjecture that Addison might be the person referred to."

And thus have we followed on the history of Addison through its progressive course up to a period when worldly honour, prosperity, and literary reputation crowded into his destiny. It was now that he filled the successive offices of under-secretary of state, secretary to the lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and finally of secretary of state. And this, the period of his political eminence, was likewise that of his literary successes. It was now that, in conjunction with Steele, he contributed those papers, so new in thought, in design, and in execution, on which his reputation is really based and built. Hitherto he might have translated like a scholar, have rhymed with elegance, have gracefully depicted travel, have charmed in epistolary correspondence; yet in these excellencies he was not alone. But in those pages of the Tatler, and its subsequent similar works, he was alone—unrivalled—supreme—and on this supremacy of excellence hangs that noble reputation, which to the measure of our means we would most gladly honour, for here the teacher instructs so blandly, reproves so invitingly, satirizes with such brilliancy, that the subjects of his animadversions are actually charmed and attracted, instead of being repelled and disgusted—and is not this indeed pre-eminence of talent?

But now we see Addison in another and a new character: he marries the Countess-dowager of Warwick, and Miss Aikin here takes pains to argue away any discrepancy in the match. "How far the address of a man so celebrated, so welcomed in the first society, occupying a seat in parliament, and standing fair for still higher offices

in the state than he had yet filled, deserved the epithet 'ambitious,' with respect to a dowager-countess, herself of no very distinguished race, may admit a question." We would, however, admit to the full every particle of inequality of rank, but we would likewise say that the nobility of mind is carried by a direct patent from the Sovereign of Heaven himself, while an earthly potentate can grant no more than empty titles and earthly estates,—and where, where now rests the inequality? most surely in the contrary balance. Addison conferred honour in this alliance—he could not receive it, because he was himself the superior, and that too beyond measurement and computation.

Prompted by her wishes, Miss Aikin would also seek to prove that Addison's short matrimonial career was a happy one: we do not, however, find her reasoning so conclusive as we could desire. Strange to say, that the heart requires a youthful training even for the reception of happiness. The feelings need all their early ductility to mould themselves into new shapes, even though they be forms of enjoyment. Addison married too late in life for this, and we believe, though Miss Aikin does not, that he sought among a few convivial companions, who honoured his understanding and admired his wit, a relaxation at once from the cares of state and the cares of matrimony.

But the day appointed to all men now darkened with majestic gloom over the moralist. Oncoming death threw its deep shadow before: death, the stern test of life, approached, and Addison, knowing himself to be on the threshold of a new existence, gathered up his living strength that he might die with dignity. Miss Aikin thus transcribes the final and impressive scene from Dr. Young.

"'After a long and manly, but vain struggle with his distemper, he dismissed his physicians, and with them all hope of life: but with his hope of life he dismissed not his concern for the living, but sent for a youth nearly related (the Earl of Warwick) and finely accomplished, but not above being the better for good impressions from a dying friend. He came, but life was glimmering in the socket. Addison was silent. After a decent and proper pause the youth said,

"'Dear sir, you sent for me: I believe and I hope you have some commands: I shall hold them most sacred.'

May distant ages not only hear, but feel the reply! Forcibly grasping the earl's hand, he softly said,

"'See in what peace a Christian can die!'"

And so ended a life of singular urbanity, placidity, gentleness, and benevolence. With talents righteously and not profanely abused, with a temper sweetened and not soured by the wear and tear of the world, Addison, knowing how to live, knew also how to die.

And so we finish—and yet we finish not without expressing our thanks to Miss Aikin for the worthy fulfilment of her task. Elegant in style, perspicuous in language, painstaking in research, making fair use of her materials, but never straining their application, she has produced a most able and competent memoir of a man who fills a great niche in the gallery of our literature; and if rather sceptical as to the possibility of Addison possessing faults, why, we will not reckon that as one in herself, but rather thank her for the graceful labour of her pen, which will not only afford the world a present pleasure, but will take its stand on the same shelves with its subject hero. Addison's Life and Addison's Works ought henceforth to range together.

# PASSAGES AT THE GERMAN BRUNNEN.

## NO. I.—THE WIDOW AND HER DAUGHTER.

"I WOULD not forbid you to grieve, my dearest sister. Oh, no! your loss is too great; the shock was too terrible, to see the husband who had left you scarcely an hour before in perfect health, brought home a corse! Weep, sister, weep! but let not your sorrow be despair. Weep as a Christian, not as one who has no hope, and be not ungrateful to God for the comforts he has left you."

Such was the exhortation of the reverend Mr. Soames, vicar of a neighbouring parish, to his sister Mrs. Beechwood, whose husband, the rector of Auburn, had been thrown by a vicious horse, and killed upon the spot.

"Comforts!" shrieked rather than ejaculated the distracted widow. "There are none for me. All!—all!—I have lost all with him, the best, the kindest of husbands!"

"He was so, therefore weep for him, my dear sister; but look at your daughter sobbing at your feet, and say not that you have lost all."

"Mother! beloved mother!" murmured a faltering voice, as Mrs. Beechwood felt one of her hands drawn gently down, and two soft lips pressed to it, at the same time that it was bathed in scalding tears. She looked up, and, with a convulsive burst of weeping, sank upon the neck of the beautiful girl kneeling beside her.

The vicar, who had really trembled for his widowed sister's intellects, felt his fears relieved and went on. "Nor is this dear child all that you have to be thankful for. To how many a clergyman's wife, suddenly bereaved like you, would such a charge as our Agnes, be matter rather of anxiety than comfort."

The mother looked up in amaze. "How many a clergyman's widow must dread for her fair daughter all the pains, trials, and temptations of extreme poverty; a life of vulgar toil at her needle, or, at best, of mortification and mental drudgery as a governess, if she can even fit her for that office? You have no such terrors for your child's lot. My excellent brother-in-law has left you means of amply providing for her."

Again the widow's head dropped upon her daughter's neck. Still she wept passionately—but there was less of bitterness in her anguish, and her brother was satisfied.

Fear not, gentle reader, that I should inflict upon you a diary of the widow's agonies and gradual restoration to composure. No such malicious intent have I, and this for divers good and sufficient reasons. One, that the annoyance would be far greater to me than to you, inasmuch that the writer cannot, like the reader, skip. Another, that I know nothing about the matter. I neither can, nor wish to do more, than sketch for you something of the antecedents (to borrow a prettyish

if not altogether logical gallicism) of the persons and events flitting before me, as I can best gather them here.

Here—for I am, and have long been, a denizen of those German Brunnen, to which Sir Francis Head's Bubbles have allured such shoals of our countrymen and countrywomen. In what capacity I am here, whether as physician to the bodies or the souls of these compatriot crowds,—as one of those migratory economists who begin by losing their money at a foreign gaming-table as the first step towards extrication from pecuniary involvements at home—as a splenetic railer against the climate and manners of my native land—as a student of human nature, or in any other imaginable or unimaginable capacity—that I leave it to you, courteous reader, to guess. All I shall disclose is, that here I am, able and willing to tell you something of what I hear and see. My pictures may not be as attractive as the Bubble Blower's, but I think it not amiss that British fathers and mothers should know a little of the society as well as of the scenery to which they are so eager to bring their families.

What I have further to tell of Mrs. and Miss Beechwood, prior to my acquaintance with them, is simply this. The widow still sighed and wept incessantly, shrinking from every occupation that could have diverted her mind from her sorrows, and, of course, suffered in her health; the daughter, her education neglected, pined in the reflection of her mother's gloom, as well as in her own filial grief. Their friends were alarmed for both; and, as soon as propriety could sanction the change of those weeds that mark the period of a widow's indispensable seclusion, their physician directed the mother's attention to the pallid cheeks and drooping form of her child, and told her she positively must take Agnes to the German Spas. To which, he could not quite say; she must visit several, one after another, and remain where she found the waters most beneficial. The worthy doctor probably cared less for the mineral springs, than for the imperceptible influence of change of scene, and of the self-control required by the almost unavoidable constant association with strangers, upon the hitherto monotonous course of the mourners' thoughts and feelings.

Mrs. Beechwood now looked more observantly at her daughter, and perceived that she still had something to fear. She obeyed the medical injunction, and with Agnes and a maid-servant embarked for the Rhine.

Few readers are unacquainted with the revenge taken by old Ocean upon the tyro adventurer who braves the menace of his swelling billows, for the subjection to which the mastery of mind has reduced him. His inflictions first taught our mourners that the world has other sufferings besides those of the heart. Again, the complete relief enjoyed upon passing from the tossing of the sea to the smooth surface of the river, none could be so absorbed in grief as not thankfully to acknowledge. And thus, whilst bodily ills proved, as they often before have, a mental medicine, the return to that habitual ease which we, ingrates as we are, take as a thing of course, was almost as healing to the mind as to the frame.

The deep mourning garb of the ladies and their attendant, the yet deeper affliction expressed in the mien and air of mother and daughter,

and the anxious looks with which their countrified abigail watched both, combining with the youth and beauty of Agnes, rendered perhaps somewhat unnaturally aristocratic by the paleness and languor of sorrow and indisposition, had attracted much notice on board the steamer, until the marine malady imperiously concentrated every one's care upon self, and rendered every fellow-passenger an absolute nuisance. Upon the sleepy waters of the Rhine, as, under other names and mingling with meaner streams, they creep through swamps reclaimed from the sea, the navigation became as tranquil as may be compatible with the jar of a steam-engine; and then, when the animal functions of humanity were undisturbed, the general attention and interest revived. The objects of these feelings, however, still pretty much absorbed in themselves and their regrets, remained quite unconscious of exciting observation, until a few words casually addressed by Agnes to her mother, afforded an opportunity for a stranger to speak to a stranger. Of this opening one of the passengers promptly availed himself.

More than once Agnes had looked about her, and silently relapsed into melancholy reverie. At length she roused herself, stood up, took a long survey of the level country through which she was floating, of the dykes that prevent the river from wasting its waters in submerging and destroying the flat green fields, of the formal villas, gardens, and summer-houses, adorning and showing enjoyment of the scene; and then sitting down again, exclaimed, "What could they mean, mamma, by talking to us of the beauties of the Rhine? It is a fine broad river certainly—but beauties!—And that after our own lovely ——shire!"

Mrs. Beechwood looked up, cast apathetically a glance around, and answered, "They must be blind, my dear child, or think more than we do of the width of a river."

"If you are bound for the beauties of the Rhine, ladies," said an elderly gentleman, who had for some time been contemplating Agnes, "we may hope to have the pleasure of your company for some little time. We shall not reach the scene of those beauties to-day, nor yet to-morrow."

A stranger addressing herself or her child, was a phenomenon so astounding to the widow, that it startled her from the torpor of grief. Again she looked up. The age of the speaker seemed so perfect a security against any impropriety, even of thought, that she was sinking back into her usual gloomy quiescence; but whilst she felt assured that there could be nothing but paternal kindliness in their fellow-passenger, she also felt that she could not leave her daughter to converse, alone and unprotected, with an entire stranger. She forced herself to answer the old gentleman's speech; and from this moment she and Agnes became members of the company,—if the casually yet intimately conglomerated individuals on board a river steam-boat may be so denominated.

Of this human conglomeration only a very few need be mentioned. The elderly passenger who had first drawn our mourners out, proved to be a Sir John Eustace. He kept them thenceforward, as it were, under his wing; he amused them, instructed them in the ways of

travellers and of foreigners, and guarded them from intrusive impertinence. A retiring and quiet, but handsome and gentlemanly young man, who, with more reserve, had, as diligently as Sir John, watched Agnes, ere long, by his respectful admiration, so far awakened the mother's attention, that she exerted herself to make inquiries concerning him. She learned that he was the only son of a wealthy banker, a Mr. Belton, and was hastening to Italy to fetch home his mother and sister, who had been sent thither the preceding year for the health of the former. Young Belton said little, but that little was always to the purpose. He pointed out the objects worthy of notice to Agnes, he was ever ready to hand the mother when Sir John had appropriated to himself the charge of the daughter. His quietness suited the widow's melancholy; she began rather to feel than to consider him an intimate, and gradually half to think of him as a future possible son-in-law.

A more dignified party occupied the *pavillon*, as the small compartment, nearly answering in Rhine steamers to the ladies' cabin of seaboats, is called. This party consisted of the Earl and Countess of Okehampton, and their daughters, the Ladies Wickham. But though the noble family in question sheltered themselves by the possession of the pavillon from the annoyances of the public dinner-table, and of a compulsory intercourse with strangers, they were not so ridiculously exclusive as to deny themselves the enjoyment of fresh air upon deck in order to avoid coming in contact with their inferiors. The Okehamptons had, like the rest of the passengers, noticed Mrs. and Miss Beechwood; and being a ——shire family, though of the opposite side of the county from Auburn, they no sooner learned, through their servants, the name of the ladies in deep mourning, than they were aware of everything relating to them.

Upon his next visit to the deck, the Earl courteously accosted the widow, introducing himself as a distant country neighbour. He seated himself beside her, and spoke of the general respect of the county for Dr. Beechwood, of the general regret for his premature fate, of the general sympathy for her own and her daughter's affliction. His words provoked a passionate burst of weeping. But the tears called forth by unexpected sympathy, by an unexpected tribute to the merits of the lost one whom we mourn, are sweetly soothing, are most medicinal to the bleeding heart. Lord Okehampton suffered those he had elicited to flow uninterruptedly, whilst he talked to Agnes of their voyage, of the river, of places to be visited, and announced his lady's intention of seeking their acquaintance so soon as Mrs. Beechwood should be able to endure another invasion of strangers: adding, that he had two girls who would accompany their mother, in hopes of gaining a companion from home in Miss Beechwood.

The introduction took place, and the noble family displayed the kindest regard for the bereaved widow and orphan of a man who really had been universally respected. Their attentions were in every way gratifying to the mourners; and, moreover, materially altered their position in the steam-boat. They became persons of consideration in the *salon*, or great cabin. Though they had with them but a single maid-servant, travellers rejoicing in valets and couriers looked up to

the chosen friends of the exclusive tenants of the pavillon. The attentions of Sir John became more respectful, and yet more paternal in their character. Young Belton alone continued unchanged.

Thus the remainder of the voyage was happily accomplished. The spirits and health of Agnes revived, and her mother's gloomy dejection began to assume the milder form of gentle melancholy. Still, however, she professed a desire to avoid gay society. For herself it would be as indecent as painful, and her daughter, who had barely completed her sixteenth year, was too young for dissipation. Health, and masters to perfect her education, were the objects for Agnes. Accordingly, Mrs. Beechwood's choice of the Spa she would first visit was determined by information received during the progress up the river. The Grand Duke of Nassau had just died; and his death, by putting an end for the rest of the season to balls, concerts, and public amusements of all kinds, the theatre included, (the mode of public mourning here, where the subjects of the deceased potentate are not at the expense of black raiment, and his family indulge in their ordinary pastimes,) had driven all gay company away from Wiesbaden; and to Wiesbaden Mrs. Beechwood resolved to go. No objection was offered, though no one else was going there. The Okehamptons had been, and were, desirous of showing kindness where it was deserved and needed; but could have no wish for the companionship of these county protégées, and judged that it was far better the education of the village heiress should be improved in some quiet place before she entered into society. Belton, as proceeding to Italy, could have no interest in the selection of a temporary residence by his new acquaintance. He contented himself with hoping that he might be permitted to present his mother and sister, on their way home, to Mrs. and Miss Beechwood; and the warmth with which he expressed this hope, called a faint colour to the still pallid cheek of Agnes, and somewhat ripened her mother's imaginings of a future son-in-law. Sir John Eustace was so far similarly circumstanced, that indispensable engagements prevented him, for the moment, from taking up his quarters at any of the Brunnen of Western Germany. But he announced his intention of quitting the Rhine in order to start upon a land journey from Frankfurt; and he offered to steal a day or two from his urgent hurry, in order to escort the ladies to Wiesbaden, and spare them the embarrassments of a first arrival in a foreign land, with the language of which they were utterly unacquainted, whilst they were not strong even in the stranger's usual medium of intercouse upon the continent, French. His offer was gratefully accepted.

Sir John escorted the mother and daughter to Wiesbaden accordingly, and his courier made arrangements, at the hôtel to which he took them, for the ladies' apartments, as for his master's, adjoining theirs. When the dinner-bell rang, Sir John tapped at their door, to hand them down to the table-d'hôte, at which he carefully placed Agnes betwixt her mother and himself.

I happened to dine that day at the same table-d'hôte, and, as a casual visitor, was placed with the new arrivals, opposite the Beechwoods. I was struck, as others had been before me, with the profound melancholy of the mother, with the youth and beauty of the daughter,

their deep mourning, and the absence of that air of the world, which, though varying in style and degree, marks all grades of London society. whilst my *vis-à-vis* were, notwithstanding, clearly perfect gentlewomen. I was also struck by the would-be-paternal attention of their elderly companion; for to an experienced eye it was evident not only that they were not paternal, but that they masked an *arrière pensée*. (I am not sorry to be driven to French, by the plainness of our mother-tongue, when I have to speak of elegant libertinism. The slang phrase, "upon the sly," would describe something coarser than I mean.) The only other observation that I made during dinner worth recording was the instinctive delicacy with which the mother shrank from the advances of her next neighbour; one of those ladies whom real ladies encounter only at public tables, but one whose appearance and manners might pass as unobjectionable.

The following day I returned to the same table, chiefly for the sake of this party; but none of them appeared. I afterwards learned that the widow, without making any remark upon the mixture of company at the table, had quietly observed to Sir John, that this hotel life was not the sort of retirement she sought for her child's studies and her own sadness; and that he fully assenting, she had added, what she wished was a small house and establishment of her own. To this wish he had answered with a laugh, that few persons, short of sovereign princes, dreamt of a house to themselves at German Spas, and that an establishment, with which she could not exchange a word, would be a mere trouble to her; that the first nobles, such as her friends the Okehamptons, contented themselves, in these places, with an adequate suite of apartments, and either dined at the tables-d'hôte, or had their own and their servants' meals supplied by a restaurant. Such an apartment, he added, his courier should, if she pleased, find her, and make the requisite arrangement for her meals. The ladies were thus established in lodgings the very next morning, and Sir John, not being fixed to his hôtel by the object of dining with them, had sought the better appointed table of the Kursaal. He himself undertook to provide French and music masters for Agnes.

But if missed at the dinner-table upon the second day, the mourners were to be seen elsewhere. The whole party appeared walking in the Kursaal gardens. They appeared seated amongst the orange-trees, drinking coffee and eating ice in the open air, like the rest of the Brunnen world. Again, at a later hour, when the rooms of the Kursaal were brilliant with light and animated with company, they appeared amongst the groups of loungers. Both mother and daughter indeed had evidently shrunk from entering the gay assembly; and their companion was heard to plead: "Nay, but you must stand to your bargain. The pleasure of introducing you to all the novelties of the German Spas was to be my payment for my services as chaperon and interpreter; and this is my last opportunity. For this very evening I must bid you farewell, to pursue my lonely way. When I am gone, and you have seen everything you can, if you please, become perfect recluses."

The remonstrance was unanswerable, and Sir John led his ladies into the rooms. He promenaded them a few turns amongst the

sauntering idlers, and then drew them towards the shrine of Fortune, in the shape of a roulette-table.

The sight of that table, divided into incomprehensible compartments, and overspread with mystically-disposed pieces of gold and silver, that were suddenly swept into one awfully large central mass, with an exception or two, to which various sums from out of that central mass were added, and the enigmatic announcements of the *genii loci*, or presiding guardians of the said central mass of cash, actually astounded the senses of the fair rustics. Despite her all-absorbing sorrow, they fixed, as with the rattlesnake's power of fascination, the attention of the widow, whilst the daughter's was clearly more attracted by the keen and anxious looks of the persons seated round the table, and she shuddered at the agony occasionally depicted in their countenances. After gazing a while in speechless wonder, Mrs. Beechwood inquired the meaning of the various unintelligible operations performing before her.

"The *croupiers* take the money of those who lose, and pay those who win," replied Sir John.

"But how, or why does anybody win or lose? I see no game, no play," she again asked.

"It depends upon the cell in which that little whirling ball settles, and you may hear the *croupier* announce which it is."

"How childish!" ejaculated Agnes, softly.

"Still I do not understand," resumed her mother; but her companion interrupted her, to say, smiling, "You will perhaps best understand the game by watching the movements of one player. Observe what befals my money," and he threw a piece of silver upon the table. It was presently swept away, and Mrs. Beechwood asked, "Well, why have they taken your money?"

"Because I have lost. I threw the piece upon *pair*; that is to say, I betted that the ball would stop upon an even number, and you might have heard the croupier announce seven. I will try again." He placed a thaler upon number twenty, and the voice of fate proclaimed vingt.

"Mercy upon me! what are they giving you all that for?" exclaimed the widow, in amazement at the amount of gold and silver pushed over to the baronet, for the success of his single thaler.

"Because I have won," answered he, laughing; and proceeded to expound to the village matron, not the doctrine and calculation of chances, but the rules according to which money is lost or won, at that seemingly most seductive, and most ruinous of games, roulette. He ended by asking, "Will you try your own luck?"

"O no, mamma, no!" cried Agnes, gazing fixedly at a player, whose bloodshot eye and quivering lip betrayed the fatal secret, that he had, perhaps, just risked and lost his last napoleon, his last means of paying for his children's food.

"Agnes, you are rude to our kind friend," said her mother, in a reproving whisper. "You speak as if he had been doing wrong." And drawing out her purse, she asked aloud, "What must I put down?—and where?"

It has long been a received opinion amongst grandams, nurses,

*et hoc genus omne* of anile philosophers of either sex, that his Infernal Majesty showers smiles and favours upon the novice whose timid step falters at the threshold of pandemonium, thus luring the deluded neophyte onward, to the inner recesses of that unnameable place, where ample retribution for those smiles and favours ensues—much as one may fancy a spider politely doing the honours of his cobweb to some inexperienced fly. The dogma is, of course, like all those propounded by these venerable professors, the fruit of experience, and the case in question fully corroborates its justice. Mrs. Beechwood won; lost just often enough to enhance the exciting delight of winning; and retired with a full purse, and a decided opinion that an hour or so at roulette was a relaxation in which the truest mourner might fairly indulge, and which, indeed, from the serious silence prevailing at the table, could not properly be called entering into worldly gaieties.

The mornings were now passed at home, devoted to Miss Beechwood's masters and studies. In the cool of the evening the two ladies took a country walk or drive, avoiding "the busy haunts of men," but always ending with a visit to the Kursaal,—so named, probably, from its proved efficacy in any case of plethora of the purse. Here the widow at first stood a little while shrinkingly behind the regular-seated players, occasionally throwing down a single piece, retiring early. The mother and daughter were observed, but the former was not censured; most lady-visitors of the Spas liking thus now and then to try their fortune, or throw away their spare cash; and several English persons of both sexes made advances towards acquaintance. But the stations of the widow at the table gradually grew longer, now in the excitement of success, now in anxiety to retrieve loss; and ere long she found it so fatiguing and inconvenient to stand, that she gladly occupied any vacated chair.

Wiesbaden was at this time honoured by the presence of a certain Frenchman, designated as M. le Vicomte de Clichy, whose character and social position it was the fashion to call enigmatical, although the more sharp-sighted of our gossips deemed the riddle easy to be read. The Vicomte in question had none of the usual appurtenances of nobility about him. He inhabited a single room, that might be denominated a *mansarde, anglice* garret, without a servant of any kind. But if thus meanly lodged and unattended, he was always perfectly well dressed and well fed—if a Parisian can be well fed out of Paris. He frequented the best tables d'hôte, and knew everybody. He was always about the gaming tables, though not habitually playing, and when he did, usually putting down the smallest coin admissible. Yet now and then, especially if play seemed for a day to lose its attractions, and either the roulette or the rouge et noir table looked bare of stakes, risking hundreds as freely as his single thaler or florin, and winning or losing with the careless indifference of a millionnaire, or, to speak more accurately, of a man who had no interest in the result.

One evening I noticed this Vicomte in earnest colloquy with Miss Beechwood's French master, whilst the eyes of both interlocutors were frequently bent upon the mother and daughter. At its close the former sauntered towards the table, stationed himself beside the wi-

dow, and played his usual small play, whilst he officiously assisted her in gathering up her winnings and the like. Hence he took occasion to speak to her upon some turn of the game, and the acquaintance was made. He now constituted himself her *cavaliere servente*, securing her a seat at the table, placing a chair for Agnes behind her, and rendering all manner of little services. He played his single pieces more frequently than before, but never sat down, constantly standing behind Mrs. Beechwood, and endeavouring to converse with her daughter.

Ere long the Vicomte was seen to join the English ladies in their morning walks; and again ere long it was rumoured that he had quitted his garret, and engaged a back room in the same lodging-house, and upon the same floor with Mrs. and Miss Beechwood. And now Mrs. Alsop, the chief gossip at Wiesbaden, at least amongst the English, observed, with a Lord-Burleigh-ish shake of the head, that the self-created Vicomte probably thought marrying the parson's heiress a better speculation than playing *bonnet* to the *Kursaal*. If that were his profession, however, he did not abandon it. He still varied his small game by occasionally playing high as before; and he was heard explaining to Mrs. Beechwood, half in French, half in broken English, in answer to a remark of her's upon the great difference between some of his stakes and others, that few men were always alike bold in spirit, and that none but Fortunatus always found the same sum in his purse.

The next change noticed was in the widow's conduct. Her taste for play was evidently fast ripening into a passion. First she came earlier in the evening, and staid later; then she came in the afternoon, then in the morning; and now she had an appropriated seat, that it would have been an act of rudeness to usurp. As Miss Beechwood had her studies to pursue under her masters, of course she could not thus spend her days in the *Kursaal*. The mother came either escorted by the Vicomte, or alone. The daughter remained at home alone—not a little to the astonishment and horror of the more respectable of the French visitants of *les raux de Wisbade*, as they term this place. In French families of any distinction, my readers need hardly be told that a daughter is never lost sight of by her mother, or some trustworthy female of mature age; and Mrs. Alsop, who might be supposed to have monopolized all the tongues of rumour, took care, by her lamentations over the gambling mother's neglect of her child, to make the disgraceful enough fact of the degree to which Miss Beechwood was left to take care of herself, known to them, as indeed to everybody within earshot.

The matter was soon to look yet worse; and the domestic affairs of the Beechwoods not even to need this inquisition lady's prying eyes and ears to give them publicity. For even if the village girl they had brought with them as an attendant from England, could have been held any kind of protection to Agnes, she was now to lose that very inadequate *chaperonage*. Nelly was suddenly seized with an incurable paroxysm of home sickness. Whether it were that she had left a sweetheart at Auburn, and could no longer bear the pangs of absence, or, as she assured me, (for I had occasionally spoken to her,

as one speaks in a foreign country to an English girl of inferior degree,) that if she staid any longer she must needs die of hunger, thirst, and moping; for to eat the messes of broken meat sent by the *restorer*, or to drink the vinegar he called wine, was downright impossible, and not a soul had she to speak to, since Madam was all day at the rolling table, and Miss altogether taken up with playing the music, and jabbering French with her master and that *Vicomte*. Nelly insisted upon going home again. She was accordingly put on board a Rhine steamer, to be transhipped at Rotterdam, and consigned to London, whence she undertook to find her own way to Auburn. A German servant girl, who had picked up in her different places some dozen words of French, and half a dozen of English, was hired in her place. The Vicomte obligingly officiated as interpreter between the English ladies and their foreign attendant, and his intimacy with the former necessarily increased; whilst Dortchen, (the latter,) who, like most German maid servants, went out as soon as her work was done, naturally reported, for the edification and entertainment of her friends, all the un-German proceedings of her new *Herrschaft*, the general and collective name for master and mistress, or either.

By this time Mrs. Beechwood had lost her melancholy and aversion to society, and ceased to repel or shrink from the advances towards acquaintance of either man or woman who had English enough to address her in her native tongue, or could understand the jargon that she was pleased to call French. Whether the instinctive delicacy originally characterizing her were blunted by habitual proximity to persons of a very different complexion, or merged in the passion for play, she now formed a sort of intimacy with a lady, by courtesy calling herself Madame de Blinval, a widow, but to whom it would be the very extravagance of compliment to say that she was of doubtful reputation, or of equivocal social position. This woman Mrs. Beechwood invited to join herself and her daughter in their drives; and even allowed to chaperon Agnes in her walks, when she herself was engaged at roulette. Upon such occasions, Mad. de Blinval and Agnes were of course escorted by the Vicomte, and some male friend of the chaperon's.

It needed not the comments of Mrs. Alsop, or the tattle of Dortchen, to draw public attention to so indecorous an exhibition. The respectable families, English, French, and German, who had felt kindly disposed towards two retiring, unassuming gentlewomen, in deep mourning, and apparently friendless and unprotected, though affluent, now shook their heads, avoided as far as they could to come in their way, and when they did, noticed them only by a slight and distant bow; whilst Mrs. Alsop, who apparently deemed the faculty of speech to be bestowed upon man for the express and sole purposes of inflicting pain and disseminating scandal, took care to utter in their hearing all the musty saws about birds of a feather and the like, that she could recollect.

For myself, none could more deeply than I did condemn the female gambler, the mother who, in her devotion to play, could neglect her youthful daughter, amidst perils of which the poor girl could have no apprehension. Yet I could not but pity her for the reprobation she

had unconsciously incurred through sheer unsuspicious simplicity, the result of a country life; and I thought it the duty of a compatriot to enlighten her, at least as to the character of the lady to whose care she intrusted her innocent child. With respect to the gentleman, the case was different. His social position, his title to the unenviable designation of a *bonnet*, was mere matter of conjecture; and even the slightest insinuation of his supposed connexion with the gaming tables, might be the propagation of a calumny. Besides, though she might not be aware of the necessity of caution in making acquaintance at these sort of places, no rusticity could induce ignorance, I conceived, of the necessity of inquiring into the character and circumstances of a man whom she suffered to court her daughter, whom she must intend that daughter to marry, since it seemed impossible that she could be blind to the love he had awakened in the bosom of the guileless Agnes.

I had not long to wait for an opportunity of, at least, attempting to execute my charitable purpose. One evening, as Mrs. Beechwood rose from the roulette table to join her daughter, who was walking about with Mad. de Blinval and the Vicomte, two or three ladies turned away, though not uncivilly, as she was about successively to accost them. The first time it passed as accident. At the third she made a sort of startled pause, and muttered to herself, "Can it be intended?" I was near enough to overhear her, and said, "Will you allow me to ask you a question, Mrs. Beechwood?"

"To be sure—as many as you please."

"Who introduced Madame de Blinval to your acquaintance?"

"No one. The French, you know, have none of our awkward shyness and cold reserve. She spoke to me, and we became acquainted."

"Then you are, of course, ignorant of her character?"

"What do you mean?" she asked, with some appearance of surprise.

"Merely that this Mad. de Blinval, as she calls herself, is totally unfit, not only for a chaperon to your daughter, but for your acquaintance."

Mrs. Beechwood drew herself up, and, with an air of prodigious dignity, said, "I beg you to believe, that I am not a person to listen to slander of my friends, or so narrow-minded as to think ill of a French lady because her manners are freer than ours."

"I speak not of manners," I replied, with a smile that I really could not suppress; "and it is no slander to tell you what is known to all Paris, and most of Wiesbaden; namely, that Mad. de Blinval, *alias* Nanette Guillot, owes her affluence solely to her beauty; is, in short, despite her splendour, what is delicately termed an unfortunate female, though belonging to the higher grades of that class."

"I hoped you had understood my utter contempt for every disciple of the School for Scandal; and I must take the liberty of assuring you that I am not quite such a rustic ninny, but that I can see nearly as far into a millstone as my neighbours." So saying, with a toss of the head, and a glance meant to annihilate me, Mrs. Beechwood

marched statelily off, to display a reduplication of friendship for the flaunting Parisian.

I stood looking after her, scarcely knowing whether to laugh at her absurdity, or to sigh at its inevitable consequences, when Mrs. Alsop bustled up to me, exclaiming, "What can you have been doing to the widow of Ephesus, to set her up on her stilts at this rate?"

"Simply trying to convince her that Marion Delorme, or even Mad. du Barry herself, would hardly be the fittest possible chaperon for the daughter of an English clergyman."

The lady lifted up her hands and eyes, again exclaiming, in accents intended for the general ear, "Lud! Lud! Lud! Have you lived to these years without ever happening to meet with Hudibras, that you don't yet know,

> 'He who's convinced against his will,
> Is of the same opinion still?'

For *he* read *she*, and you 'make assurance doubly sure.'" And she went about the room uttering divers sneering remarks upon my greenhornness.

But these jests upon my performance of the Busybody were not the only fruit of my attempt to rescue the ill-fated maiden from destruction. The impertinence and folly of her mother provoked such universal indignation, that the Wiesbaden ladies no longer strove to cast a veil of politeness over their determination to cut the self-degraded widow. A determination that was speedily strengthened by reports which Mrs. Alsop sedulously elicited from the French master and the music master, and as sedulously disseminated, that both frequently found their pupil *tête-à-tête* with the Vicomte, and that the young lady appeared to be far less diligent in the intervals between their lessons than she had been at first. This last circumstance our queen of gossips explained, upon Dortchen's authority, by the further report that the Vicomte passed with Miss Beechwood all the hours that her mother was,—and he was not, in the Kursaal.

It was at this important epoch of Agnes Beechwood's fate, that her steam-boat acquaintance began to make their appearance at Wiesbaden. The first to arrive was young Belton, with his mother and sister. He had no sooner deposited them in their hotel, than he inquired out the residence of the Beechwoods, and hastened thither. He found Agnes and the Vicomte *tête-à-tête*, and for a moment recoiled. But Agnes received him frankly, regretting that her mother should be from home; while the Vicomte, like an able politician, held himself on the reserve until he should thoroughly understand the posture of affairs; and Belton's momentary alarm subsided. It was late in the day, and the approach of her dinner-hour soon brought Mrs. Beechwood home; when the sight of her unexpected visitor recalling her former maternal speculations, she welcomed him with even more cordiality than their brief and casual acquaintance quite warranted. The young man was somewhat surprised at the great change in the widow's mien and spirits, but too much occupied with the daughter to ponder much upon what was in itself agreeable. His own spirits

rose again, and the ill-subdued eagerness with which he renewed his requests for her permission to present his mother and sister to herself and her daughter, was abundant evidence to the lady of the justice of her calculations. If she did not choose to meet him with corresponding eagerness, it was with a very gracious smile that she said she should have great pleasure in making the ladies' acquaintance, and hoped they should meet at the rooms in the evening.

They met accordingly. The Beechwoods were seated at one of the tables prepared in the open air for the purpose, drinking coffee with the Vicomte, Mad. de Blinval, and a French flirt of Madame's, when the Belton party approached. For an instant Henry Belton paused, casting a look of uneasy inquiry upon the associates of his travelling companions. But can a lover spare even a glance from the lady of his thoughts, to criticize others? And if he could, it was so satisfactory to him to see De Clichy devoting himself to the mother instead of the daughter, that all else glided from his mind. The introduction took place, and both Mrs. and Miss Belton seemed pleased with the simple Agnes. The elder lady's eye turned indeed more than once, coldly and mistrustfully, upon Mad. de Blinval; but she, upon a whisper from her beau, rose, said to old Mrs. Beechwood with a nod of intimacy, that she would not interrupt her conversation with her English friends, and taking the arm of the whisperer, strolled away. De Clichy did not follow her example. This clever adventurer was well aware that the widow could not but feel a few twinges of conscience for her neglect of her daughter, and must therefore wish her married, young as she was. He had quickly discovered, further, that she thought Belton a very desirable match, whence it became indispensable that he should ascertain both the footing upon which this rival stood with Agnes, and the characters of himself and his mother. Accordingly he remained at his post.

For this evening Mrs. Beechwood sacrificed roulette to her maternal duties. She undertook to do the honours of Wiesbaden to the travellers. She conducted them through the Kursaal gardens and the paths beyond them, to the ruined castle of Sonnenberg, pretty nearly the only object and only spot affording a tolerable prospect, within a walk. She led them, upon their return, into the rooms, where the tables, as the Vicomte remarked, were crowded, and invited them to drink tea in her apartments.

Many were the conjectures to which Mrs. Beechwood's unprecedented abstinence from roulette gave birth. Mrs. Alsop, although ready with a disagreeable explanation, and not particularly careful respecting the consonance of to-day's suggestion with yesterday's, concluded that the widow had lost all her money. "Nay," cried one of her hearers, "it was but this morning you were exclaiming upon her marvellous luck."—"More likely," observed another, "she wants to catch that young man, who will be rich, for her daughter."—"Oh!" retorted Mrs. Alsop, "she never would give up roulette for such a trifle as marrying off her daughter. Besides, the chit is clearly meant for Viscount Bonnet."—"Are you quite sure," asked Miss Whitewell, archly, "she does not intend that elegant article for her own head, when she shall discard her crapes and sables, and adapt her dress to her feelings?"

Good or bad, when did an ill-natured jest fail to obtain a laugh? Miss Whitewell's was hailed with one loud enough to provoke the authoritative, silence-enjoining, raps of the croupier rakes. Did this brilliant success pique Mrs. Alsop into extra alertness? or was it only, as a shrewd friend of mine once remarked, that anybody may achieve his or her object, if only sufficiently intent thereon, to the exclusion of all besides. If this opinion be well founded, Mrs. Alsop was certain to succeed, for assuredly no trading politician was ever more intent upon attaining to the premiership, no sanguine philanthropist upon civilizing Africa, reforming jails and superseding punishment, than is this lady, to whom ignorance is the reverse of bliss, upon making herself acquainted with all the faults, follies, and affairs of all the world. Upon the present occasion, either by marvellous good luck, or by incomparable assiduity and cleverness, she managed to light upon the Belton family, as they walked home from Mrs. Beechwood's apartment, and to overhear part of their conversation.

"Yes, the daughter is very pretty, is beautiful, Henry," said Mrs. Belton; "but she is very unformed."

"Very ignorant," chimed in the daughter.

"She has been brought up in great retirement," observed Henry.

"But," rejoined his sister, "if her father were so superior a man as you were told, he might surely have managed to give his daughter some education."

"It is not every superior man, Louisa," said the brother, "who wants to see his daughter a blue stocking."

Louisa laughed as she retorted, 'Your wife, I presume, is only 'to suckle fools and chronicle small beer,' Henry?"

"Wife, Louisa!" interposed her mother. "Who is thinking of a wife for Henry? We are only speaking of the consideration, the kindness, to which English women, insulated in a foreign country, may be entitled, and that depends more upon their respectability than their polish. No parish priest's daughter is likely to have enjoyed your advantages. I see nothing amiss in the girl, but I cannot much admire the mother, Henry."

"I must say," subjoined Louisa, little abashed by her mother's mild reproof,—"I must say I looked in vain for the rooted dejection, the shrinking from human commerce, with which Henry touched our hearts for the inconsolable widow who only endured existence for the sake of her fatherless child."

"Lapse of time, and change of scene, Louisa,"—began the brother, hesitatingly.

"And the attentions of a French Vicomte, as I think they called him, Henry."

"You say well as they called him, Louisa," observed the mother. "He, and the Frenchwoman we found with them, seem oddly selected associates."

"Mother, mother!" cried Henry, "and will you not be kind to a lovely, innocent girl, unless her mother both knows how to appreciate foreigners by their manners, and remains for ever inconsolable?"

"Gently, my boy, gently," she replied. "I came hither predisposed in favour of your *protégées*; and only say, what I have seen this

evening makes me wish to see more before I commit myself. We will call upon them to-morrow morning; but I wish you to learn who and what their French friends are."

"I will try to do so, mother; but will you not likewise ask them to dine with us?"

"Certainly, Henry. The less I like Mrs. Beechwood, the less I should choose to have accepted an invitation without returning it. We will ask them to dine with us at the Kursaal *table d'hote*, where I suppose we are likely to meet the best of the Wiesbaden company; and so we shall at least discover the estimation in which they are held here."

Whether the Vicomte, as well as Mrs. Alsop, overheard this conversation, is not known; but if he remained a stranger to it, he must, such was the zeal and agility of her tongue, have been the only one in the town. At all events, he acted as though well informed of what was best adapted to alienate the Beltons from the Beechwoods.

When the newly-arrived party tapped next day at the door of Mrs. Beechwood's sitting-room, (announcement by a servant is a refinement not yet imported,) they heard a sort of scuffling of chairs; then the door was opened by the Vicomte, with the air of a man at home; and Agnes, covered with blushes, tears glittering in her eyes, whilst smiles dimpled round her mouth, and in manifest agitation, came forward to receive them. Again, Mrs. Beechwood was absent; and the Vicomte, with a show of precipitation, offered to fetch her from the roulette table, where, he said, she was as usual amusing herself. Mrs. Belton could not think of suffering Mrs. Beechwood to be disturbed for her; would, with Miss Beechwood's permission, pay her visit to her, as her mother's representative, and leave with her a request that both ladies would oblige her with their company to dinner at the Kursaal. It was now Agnes who proposed that M. de Clichy should carry the message to her mother. But again Mrs. Belton would not trouble a gentleman with whom she had not the honour to be acquainted. She would herself seek Mrs. Beechwood, since she now knew where to find her; and she took leave of Agnes, she hoped only till dinner-time, as she said. Henry Belton, confounded, by the change of appearances, by such strong symptoms of the Vicomte's being the accepted suitor of the daughter, not, as he had yesterday haply believed, of the mother, remained nearly silent throughout the visit; and his sister found abundant amusement in observing all parties.

The Beltons proceeded to the Kursaal without exchanging a word; the son absorbed in his own troubled thoughts; the mother and sister wisely judging that these were more likely to direct him according to their wishes, if they forbore even to insinuate such wishes. At the roulette table they found her they sought, by the side of Mad. de Blinval; but her soul hung on the lips of the croupier, and she saw them not. The eyes of the Beltons rested upon the French companion of the English clergyman's widow. She was more than flirting with a gentleman seated on her other side, in partnership with whom she was playing; and she continued both games, interspersing an occasional familiar word to her English friend. The eyes of the mo-

ther and son met; the son averted his, and Louisa smiled disdainfully.

For a few minutes Mrs. Belton stood still, watching the Parisian's manœuvres, the English rustic's absorption in play, satisfied that she almost compelled her son to do the same. Then she went round to the back of Mrs. Beechwood's chair, apologized for the interruption, and tendered her invitation. The widow looked up, accepted with a hasty "good morning," and again bent her eyes upon the table, whence her money having vanished, she nudged her French friend for information, which she diligently pricked into a card. Mrs. Belton returned to her children, and again taking her son's arm, remained a silent spectator, until she was satisfied that the impression she desired was made upon him, whose admiration of the female gambler's daughter had alarmed her maternal ambition and her maternal affection.

The Kursaal dinner table was at its fullest, Mrs. Alsop's reports of Mrs. Belton's intentions and suspicions having attracted the Wiesbaden world thither, in the expectation of a scene. The Vicomte apparently entertained a similar expectation, and did his best to realize it, for he induced Madame de Blinval to dine at the Kursaal with a male friend, and, having done so, he secured them seats next the Belton party. But he did not, it should seem, partake in the general desire to witness the anticipated scene, in which he might perhaps foresee a possible inconvenient personal involvement; for he absented himself, and took his repast at one of the half-deserted hotel tables d'hôte, deferring to a later hour the gratification of his curiosity touching the result.

The precaution was needless, as the hopes of the lovers of exciting amusement were disappointed. Mrs. Belton was far too well bred to make a scene, even if she had not been restrained by tenderness for her son's feelings, and by commiseration for the poor girl, who, if she indeed were the dupe of a sharper, was to be pitied as the victim of her mother's folly. The dinner, nevertheless, fully answered the purposes of Mrs. Belton and of the Vicomte, if not of the scandal hunters. It satisfied the lady as to the sentiments of the better portion of the Brunnen company towards the French adventuress and the Englishwomen who associated with her; and Henry Belton could not pass an hour nearly opposite to Madame de Blinval without detecting Nanette Guillot under the mask—I can hardly say of decorum, if of aristocracy—without admitting the conviction that her female friends could not be those of his mother and sister. It must, however, be confessed, that his mind was rendered the more open to this conviction by the effect of the evidence he had received in the morning of the state of Agnes Beechwood's affections. Any personal interest in the question that might have some little dulled the perceptions of the son and brother had thereby been set aside.

Mrs. Belton became more ceremoniously polite when she had once resolved that this was the last time the widow and her daughter should be guests of hers. Mrs. Beechwood, wholly unversed in the ways of the world, was surprised, but rather flattered than hurt at the change, which amazed some, and perplexed others of the lookers-on. Mrs. Alsop was among the latter, and made many very intelligible speeches

very audibly, for the benefit and illumination of the, to her apprehension, unobserving and predestined mother-in-law; but Mrs Belton heard or heeded them not. When the company rose from table, she proposed a remove to the garden for coffee, and persevered in her studied civility till the last cup was set down, though she steadily overlooked the bow of the Vicomte, who, seeing that all appeared quiet, attempted to join the party. But no sooner was the last coffee-cup replaced upon the table than she rose, and wished Mrs. and Miss Beechwood a good evening, with a determinate formality, that precluded the possibility of a proposal to spend it together. Her son and daughter followed her example; and though the tone and look of the former was saddened, they bespoke no purpose of returning.

Mrs. Beechwood glared after them with an expression of astonishment, resentment, and mortification, very consolatory to Mrs. Alsop; she then turned her eyes yet more wrathfully upon the tittering spectators, as though accusing them of having infused their own spite and prejudice into the mind of her new acquaintance; and finally jerked her head with an air of resolution, that might have been interpreted, "I will not lose so desirable a son-in-law without a struggle." As for Agnes, absorbed in the delicious confusion of a young girl's first love, in the agitation of having only that very morning received the assurance that she was beloved, that her hand should be asked as soon as it seemed likely that her mother would consent, she probably saw not the change occupying everybody else; but rejoiced at being again left to herself, and to as much of her lover as he might deem it discreet to abstract from rouge et noir, roulette, and her mother.

The next day, Mrs. and Miss Beechwood called upon Mrs. and Miss Belton, at the Quatre Saisons. They had gone out with Mr. Belton for a drive.

"And without asking us to accompany and guide them!" exclaimed Mrs. Beechwood to her daughter, as they turned away.

"So much the better, mamma," answered the latter. "I am sure I am far happier at home, and it would only have taken you from what amuses you."

Mrs. Alsop, of course, learned the incident—what is too small for an incident amongst Brunnen idlers?—and her admiration of Mrs. Belton was immense. A sentiment so unusual with her she would fain have testified to its object; but that lady appeared no more. Late in the evening, her son walked into the rooms, tendered his mother's apologies for not taking leave in person of Mrs. and Miss Beechwood, as she meant to proceed on her homeward journey in the morning, and bade them farewell himself in a manner that completely extinguished the widow's hopes.

Again all went on as before, until the arrival of the Okehampton family and of Sir John Eustace upon the same day, as it happened, although unconnectedly. The advent of a peer of the realm always produces a mighty commotion amongst that class of English who hold themselves entitled to associate with nobility, but have not hitherto succeeded in so doing; and the commotion is none the less if, like Mrs. Alsop, the persons to be commoted chance to profess democratic principles or whims. Even a baronet is somewhat of a stimulant to

society. Then only think of an earl, a countess, with their lady daughters, and a baronet, all bursting simultaneously upon the Weisbaden community! Think of the agitation with which the rising of these stars upon the Kursaal must have been expected!

The whole world was in the gardens, Mrs. Beechwood walking with Agnes and their French friends, when the great event occurred. The widow descried the Okehampton party, and she really may well be forgiven if her bosom swelled with exultation at the thought that their friendship would amply avenge her upon those who had slighted, had insulted her. She exclaimed, loud enough to be pretty generally heard, "Agnes, there are our friends, Lord and Lady Okehampton!" and, withdrawing her arm from the Vicomte's, she hurried forward with her daughter to meet them. Lady Okehampton stooped to look at a flower, called her daughters to do the same, and, as she rose again, and resumed her lord's arm, they turned back the way they had come.

I shall not easily forget the look of blank dismay with which Mrs. Beechwood paused and murmured,

"What can this mean?"

"They cannot have seen us, mamma," cried Agnes, herself now much excited; for she had been charmed by the graceful courtesy of the ladies Wickham, and amidst Madame De Blinval's noisy vivacity had often regretted their quiet elegance. "Let us turn too, and we shall meet them the other way."

She heard not Mrs. Alsop's loud "None so blind as those who will not see." But her mother heard, her mother saw the titter that approved the remark, and her colour varied rapidly from red to white, and back again to red, as she followed her daughter's impulse.

When the two parties again caught sight of each other, the Okehamptons avoided the meeting by turning into a side walk. It was evident to all that the highly polished lady shrank, with the benevolence that inspires true politeness, from giving the cut direct to those who, as she had learned since her arrival, were no longer company for herself and her daughters.

It was now the turn of Agnes to stand aghast. With a look of mingled grief and perplexity she exclaimed, "What can be the matter?" whilst her mother, with flashing eyes and crimsoned cheek, cried, "So the minds even of our best friends they have managed to poison!" The ringing laugh of Mrs. Alsop was not calculated to allay her rage, neither was the consciousness that all Wiesbaden witnessed and triumphed in her humiliation.

At this critical moment, Sir John Eustace approached with extended hands and the words, "At length I have the happiness of again meeting my lovely fellow-travellers!"

An angel from heaven had scarcely been more welcome to the widow. If she had lost her earl and countess, if the spiteful Mrs. Alsop had enjoyed her discomfiture, she was still superior to that envious little woman. For, if a scandalous attempt to depreciate the French vicomte and the opulent as noble French widow, whose friendship was grudged her, had been but too successful, she had now an indisputable and undisputed English baronet, which was more than

Mrs. Alsop could boast. She greeted him accordingly, and his name formed a very audible part of her answer to his address. Sir John resumed,

"But why thus agitated, my fair friend? Why those tears in the blue eyes of the sweet Agnes?"

"Oh, Sir John," cried the distressed girl—"the dear Ladies Wickham, and kind Lord and Lady Okehampton! Somebody must have prejudiced them against us. We have lost their friendship!"

"I cannot deny it, my dear young friend," he replied. "Some very ill-natured things were said at the dinner-table about your intimacy with a couple of French people. And either these reports have disturbed the English prudery of your patronizing grand acquaintance, or their aristocratic arrogance has caught at them as a plausible pretence for shaking off those whom they dare to call their inferiors."

"Inferiors!" echoed Mrs. Beechwood, hardly able to speak for rage. "Inferiors indeed! It was they who sought us, I'm sure!"

"To be sure it was, my good lady. On board the steamer their courtesy had an excellent effect. Besides, they perhaps found it dull by themselves. Here it is a different affair. But why should their insolence trouble you? You have other friends, who will never fail you."

"I shall tell her impertinent ladyship a piece of my mind, and that pretty plainly," said Mrs. Beechwood, as, in exulting excitement, she accepted the baronet's offered arm.

"You will do no such thing, if you will take my advice," was his answer. "You had to choose between dull, prosy, English decorum, and the gay ease of French levity. You preferred the lively to the stupid, and must now stand to your choice. But show the haughty countess, by your indifference, that you care as little for her acquaintance as she can for yours."

As he spoke, the baronet led Mrs. Beechwood to the rooms, to the roulette table, where, as a matter of course, she dropped into her seat. In the flurry of her spirit, she played higher than usual, and lost heavily, whilst her daughter, who had trembled at her purpose of insulting Lady Okehampton, sighed to think that the more lady-like course recommended by Sir John cut off all hope of a renewal of intercourse that had afforded her so much pleasure. That gentleman, however, speedily interrupted her regrets. He drew her to a distant sofa, where he chatted with and gradually soothed her. But there was now nothing paternal in his manner; and Miss Whitewell remarked to Mrs. Alsop, "Another and another still succeeds!"

Things remained in this state for a few days, with no other alteration than a manifestly increasing rivalry between Sir John and De Clichy. During this lull, I chanced to find the Okehamptons—old acquaintances of mine, by the by—deliberating upon the possibility of averting the threatening evils from Agnes Beechwood, for whom their daughters were earnestly pleading..

"I am sure, papa," urged Lady Lucy, "there is no harm in Agnes. She was so good, so simple, and affectionate, and not at all uninformed, though quite without accomplishments."

"I am not blaming the poor child, Lucy," replied the earl. Even if I believed, which I do not, the scandal circulated about her, I should always say the whole fault is in the mother. But still, my dear girls, it is impossible for you to notice the companion of such people as she appears with in public. The Vicomte who, no more a vicomte than my valet, is the decoy duck of the gaming establishment, and Madame de Blinval, who belongs to a class of which it is almost pollution for you to suspect the existence—a woman who earns her livelihood by vice and infamy."

Lady Lucy was silenced, but her sister eagerly exclaimed,

"Surely Mrs. Beechwood can never know that! She must be deceived. If she were told these terrible things—"

As her daughter spoke, the countess raised her thoughtful eyes to her husband; but it was I who answered,

"She is deceived, Lady Elizabeth, but, unluckily, is too self-opinionated to admit the possibility of being mistaken. I told her plainly what her Madame de Blinval is, and only got a slap of the face for my pains."

"It is sad," said Lady Okehampton, with a sigh, "that the daughter should be utterly destroyed by the mother's folly."

"You might say vice," observed the earl. "And is it not both the course of nature and the law of God?"

"If it were possible to remove her from her mother," said I. "Has she no relations who would take her away, if told of the mother's proceedings?"

Lord Okehampton shook his head and answered,

"The worthy doctor's having left everything to his widow makes the poor girl so entirely dependent upon her, that the family might hardly like to risk her losing her fortune by removing her."

"If the widow goes on as she has begun," I rejoined, "there will be little fortune for Agnes to inherit or lose. But is she indeed penniless save as her mother's heir?"

"It is so understood in ——shire," said Lady Okehampton.

"Then one of her dangers is at an end," I rejoined. "It is but to hint as much to Mrs Alsop, and before night Wiesbaden will be so completely possessed of the fact, that you may depend upon this Vicomte's having by that time abandoned all thought of making her his vicomtesse. The Blinval is a less critical danger."

I gave the hint. The result was infallible—as well the universal knowledge of the fact as its effect upon Vicomte Bonnet, the name by which he was generally known. That evening he stirred not from the back of the widow's chair, and Sir John occupied his deserted post beside Agnes. But Agnes heard little of the conversation addressed by her neighbour either to herself or to the Blinval. Her eyes were fixed upon the deserter, her whole soul busy with cogitations concerning his motives for such conduct. The next morning, and the next, found De Clichy stationary in the same place. The Martus and Dortchen no longer reported his *tête-à-têtes* with Agnes. Not, indeed, that she was spoken of as more diligent or as solitary, the English baronet having succeeded to him everywhere but in her heart. Day by day the poor girl's complexion grew paler, her eye heavier, her

form thinner. She did indeed "let a pale and yellow melancholy feed on her damask cheek;" and as I marked the fading flower, I half repented of my officious intervention. Lady Okehampton consoled me by the remark, "Even should she die of her blighted love, as I trust she will not, is it not better than dying of a husband's infamy? The thing to regret is, that Mrs. Alsop was not earlier informed of the tenor of Dr. Beechwood's will."

Of the elderly lover's wooing, and the pining maiden's blindness to the honour done her, our own eyes informed us all. Mrs. Alsop added, upon the authority of her ears, that the said lover never dropped a word of marriage, and she supposed that the sly puss thought, by her seeming density, to extort that important word. I could not forbear interposing with, "She is far too sad to think about that, or anything else, except yonder mercenary wretch;" and Miss Whitewell added, "Patience, good folks; a little patience, and we shall see."

Our patience was not long tried. Our indefatigable investigatrix quickly brought us more positive information. She had actually overheard Sir John lay his heart and fortune at Miss Beechwood's feet, without mentioning his hand The young lady, seeming to conceive the omitted article virtually implied, had thanked him for the good opinion that prompted the offer, but had no inclination to change her condition—indeed she did not think she should ever marry. The lover had half audibly repeated, "Marry!" then, recollecting himself, said, as if feeling his way, "You prefer the unencumbered, free, and gay life of your friend the Blinval to the humdrum yoke of marriage?" Agnes had looked at him for an instant, as if at a loss for his meaning, then answered calmly, "No gaiety for me, Sir John; I only wish to live and die with my mother—at home, if she would but return there!" and she had looked so desponding as she spoke, that even Mrs. Alsop's heart was touched, and Miss Whitewell wished anything could be devised to help the poor thing.

Next morning, Mrs. Beechwood's seat at the roulette table was vacant. Neither she nor the Vicomte appeared at the Kursaal. Conjecture was rife. Had the widow lost her last florin? Was the *bonnet* in jail? Was Agnes dead or dying? Some shrewd observers remarked that the croupiers and other persons connected with the establishment chuckled, as though exulting in superior knowledge. But the oracles of fate, as enunciated by the pauses of the circling ball, or the turning up of the cards, were more interesting than the life or death of a young girl, and the absentees were forgotten by all except the idle lookers-on.

Some hours had elapsed, when suddenly Agnes, without hat or shawl, breathless, panting, flushed with emotion or agitation, burst into the room. All gave way in astonishment, as, shrieking, "Mother! O mother!" she rushed up to the table, to that mother's prescriptive seat. She saw the place occupied by a stranger—a stranger stationed behind it. She gazed around the table as one bewildered, and at length faltered out, "My mother!—where is my mother? Where—where is he?"

Every eye was bent upon the trembling questioner with an expression of pity, curiosity, or foreboding apprehension, according to the

temper of the proprietor; but no one felt called upon to answer. At length one of the inspectors went up to her, and said, in a tone of respectful compassion, "Mademoiselle, neither Madame Beechwood nor M. le Vicomte have been here to-day." She looked at him as if his communication were hard to be understood, or gave birth to apprehensions that overpowered her. Then as if thinking aloud, rather than speaking, she painfully uttered the disjointed words, "Deserted, forsaken, and helpless—insulted—and no protection!"

Lord Okehampton, who had chanced to lounge into the room, could bear it no longer. He made his way to the sinking girl, took her hand, and said, respectfully as though she had been a princess,

"Miss Beechwood, if you need protection, if you have been insulted, command me."

She looked at him as if her bewilderment increased, then said,

"You, my lord? But they would not know me—that was my first sorrow—I was not deserted—no one had insulted me then."

"Never mind whether they knew you or not, and, rely upon it, Dr. Beechwood's daughter shall not be insulted in the presence of a —— shire man. Tell me what has happened—or, rather, let me conduct you home."

"Home? O no! no! Sir John—I left him there."

"Then we will turn Sir John out, for at home you really must be," said the earl, soothingly; and, giving me a look to accompany them, he endeavoured to draw her arm within his own.

"Whilst he was yet speaking, whilst Agnes was hanging back and staring at him, as if unable to comprehend that he who had been so unkind was forcing his powerful friendship upon her, a little bustle occurred towards the door. Suddenly a sharp loud voice was heard to exclaim,

"Dr. Beechwood's daughter insulted! But I should like to see who will dare to insult the daughter of the Vicomtesse de Clichy!"

All gave way, and the *ci-devant* widow, gaily dressed, and hanging upon the Vicomte's arm, advanced through the yielding, gazing crowd. Agnes looked at her mother, at her mother's dress, at her mother's companion, whilst repeatedly murmuring "Vicomtesse de Clichy!" as though her stunned faculties were unable to attach any idea to what she saw and heard. The mother had now reached the place where Agnes, with her hand still unconsciously resting upon Lord Okehampton's arm, stood, the centre of a staring, wondering, pitying circle. She made a saucy curtsey to the earl, and, snatching away her child's hand, said,

"I am vastly beholden to your lordship for your condescending championship of Dr. Beechwood's daughter; but mine needs no other protection than my husband, the Vicomte de Clichy."

Agnes started, fixed her eyes upon the bridegroom, and dropped swooning at her bridal mother's feet.

Need I prolong my tale? Who anticipates not its conclusion? Lord Okehampton, looking sternly at the wondering bride, said,

"A sick bed would ill accord with nuptial festivities," and, despite her opposition, caused the deceived, deserted, and insensible girl to be removed to his own apartments, where the kindness of his lady and

daughters, poured balm over a breaking heart. Heal it, indeed, they could not; the blow had been struck too home. The wound inflicted by the discovery that he who had so insidiously stolen her virgin affections was her mother's husband, made at the very moment when her blood was curdled, her whole soul was convulsed, by the insult of an at length understood dishonourable offer, was incurable, was mortal. But they soothed the last hours of this unhappy victim of a mother's folly or vice, and of a man's mercenary duplicity. She died blessing the friends whom she had once accused of capricious cruelty.

The pseudo-Vicomte, armed with all the requisite proofs of his marriage, very soon left his deluded bride and set off for London, where he possessed himself of the whole of Dr. Beechwood's little property. This he speedily dissipated at Paris, and was then detected in similar or even more criminal modes of supplying his wants. The last account received here told that the unmasked swindler was condemned for life to the galleys. His miserable dupe and wedded victim, bereft of all means of subsistence, a childless mother and doubly widowed wife, was first an object of general derision, then of as general compassion. A subscription was raised to send her home, and it is but justice to Mrs. Alsop to say that she contributed her full share. The Vicomtesse, as she persists in calling herself, was, it is understood, coldly received by the relations she had grieved and disgraced. They do not, indeed, suffer her to want, but support her upon the smallest allowance possible, and in complete seclusion, where she has abundant leisure to rue the day when she first beheld a gaming-table.

---

## LINES.

'Tis vain to mourn,—of hopes and fears
The sum of life is made;
A changeful scene of smiles and tears,
Of chequered light and shade.

The heavy burden must be borne,
'Tis useless to complain;
No rose is e'er without a thorn,
Nor pleasure without pain.

We are but creatures of a day,
Whose doom is long since spoken;
The sands of life run fast away,
The glass will next be broken.

A few short years, and in the tomb
We sink, o'erborne by sorrow;
The night is past, and on the gloom
Will break a bright to-morrow.

*Reform Club.* T. D'Oyly.

# RECOLLECTIONS OF A ROYALIST OFFICER.[1]

BY COLONEL DE R * * * * *, AN EARLY COMRADE OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

"*All* abuses, my children, are evils; but for the task of extirpating them there needs *great* wisdom. When men are for reforming all things in such haste, a *terrible* abuse follows,—the abuse of *prisons* and of *scaffolds*. Once more I must repeat to you, it is Christianity alone, Christianity *rightly understood*, that can be the reformer of this world's abuses; *it* can have patience, for it is, in a sense, like God, eternal.

"It is only one by one that human agency can hope to make even acknowledged abuses disappear; but for *that* slow acting we are too impatient in France; we know many things, but we know not how to *wait*. In 1787 this impatience was far keener than even now; society had then set off at full speed towards that which seemed to be the good of the public; the whole nation was one great concourse of reformers and regenerators; the genius of a statesmanlike mind,—the powerful head of a Louis XIV.,—would have seen the danger of going so fast.

"The prince, afterwards Louis XVIII., levelled his opposition against Calonne; and from his bureau were launched the keenest arrows which assailed the comptroller-general. The mind of this prince was a little tinctured with the philosophy of the day; *he* also wished to innovate, but not exactly after the fashion of Calonne; the Anglomania had touched him, and he was dreaming of a charter.

"The Count d'Artois, lighter-hearted than his brothers, and more engrossed in pleasure than the simple-minded monarch," (whose recreations were the camera-like telescope and the blacksmith's shop,) or the prince, who studied foreign politics and sided with the opposition, "offered no vows for political changes; the ideas, the principles of antique France, had always sufficed to him, and he desired nothing better; the laws of ancient chivalry were more comprehensible to him than the affairs of the public; and he loved loyalty better than the address of the politician. While his brother surrounded himself with modern philosophers and planners of Utopias, admiring the constitution of England, Charles d'Artois marched in all the charm of youth and gaiety at the head of those who, contenting themselves with what had gone before them, and dwelling upon the heritage of renown that had come down to them from far antiquity, formed the centre of all that was elegant and brilliant. The ladies of the court were on their side; while the loveliest, the most graceful of all, the Queen Marie-Antoinette, having learnt from all she had seen since her arrival in France to dread reformers, and wishing to change but one thing, the

[1] Continued from p. 307.

etiquette and the wearying restraint of the court life, embraced the politics of her younger brother; the principles of a party to whom life was all smiles,—a thing crowned with flowers and occupied with fêtes."

"And the day was to come," as Miss Martineau says, "in which this poor queen, (who every month received in a purse of white kid lined with silk and embroidered with silver, the gold which was to supply the amusements of a regal and the bounties of a generous heart,) borrowed needle and thread from a gaoler's wife, to mend with those delicate fingers of hers that coarse and scanty clothing, which threatened to refuse her a decent covering in her progress to the scaffold."

Viscount Walsh, in his portraits of the leaders of the opening drama, now brings another figure upon the canvass, at which we shall but glance, our object being rather to illustrate to the reader of our village firesides the *kind* of news for which those in Corsica were listening, than to go into any regular history, much less into a political one, of those eventful times.

"There is another personage who took his part in the events of 1789, and of whom (if I dared to speak to you of him as one of the ministers of his son has spoken) I should say that the very name makes me sick at heart,—Philip Joseph, Duke of Orleans. The house of Orleans had yet to expiate the debauch and scandal of the regency; the Palais-Royale was still sullied with the orgies and the acts of sacrilege of Dubois; and in many families it was whispered, that beneath the gilded cielings of its chambers poisons had been prepared. The proud debater Duport, the young and yet austere follower of Voltaire, replied once to a friend of the Archbishop of Toulouse, who had come to him with advances on the part of that minister to try and detach him from the party of the opposition, 'Tell him who sent you that the favours of a court will *never* tempt me; I have so arranged my life as easily to do without them; all temptations coming from *that* side I feel in me the strength to resist: but there is another thing which will perhaps one day make me go over to the ministry; it is—the Duke of Orleans. His fears, his hesitation, his continual turpitude, have upon me the effect which the drunken Helots produced upon the young Spartans.'"

Duport was an orator in the parliament of Paris; the Viscount's graphic sketch of whom is preceded by a still more lively one of his friend d'Epréménil, destined afterwards to play in the progress of opposition a part so singularly like, in its outward show, that of the refractory members in our own House of Commons, when the poor bewildered Charles held his strange colloquy with the speaker Lenthal. The noble conduct of the two French representatives, in leading the officer sent to arrest them through private galleries and passages known to themselves in the "vast labyrinth of stone,"—which the historian calls the giant palace in one of whose halls the parliaments were then held, and of whose leagues of marble-pillared chambers we have little idea here,—to save him from the gathering mob below, rather than take advantage of the rescue to effect which its angry throngs were awaiting them, is a gleam of chivalry on the dark outline

of the heavy mist which folds round the combatants a darkness so difficult to penetrate.

" D'Epréménil," he says, " was not a heartless man; his eloquence was based upon conviction; he loved, he venerated Louis XVI., and when, later, danger gathered round the fated head of the monarch, d'Epréménil left the side of his opponents to fling himself among those who fell in his defence; but, at the outset, his fiery and ardent spirit made him descend among the first into the arena, and there he summoned round him all whom his fervent rhetoric could bring to the cause he wished should triumph. D'Epréménil was one of those whom the approach of the tempest inspired; never was he so eloquent as when peril awoke his courage; and many times he sought out danger for the sake of the emotion it kindled. It was with a gay goodnature that the young partisan waged war against power; but to this *légèreté* he united very decided religious opinions, and was even reported to belong to the sect of Martinists, or illuminati. When the question was first agitated of restoring to the Protestants the free exercise of their religion, and when Lamoignon de Malesherbes sought to have the error of Louis XIV. repaired by Louis XVI., one day during its discussion in the great chamber of parliament, all at once d'Epréménil rose from his seat, and pointing with his finger to a painting which represented the death of Christ, he cried in a voice of thunder, 'Will you then crucify him afresh?'—The magistrates, the colleagues of d'Epréménil, looked at him in silence, remained perfectly cool, and the edict was very quietly registered. The day for religious fervour was gone by. The reformer had but little toleration, and was behind the spirit of his age."

Few of the Viscount's sketches are more powerful than that of Mirabeau with his eagle glance,—" A soul like whose," he says, " disengages itself from base passions in the presence of difficult circumstances, casting them from it in the moment of peril, as the soiled garments which would have hindered it in making its spring." The hardly dealt by but unconquerable spirit, the reckless captive of parental despotism, the noble of old ancestry undertaking for the people,—

> " I stand amid the silent night,
> And think of man and all his woe,
> With fear and pity, grief and awe,
> When I remember Mirabeau."—

" The minister who had projected the assembling of the Notables knew well that the fate of great measures in France is attached to the degree of first enthusiasm which attends them; and having heard no bursts of applause or noisy transports of approbation follow his discourse, he divined instantly that his credit would not be of long duration. In fact, a redoubtable opposition was not slow in forming itself against his system of reform, and two months after the opening of the assembly, M. de Calonne was no longer comptroller-general of finance, and Fourqueux, an old councillor of state, had taken his place.

" The last sitting of the Notables took place on the tenth of May: the day passed in felicitations, dreams, and hopes. Lamoignon,

keeper of the seals, said, in the discourse with which he closed it, 'All will be repaired without a shock, without a fortune overturned! without alteration in the principles of government.

* * * * * *

The entire universe must look with respect upon a nation, which offers to its sovereign such prodigious resources; and the public credit will become more solid than ever.'"

As fond was the trust of Necker, when the nearer peril of the great national gathering drew on. In his conversation with the Marquis de Bouillé, in January 1789, when that nobleman represented to him, as he says, "with force and with truth the danger of assembling the States-General in the manner he intended, and told him he was arming the people against the first orders of the state; and that when thus delivered up unarmed, they would soon feel the effect of their vengeance, urged on by the two most active passions of the human heart,—interest and self-love,—Necker coldly answered, raising his eyes to heaven, that it was necessary to rely upon the moral virtues of mankind. I replied that this was a fine romance, but that he would see a horrible and bloody tragedy, of which I advised him to avoid the catastrophe. At this he smiled; and Madame Necker told me that my apprehensions were extravagant."

"At the epoch of the assembly of Notables," concludes M. Walsh, in winding up the chapter from which we have been quoting, "men might, with no revolutionary feeling in their hearts, welcome the future that seemed opening with such fair promise. Let us not throw the stone at men who in a time now long remote welcomed ideas that were new. We, of to-day, have seen so many promises ill-kept, so many lying programmes, so many oaths betrayed, that we should be simple to believe we should see fair days simply because they were promised to us!—but fifty years back it was not so.

"I have related the days of 1787 to you, though they have little of dramatic in them, because they are the first links in the long chain I have to unwind before you. There were few who saw then, that they were the first step taken towards the abyss."

---

## CHAPTER XII.

"There is sadness in the thought
'Twas a long time ago!'
Mournful is the lesson taught,
Drear the changes that are wrought,
Since 'a long time ago.'"

CHENEY.

M. de R——'s narrative is now for some time chiefly occupied with the news which, courier after courier, reaches them from France. Like Ivanhoe chained down in his narrow sick chamber, while the distant sound of battle was stirring his heart, and hearing from Rebecca the features of the strife he might not share,—his duty detained him in his remote garrison, and condemned him to hear but the distant tumult of what perhaps it had been still sadder to take a part in, only that

there is a satisfaction in being able to share, if we cannot lighten, the sufferings of those to whom our hearts are bound.

"Two assemblies," he says, "of the Notables of the kingdom had taken place at this time, and had done nothing; the States-General had just opened; the chamber of the Tiers-Etat, presided over by M. Bailly, had declared itself the National Assembly; many members of the clergy and nobility had united themselves with it from the other bodies; the spirit of 'liberty' began to be at its height in Paris; it had even gained ground among the troops, and manifested itself in particular in the regiment of French guards."

We learnt that the seditious party had carried off the arms kept at the Invalides, had possessed themselves of the Bastille, and had massacred its commanding officer, M. de Launay; while M. de Flesselles, provost of Trades, had been killed by a pistol-shot.

We heard also that the busts of M. Necker and of the Duke of Orleans had been paraded in triumph through the streets of Paris; and that a detachment of the Royal German troops had been assailed with stones on the Place de Louis XV. while endeavouring to charge the rioters, the French guards having at the same time left their barracks, in defiance of their officers, and joined the mob.

The king, discouraged by so much audacity, had thought it best to cede to the torrent, (Louis XVI., said Viscount Walsh, in his volumes before referred to, always put off *severe* measures till the next day, hoping people would understand what he meant, and come to their right minds if he gave them time!) he had resolved to dismiss his ministers and recall M. Necker, and to show himself in his capital, where the people loudly demanded his presence.

The Marshal de Broglié, who commanded the troops which had been assembled at Versailles to maintain tranquillity there, had been obliged by the king's orders to withdraw them; and his majesty, entering the National Assembly, had made a most touching speech, expressive of his grief at hearing of the disorders in his capital.

M. de la Fayette had been nominated commander-in-chief of the national guard of Paris, and M. Bailly to the place of mayor of that city. The king had gone on the 17th of July to the city; arrived at the gates, the rebels had dared to forbid the body-guard who accompanied him to go further; and those faithful troops had been obliged to cede the point. The Marquis de la Fayette, commander of the national guard, was waiting there at the head of a numerous body of cavalry; an immense concourse of armed men lining the quays, streets, and squares, through which the cortége defiled, amid the noise of the discharges of a hundred cannon, and the thousand times repeated cries of "Vive la nation!" The carriage having arrived at the foot of the staircase of the Hôtel de Ville, the king had alighted from it, M. Bailly had presented him the tri-colored cockade, *and he had accepted it.* It was the ensign worn by the insurgents, as a rallying sign in their greatest atrocities.

(The Viscount Walsh's description of the yielding Louis's feelings, at the close of that unhappy day, when he found himself about to appear before the daughter of Maria Theresa with the rebel cockade disgracing his front,—and the passionate eagerness in which the queen,

with her little boy in her arms, *saw nothing* as she hurried forward to assure herself of her husband's safety,—is very beautiful.) At the end of this painful and humiliating day, the king had returned to Versailles, to pour out his grief in the bosom of his family.

A medal had been decreed to the conquerors of the Bastille, and France had celebrated the taking of that fortress as a national triumph. ("I have been at the site of the Bastile, now a timber-yard;" says Mr. Swinden in Nov. 1796, "but as there are fifty new prisons instituted in Paris, I think I may say that the Parisians have uselessly destroyed an ornament of their town.") *One* thing might have saved the dark abode it hallowed, as the "grey-moated prison" and silent cell of the Bohemian Huss are held sacred at Constance still; Le Maitre, de Saci, and Fontaine, prisoners there, had translated the Scriptures within its walls; but in spite of the fearful burlesque there seems in the strange paradoxes of these destroyers and replenishers, there is more of the awe of horror than regret in the oppressed breathing with which one treads the open and sunny spot, with its gilded column and unfinished elephant, and calm waters flowing near, where *once* in the narrow courts, o'erhung by high walls black and naked, a rose-bush would have demanded grace, and a marigold hardly *tried* to bloom; for *plants* cannot support the loss of sun and air; *they* do not grow used to unhealthy closeness and darkness, and the healthiest would have perished before the morrow.

It was there that was invented the mode of communicating with the inhabitants of neighbouring dungeons, called the *parlance du baton*,—the mysterious language which the tradition of the Bastille preserved with fidelity among its prisoners. They transmitted their thoughts or tidings from vault to vault, from chamber to chamber, round the gloomy pile, by knocking against the wall or the ceiling with a bit of fire-wood, according to the rank each letter held in the alphabet; thus, one rap answered to A, two to B, three to C, and so on as far as Z. It was Constantine de Reuneville, who, weary with tracing verses with a pen made of a fish's bone, and ink of mingled wine and soot, between the lines of his New Testament, and tapestrying with his sonnets and madrigals the walls of every chamber in the prison, invented this sad resource of those upon whom time hung heavy; and he and his pupils attained to such address and rapidity in executing the manœuvres it required, that they exchanged long conversations, in spite of the thickness of the walls, the vigilance of the sentinels, and the anger of the turnkeys. See the essay on state prisons, in the last edition of Saintine's "Picciola," published in the "Bibliotheque d'Elite," which goes on to say of poor Constantine, "But it was above all things the reading and meditating on the holy Scriptures that he called to his aid in the solitude of his dungeon. 'I have read my New Testament again and again,' he says, 'and the more I read it, the more I found that hidden manna, of which the deeper one tastes, the deeper is one's longing hunger for it: I discovered there that light which is veiled from worldly eyes; and during the first month of my confinement I went through the Testament very attentively *nine* times; the last time with more avidity than the first."

Many of the captives there, says Paul Jacob in the same Essay,

tamed the rats and strange creatures that haunted their dungeons. Necker's genius-illumined daughter, when a prisoner there, surrounded herself with a huge family of cats; but the only friends De Reuneville made in his prison, were the stray pigeons he sometimes tempted into his chamber, when he used to fasten little notes under their wings, in the hope that they might fall into the hands of a friend or a compassionate stranger.

The governor of the Bastille, Beruaville, the successor of Saint Mars, having received warning that the birds carried messages in this way for the prisoners, had all those shot that built their nests about the Bastille, or flew near it.

Literary memories, too, consecrated its gloomy precincts: Frerel compiled a Chinese grammar in the Bastille; Voltaire sketched out several tragedies, and planned the scheme of his literary future; and Marmontel composed his Moral Tales there; while ——— ground slates into powder, which he steeped in his wine, and made a pen out of a tooth-picker, to write upon the margins of his Plato, the "Philosophical Essay upon the reigns of Claudius and Nero."—"I shall finish directly the work you know of!" the Abbé Langley Dufresney used to write to his publisher, as soon as he saw the police officers enter his apartment; "I am about to be conducted by the king's orders to my study."

"Yet with moral torture often went physical in its dens," he continues; "and how many wretches, slowly assassinated by inoccupation and neglect, perished in the depth of those *cachots* of darkness, where Latude languished for four-and-thirty years! What abodes were those vaults of stone, which the daylight never visited; where the very air was empoisoned, and the damp earth oozed out mire in which crept toads and vermin!

"The revolutionary prisons, far unlike the state prisons of other days, had a character quite peculiar; in many of them the inmates would have felt almost at freedom, if it had not been that there was little deliverance to be hoped but from the scaffold. There were scenes when those *réunions* of persons distinguished for their birth, their education, and their social rank, were seen preserving faithfully under the bolts of a prison all the habits of that society, so brilliant in wit and elegance, which was to disappear with them. The women attended to their toilet, as of old; the soldiers went on forming the plans of their campaigns; there were poets who rhymed there, artists who painted, musicians who woke the prison echoes with song. Oh! the *pleasant* life one would have led in the Luxembourg, in Saint Lazare, the Abbaye, and the Châtelet, if it had not been for the bloody tribunal which demanded day by day its supply of victims!

"Under the Empire, state prisons became again pretty nearly what they had been in the time of Louis XIV., mysterious, impenetrable, and terrible.

"Upon the Restoration, they again lost all this character; and in the present day, the most formidable prisons are under a *régime* more benign than the colleges of our university; in fact, one is as well off as it is possible to be there, except that one is in prison."

The leaders of the Assembly, for the purpose of confirming their

first successes, and drawing after them into revolt the majority of the nation, had caused the report to be spread from one end of the kingdom to the other, that brigands, who were dispersed in all directions, overran the country, and were burning the harvests, and carrying fire and sword wherever they came. The imaginations of men were so struck with this extraordinary rumour, that every one took alarm, without endeavouring particularly to ascertain the fact; it was the incessant subject of inquiry and uneasiness, and every fresh comer was accosted, whether known or unknown, to hear if any further news were to be learnt of the banditti; many persons saying they had seen them.

This cunning perfidy had succeeded beyond the hopes of those who devised it; for all France had taken arms in an instant; its mild and feeling, but credulous people, led astray by these false noises, and worked up by incendiary journals, were now breathing hatred, revolt, and vengeance; and we learnt that the Count d'Artois, the young Dukes of Berri and Angoulême, with their tutor; the Prince of Condé, with his son and grandson; the Dukes of Bourbon and d'Enghien,—had just quitted the kingdom; while the ministers of state, and the friends of the king and queen, had all been also obliged to fly, to shelter their lives from proscription; the king having, we were assured, authorized, if he had not even ordered, their departure.

(It was at this period that Mrs. Swinburne had her last sad interview with the beautiful and ill-fated Queen of France, of whom she had written to her husband on her first sight of her upon her return to the French court in 1789, when "the unhappy mother was trembling for the life of her eldest son, who died so young, happier than his brother, as well as at the aspect of public affairs,"—"The queen is very much altered, and has lost all her brilliancy of looks; she was more gracious than ever, and said, 'You arrive in an evil hour, dear Mrs. Swinburne; you will not find me gay, I have a great deal upon my mind!'"—When after the fearful and strange affair of the populace breaking into the chateau at Versailles, it became time to leave for England, and Mrs. Swinburne, after having asked for her passports, went to take leave of the queen, who said to her touchingly, "You are going back into your happy family; in a peaceful country, where calumny and cruelty will never pursue you; *I* have reason to envy you,"—"We were alone," writes Mrs. Swinburne; "I don't know how I was worked up to it, or had the courage to make the proposal; but I did so—that if she thought herself in danger, my services were at her command, and that she could come to England under the disguise of my maid; whom I could easily dispose of by sending her, under some pretext, to her friends at St. Germains. She thanked me, and smiled faintly; but said nothing could induce her to leave her family. She added, that she had refused offers of the same sort. 'Beside,' and she looked round, 'if I wished it, it could not be; there are too many spies!'"

The young princes, "the sons of France," as they were called, had been placed for their education at Beauregard, "a chateau," says the glowing pen of Chateaubriand, "whence you look upon one of those fine woods so long reserved for the ornament of the rural seats of

France. It was in this green solitude, (while near at hand were all the pomps of Versailles, so soon to cease,) that the Duke de Serrent was preparing, though he little knew it, to struggle with misfortune, the boys whom he thought only to strengthen against the dangers of prosperity.

"The two brothers displayed very different turns of mind; the Duke of Angoulême having a decided bent towards science; while the Duke of Berri showed a taste for the fine arts; blending in his tone of mind the Bourbon and the Valois; and inheriting perhaps from his mother, Maria-Theresa of Savoy, and her ancestors, something of the genius of Italy.

"But the evil days drew on; and *they* were not to enjoy even the repose of childhood. The heads of the first victims had been paraded along Paris, the Bastille had fallen, the royal family, menaced and endangered, had been obliged to withdraw; the king himself had given the order, and their father, the Count d'Artois, had set out for the Low Countries, leaving to the Duke de Serrent, their tutor, the old noble who was to weep over the loss of his own two sons in the Vendéen and Chouan wars, the charge of bringing after him the youthful princes.

"The undertaking was full of peril, as it was necessary to cross so large a portion of the kingdom, and without an escort, while insurrections were breaking out in every direction; and it was only the rapidity of their flight which saved them. The duke hid their real destiny from his young charge, and telling them that they were going to see a regiment of hussars which they had perceived in the high road a few days before, and had not ceased to talk of ever since, they accompanied him joyfully into a post carriage which had been secretly got ready, and, thinking they were going to a fête, they quitted their country—quitted it never to see it again, till the Duke de Berri, a man, should spring impatient from his English ship upon its shores, shouting, 'FRANCE!'

"They had but just passed through Péronne, when sedition broke out in that town; and it was not till they were about to pass the frontier that the Duke de Serrent told his pupils the real end of their journey, and the proscription of which they were the objects. The poor children, who till then had been enchanted with their excursion, cast around them a sorrowful look, as that fair land met their eyes for the last time till so many long years should have passed over their heads, and from which the children of one of them were to flee away fugitives as young. Alas! who can tell what shall be on the morrow?

"From the Low Countries the Duke de Serrent conducted his pupils to Turin, where they were received by their uncle, the King of Sardinia;" but their stay there, and their future fortunes, belong more to the after part of this narrative.

M. de Romain goes on to detail the outlines of those events, the fearful rumour of which now reached them, and mentions hearing, that the massacre of de Launay and de Flesselles had been followed by that of the aged counsellor of state, M. Foulon, in the cellars of whose chateau, near the antique Ponts-de-Cé, the narrator's father was soon to suffer all the horrors of a revolutionary dungeon.

"A miller of Saint Germain," he continues, "named Sauvage, being accused of having monopolized corn, had been put to death by the populace; so had also M. Châtel at Saint Denis; while the young Marquis of Montesson had just been assassinated at Le Mans, (that city old as Charlemagne,) and M. de Belzunce murdered with the most fearful circumstances at Caen."

The National Assembly, entreated by the king and by different speakers to put a curb upon these barbarities, had been for a long time deliberating upon this important measure, but without taking the necessary steps; and it was upon this occasion that Barnave had exclaimed, 'Is, then, the blood that has been shed so pure?' while other Coryphæans of the dominant faction had avowed that they saw in these crimes only the natural justice of the people; and, after many debates, the Assembly contented itself with an *address* to the nation.

In the early part of July, M. de la Fayette had proposed the scheme of the declaration of the Rights of Man. It was one of the principal results of the American war, in which many officers of our army had imbibed the taste for independence and the desire for a revolution. This declaration had been decreed on the night of the fourth of August, and on the same night several members of the Assembly had rushed to the tribune, to offer, in rivalry of one another, their renunciation of *all species* of privileges and feudal rights, and the immunities of towns and provinces, and that without the knowledge of their constituents. A few hours had sufficed to work the destruction of the ancient government of France; while, to console the king, they had decreed him the title of Restorer of Liberty.

M. de Romain then briefly touches upon the discontents caused in the Assembly by the king's giving his sanction to only a part of their numerous decrees, the reflections made by the leaders of the left side upon the phrase in which Louis said that he yielded to alarming circumstances—the arrival of three fresh regiments of troops at the request of the municipality of Versailles, and the announcement of the king's enemies that these troops were intended to effect a counter revolution; with the fresh storm awakened on the occasion of that *last* banquet, when the officers of the body guard having given, according to custom, a repast to the officers of the newly-arrived regiments and the staff of the National Guard, and Louis and Marie Antoinette, with the young princess and the little dauphin, having entered the amphitheatre at their entreaty, while the hall rang with acclamations, and the music struck up the touching and too coincident air of "O Richard, O mon roi!" to the ears of a monarch more fatally lost than Richard, the factions had taken alarm at the affection shown to the royal family, and on the fifth of October the tocsin had sounded in the churches of Paris, the populace had arisen, and that wild army of women—a more mad array than John Knox's "monstrous regiment"—hurried breathless to Versailles.

Then follows their invasion of the Assembly, and, more fearful far, of the palace—with a glance at that awful night when the couch from which *l'Autrichienne!*" pursued so unrelentingly, the beautiful Austrian, had but a moment fled, was pierced with a host of pikes, and

Louis, running to the dauphin's chamber, carried away his child in his arms, to save him from the murderers who were hunting his mother through every staircase and gallery. How still and quiet those vast corridors are now! And the queen's rooms, and the private passages, and the doors where her guards were trampled down defending her, are all altered, they say, *now*, so that you cannot find where they were; and only the chamber and stately antique bed of Louis XIV. speak of anything like a *home* and *rest* having ever been found in that proud château!

The heartless cry of "Point d'enfans!" as the queen with her children showed herself in the balcony, and the imperial glance with which, sending back the little dauphin and his sister into the apartments, she awed the reckless multitude into calm, and even applause,—and the sad procession of the fated prince and his family into Paris, their carriage surrounded by furies pouring forth sounds of horror, while the severed heads of Deshuttes and Varicourt, the first victims of their faithful guard, were borne along upon pikes in their train, conclude his sketch; and he winds up the chapter by observing, "These are some brief details of what passed at that unhappy period, both in Paris and at Versailles, in the palace of our kings.

I learnt these events in my distant island, by means of the journals which reached us, and of different private letters whose contents we communicated to one another. I would not be diffuse upon the heart-rending scenes in which I had so large a part, but I wished to pour out into the bosoms of my children those griefs which have so shadowed my life—as far, at least, as I could do so without going away from my subject. These first events among the dissensions which were now increasing are, besides, too intimately connected with all I have more to relate to you, not to have been cited here in some of their principal features; there is no want of historical narrations on the subject of our revolution which will supply a fuller knowledge of the subject, to begin with the *Moniteur;* but what I would particularly recommend is the work of M. Hue, entitled "The Last Years of the Reign of Louis XVI." and, my children, I wish that you may read it as I did, not without tears."

## PRESENTATION COPIES.

BY MRS. ABDY.

I GUARD them with peculiar care—on each I fondly look
With thoughts of satisfaction that endear no common book;
They come to me with memories of radiant genius fraught,
Genius, that, like all noble things, is better given than bought.

Kind meaning can attraction to the poorest bounty lend,
Small service is of dear esteem if proffered by a friend,
Then oh! how truly precious are the offerings that bind
The donor and receiver in the magic links of mind!

To those whose names I now recall, what varied powers belong!
Some tell of high and holy themes, some breathe soft strains of song;
Some view in bright perspective yet the honours of a name,
Some have already safely trod "the slippery path of fame."

Yet from engrossing toils and cares the mind awhile set free,
Can turn in prompt remembrance to bestow its stores on me,
Exultingly I read my name, traced on the spotless page
By poet and by dramatist, by scholar and by sage.

And some in playful courtesy their valued gifts assign
As "sent in due requital for like offerings of mine:"
Oh! boundless generosity—profusion uncontrolled,
Thus to repay my simple flowers with true and sterling gold!

I love these volumes to receive, and bring their leaves to light,
Knowing that yet they have not met the people's eager sight,
That by my hand the sparkling fount of genius is unsealed,
Ere to the busy bustling throng its glories are revealed.

*I* greet the gem emerging from the darkness of the mine,
Ere amid halls and palaces its corruscations shine,
*I* touch the rare exotic, ere its blossoms are unfurled
To the scrutiny and wonder of the long expecting world.

Many are never privileged these sympathies to know,
Their gay and goodly volumes are like tulips ranged for show;
And all the recollections that they carry to the heart,
Connect them with the barter and the traffic of the mart.

But in these treasured books of mine a fascination lurks,
The living authors speak to me—I hail them in their works;
And deem my humble library of great and priceless worth,
Thus "passing rich" in tokens from the gifted ones of earth.

# SAVINDROOG.[1]

BY M. RAFTER, ESQ.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

### THE FLIGHT.

THE god of day had shot many a broad and vivid beam across the heavens before he displayed his dazzling orb over the woody base of the Droog; whose towering mass overshadowed the sylvan scene, that spread around its tangled bowers and mazy windings. Except the songs of innumerable birds which were fluttering about, a silent gloom still pervaded the forest, and the mist hung chill and heavy on its dense and variegated foliage. The only living objects visible were two sturdy travellers, descending the mountain's brow with a rapid pace: the foremost, with the beard of snow, the deer skin scrip and long iron-headed staff, seemed bound on a distant pilgrimage, or sacred mission to some holy shrine; the other, whose appearance was more youthful, carried a matchlock over his shoulder, and might be taken for a guide or protector to his venerable companion, through the intricacies and dangers of the forest. They bore between them a sort of sylvan litter, evidently manufactured in a hurry, of the pliant branches of the bamboo; it was carefully covered over with the broad satin leaves of the plantain, disposed alike for shade and concealment; and the anxious care and solicitude with which they bore it along the rugged path, sufficiently indicated the precious nature of its contents.

Over the slippery rocks, and decayed trunks of trees that lay scattered around, the travellers pursued their way with singular diligence, along the steep and narrow track; nor were they induced for a moment to slacken their steady pace, by the numerous obstructions that lay in their way, as if some object of even more than vital importance depended on their eager speed. Lofty trees, intermingled with dark and savage looking rocks, rose around on every side; from which hung flowering creepers in a thousand fantastic varieties, and in all the rich luxuriance of uncultivated nature. Majestic Peepul trees, with long sinuous branches and dense foliage, threw a gloomy shadow on the ground; while down the rocky dells brawling torrents were flashing with uncertain gleams through the leafy screen; and from the overhanging crags numerous little streams rippled over the pathway, rendering the rocks more slippery, and increasing tenfold the difficult and dangerous nature of the footing.

The route of the travellers lay through the heart of the forest; and as they had now lost every trace of any thing in the shape of a foot-path, they were entirely dependant on Vega's acquaintance with the unfrequented locality. This, however, was such as to inspire his companions with the most perfect confidence: and the Yogie turned to

[1] Continued from p. 273.

the right or to the left according to his directions, communicated in a low and respectful tone, without the slightest hesitation, or suspicion of his good faith. In this manner they proceeded for some time down the woody base from which the Droog elevated its ponderous mass; their gloomy route being cheered only by the songs of innumerable birds, rejoicing in the increasing warmth of the morning sun, whose beams were now penetrating the forest in every direction, and calling into life and activity all its savage denizens. At length, on a sudden turn in the way, the startled travellers came full upon a party of about a dozen Bheels, whose battered equipage and disconcerted looks indicated that they had just returned beaten from the field.

It was a small but open spot that lay at the rugged base of some mighty crags which reared on high their hoary summits, crowned with moss and wild flowers; and it overhung with a steep descent a little lake, whose tiny waves rippled against the precipice with a pleasing murmur. Beyond the limpid tide the jungle lay in one unbroken mass of misty green; except where the lofty cocoa nut elevated its matted branches over its less aspiring neighbours, or some granite rock shot up, in a rude and grotesque form; its rugged head crowned with flowering shrubs, that gave it the appearance of some little isle of golden grain amidst the dark rolling waves of the ocean. Overshadowing this romantic spot a lofty Peepul tree elevated its sacred head, and threw out its broad arms and luxuriant foliage on every side; while its mighty roots were spread in fantastic wildness across the rugged way: there, resting on the dewy green, the Bheels reposed after the dangers and fatigues they had evidently undergone, their swords and bucklers lying around them in careless confusion.

The Yogie viewed the enemy with a stern eye, while his bosom swelled with wrath at the unexpected obstacle. Curbing his feelings, however, with a powerful effort, and hoping that the sacredness of his character would enable him to pass unquestioned, he addressed the defeated crew in a mild and peaceful tone with the customary pilgrim salutation, exclaiming in all the solemnity of his deep and powerful voice:

"Mahadeo Bole! Bole! Bole!"

"Mahadeo Bole!" returned the leader of the band, with a gesture of surprise and mistrust; "praised be the name of Mahadeo! But, venerable pilgrim, it appears to me that you are somewhat unusually burthened for persons of your class, who rarely trouble themselves with any luggage beyond what is contained in their scrip."

"True, gallant Bheel," meekly replied the Yogie, "on ordinary occasions the pilgrim requires nothing beyond his scrip: but I am at present charged with certain offerings to the shrine of Mahadeo at Maugree, the capital of your Chief."

"By the chaplet of Doorga!" cried the Bheel, with a laugh, "holy father, you have marvellously gotten out of the track; and will never reach Maugree in this direction."

"We have deviated from the direct road purposely," replied the Yogie, "in order to avoid the enemy with whom, as we have heard, your Chief is at present engaged in contest."

"Worse and worse!" exclaimed the Bheel, renewing his mirth, in

which he was heartily joined by his companions, "This is the route that will lead you directly into their teeth, holy father; and your companion, who I now perceive is our comrade Vega, might have told you as much."

"It is our intention," said Vega, with promptitude, "when we get to the head of the lake to make a detour to the left, which will lead us as you know into the main road to Maugree."

"That is very true," said the Bheel, with a sarcastic grin, "but I cannot imagine why you came out of the main road at all, unless it was to submit your luggage to our inspection. Set it down, therefore, that we may see if it contains any thing chargeable with the 'Bheel's Cowrie.'"

"Nay," said the Yogie, "our freight may not be seen by profane eyes. It contains no gaudy toys or costly jewels, but humble offerings to the shrine of Mahadeo."

"And those, comrade," said Vega, "you know are always exempt from the 'Bheel's Cowrie.'"

"Friend Vega," said the Bheel, with a significant shake of the head, "you seem to be very officious and ready witted on this occasion: heaven send you may answer as effectively when I question you touching your sudden release from prison. First, however, I must be satisfied as to the nature of the commodities you have covered over so carefully in your litter."

"That," said the Yogie, "is utterly impossible: the sacred offerings cannot be seen by any eye but that of the deity; and in his awful name I demand a free passage through your woods."

"Nay, holy father," replied the Bheel, "not another step shalt thou go, I swear, until I thoroughly examine that which you conceal with so much mystery. Rise, my sons," he cried to his followers, "and display these sacred offerings to my longing sight."

Quick at the word the delighted marauders sprang forward with ruthless hand to obey the orders of their Chief; and to rifle the prize which fortune appeared to have thrown so opportunely in their way; but the voice of the Yogie sounded like thunder in their ears. Placing the litter gently on the ground, he stood before it, wielding with the strength of a giant his iron-headed staff, as he exclaimed:

"Base robbers, stand aloof, or I'll quickly teach your lawless crew that my offerings to the deity are not to be rifled with impunity."

Vega sprang forward also to the side of the Yogie, and putting his matchlock to his shoulder levelled it on the startled foe, who drew back in some dismay at the unexpected and formidable opposition; for the narrow pass being entirely occupied by the pilgrim and his friend, whose deadly aim they well knew, there was no possibility of turning their position, and the first that advanced was sure to fall a victim to his temerity.

"Oho!" cried the leader of the band, "here is a change with a vengeance. Bheel sets upon Bheel, as if the tiger of the forest could belie his nature; and a greybeard Yogie forgets his age and sacred calling, and brandishes his weapon like a prize-fighter."

"Make room for us to pass instantly, base scum," cried the Yogie, "or dread the vengeance your unprovoked attack will bring upon your miserable heads."

" The freight must indeed be precious," said the Bheel to his followers, " which can induce two men to make head against a dozen: forward therefore, my sons, and lay open the old rogue's budget, which contains, no doubt, something to repay the search."

The Bheels, however, hung back with unusual reluctance, whether cowed by their recent defeat, or anticipating the vengeance of heaven for meddling a second time with offerings devoted to the deity: but, enraged to see his rovers stand at bay, the leader exclaimed in an angry tone:

" Shame on ye, sons of Mahadeo! shame on your cowardly delay! In the midst of the battle I witnessed your gallant deeds; tarnish not therefore your fame by listening to the pious lies and empty threats of yon hoary dotard. Advance I say, and seize your lawful prize."

" Ay!" cried the Yogie, brandishing his formidable weapon, " come on, bold Chief, with all your jungle crew! The first that tempts the deed shall meet with instant death; and all shall bleed in turn beneath the holy symbol that heads this pilgrim staff of mine."

Hurried on by his nisib, however, the leader replied in a flippant tone: " Now blessings on the dam that taught you thus to rant and boast; but words avail you nothing, for if you were my brother you should not pass unexamined with that heavy load of treasure through the forest of the Bheel."

With a light and sudden spring the robber cleared the space between himself and the Yogie, around whose neck he flung his arms in a vain attempt to bring him to the ground. But, as the lion takes the cheeta in his mortal grasp, the pilgrim seized his nimble foe; wrenching back his arms, he caught him by the waist and pitched him, with a superhuman effort, from the lofty height on which he stood down into the lake, whither he went headforemost amidst the cries of his astonished followers. Cleaving the yielding element with the velocity of an arrow, the unfortunate wretch disappeared for ever from the sight; and the surface of the water, in a few moments resuming its former placidity, left not a single trace of the spot where he had thus suddenly found a watery grave.

In strange amazement the Bheels uttered a shout of mingled rage and fear, when, like a pebble from a sling they saw the aged Yogie toss their leader from that awful height into the yawning gulf below. Such an effort of strength they felt assured was far beyond the powers of one so old; and they naturally concluded that he must be endued with the vigour of the god or demon with whom he held communion. They declined therefore a close combat with so grim and powerful a foe, but seizing their bows they resolved at a distance to overpower the hero with a shower of arrows. This deadly purpose would, in all probability, have ultimately succeeded; but, ere an arrow was fitted to the string, a young and lovely female sprang from the covered litter, with a step so light and graceful, that it almost seemed to the astonished Bheels as if one of the celestial nymphs had been sent from Swerga at the critical moment to preserve the sacred life of the Yogie. In trembling haste and wild alarm she clung round the pilgrim, exclaiming in a voice whose melting pathos might assuage even the fury of the tiger:

"Terrible Strangers! in pity spare my sacred guide, and let him pass unhurt upon his holy embassy. Lay by your deadly weapons, and I vow to the gods I will repay your mercy with countless riches."

A burst of merriment here ensued amongst the Bheels, and many a profane jest was uttered at the expense of the Yogie and his fair companion.

"Here is a precious offering for the shrine of Mahadeo!" said one, "that is likely to cause some jealousy in the household of the deity."

"She fancies herself already in possession of Swerga," said another, "by her magnificent offer of countless riches."

"Only think of the old rogue," cried a third, "roving the green-wood with his beautiful Bayadere, and retaining honest Vega to pipe to her dancing."

Here a laugh arose at the expense of Vega, who swore by Doorga that if they did not instantly quit the road he would let fly amongst them.

"Comrades," cried one of the irreverend crew, "we must levy the 'Bheel's Cowrie' on the damsel; who's for the first salute?"

"I, and I, and I," exclaimed several voices together.

"We had better," said one more cautious than the rest, "pick off with our arrows her two companions, or they may give us some trouble in the operation."

"Oh ruthless men!" exclaimed the Begum, "if my prayers cannot incline your breasts to pity, then strike; but your deadly arrows shall first transfix my faithful heart before they shall touch my venerable guide and friend."

"Heard you ever the like of that?" said one of the Bheels. "She's a rare girl, by the Lingam, to risk her life for such a toothless dotard."

"He has bewitched her with love potions," said another, "or else she has been taking a swig at the Jaggery pot."

"On looking more narrowly at the damsel," cried a third, "now that her veil is thrown aside, she is marvellously like the fawn-eyed Beebee that the Maha Rajah lately brought to the Droog."

"'Tis she, 'tis she," replied several voices, "'tis no other than the Begum of Mysore."

"Comrades," cried the Bheel who had succeeded to the command of the troop on the death of their first leader, "little does the Maha Rajah think that his lovely prize is now roving the jungle at liberty, in such suspicious company; and a noble reward will be ours if we restore to his arms the peerless Fawn of Mysore. Forward then, my sons, and tear her from yon holy thief; and fling his pampered carcass down to lie with our brave leader in the lake."

The ruthless order was about to be obeyed, when on a lofty rock that overhung the fearful scene the venerable Bhaut appeared, sweeping in angry mood the strings of the magic lute, delighted with this early opportunity of trying its boasted virtues. With haughty voice and swelling chest he thus addressed the startled Bheels.

"Back! sacrilegious robbers! nor dare to stay for another instant

the sacred footsteps of the Yogie, or dread the vengeance of Mahadeo, to whose holy shrine he is bound with prayers and offerings."

"Venerable Rungapa!" cried the leader, "'tis all a flam. He is no more bound to the shrine of Mahadeo than you are."

"Monstrous liar!" exclaimed the Bhaut in a stern voice, "quit the path instantly, and obstruct no more the pilgrim's holy way; or from the sacred Peepul tree whose branches spread around you, the angry demons that lie beneath its leaves* will tear your limbs to atoms; and strew them on the morning air."

That which force and persuasion alike failed in obtaining, was granted to the terrible threat of the Bhaut. Children of ignorance and slaves of superstition, the Bheels were totally unmanned by an appeal to the demons of the Peepul tree, whose imaginary wrath had more terrors for them than the real dangers of a physical combat. With much precipitation, therefore, they quitted the scene of action; swearing, however, to acquaint the Maha Rajah without delay with the tricks that were being played at the Droog during his absence.

The Begum having resumed her seat in the litter, happily undiscovered by the Bhaut, the Yogie offered his grateful thanks for the timely and unexpected interference of his venerable friend, to whom, he said, he felt indebted for preserving the few remaining years of his painful existence.

"My mind misgave me," replied the Bhaut, "that you might be subject to some such interruption from those graceless varlets, before you got clear of the jungle. I therefore hurried after you; and am thankful to the deity for having directed my footsteps to the exact spot where my presence was necessary."

The grateful pilgrim and his companion now bade adieu to the venerable Rungapa: and raising the litter with its precious contents again on their shoulders, they pursued their way through the jungle with the same steady rapidity as before.

---

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

### THE LAKE OF PEARLS.

The sun was in the West, sinking slowly behind some lofty hills, as if reluctant to bid adieu to the placid bosom of Mootee Tallaub, or the Lake of Pearls;† a lovely piece of limpid water, embosomed amidst Alpine scenery on the borders of the jungle. The golden rays of the descending orb still lingered on the dome of a little deserted temple, embosomed in the dark green foliage that fringed the calm margin of the lake; and a lawn of velvet-like verdure sloped gently down to a flight of broad steps of hewn granite, which led into the crystal flood, and to which a little skiff lay moored. The peaceful mirror reflected

* The Hindoos believe that an evil spirit dwells under every leaf of the Peepul, the tree sacred to Siva.—*Heber's Journal.*

† Nasir Jung encamped in the vicinity of the Lake of Tonoor, amused himself with sailing on that clear and beautiful water, and gave it the fanciful name of Mootee Talab, "the Lake of Pearls," which it still retains.—*Col. Wilks's South of India.*

the forms of the Begum, the Yogie and the Bheel, who were reposing there after the labours of a hard day's journey through the Jungle; and partaking of some slight refreshments with which they had been furnished by Lillah on quitting the Haram. The dangers and fatigues they had undergone afforded them ample subject of conversation; and the progress they had made on their route, being now within a few miles of Srirungaputtun, inspired their breasts with hope and confidence as they gazed around and enjoyed the lovely scene.

The Lake of Pearls, as it was fancifully called, in compliment to its fairy scenery and the limpid beauty of its water, presented a vast expanse of azure hue, twining amidst the lofty mountains that fed it with a thousand rills, or circling round some verdant islets, whose embowering shades offered a sweet retreat to the love sick swain or the weary hunter. Rocks of fantastic forms, with hoary summits, and partially clothed with a mantle of flowering shrubs and creepers, nodded over their woody base, and beheld their features in the tide; which reflected, with admirable fidelity of form and colour, the picturesque objects that nature, with a lavish hand, had scattered on its lovely shores.

Amidst the deep embowering shades birds of every form and hue displayed their brilliant plumage, and made the echoes ring with their melody. Beneath the overhanging bowers which dipped their branches into the lake, the many tinted lotus floated on its glassy bosom; intermingled with the bright and graceful Sambaloo, and the silver frosted Cumuda; while many other shrubs that love a watery soil were waving in the evening breeze, or bending under the light tread of the spotted Halcyon, as it skimmed in frolic flight across their glossy leaves. From the dense cover the water hen occasionally sprang on whirring wing, to seek the opposite fenny shore; over which, in airy distance rose the lofty height of Mailgotah, whose snowy temple soared like an eagle into the sky.

"I am delighted," said Kistna, when they had finished their simple meal, "to find my adorable Lachema bear up so well under the fatigues and terrors of the day: yet a little more exertion and she will be far beyond the reach of the threatened danger."

"I feel unusual strength and confidence," replied the Begum, "thanks to my protecting goddess for the fortitude she has infused into my breast; and I should be perfectly at ease if I could see our gallant friend Vega dissipate the gloom that seems to oppress his spirits."

"I am grateful to your highness," said the Bheel with a sad smile; "but there are times when the lightest hearts are oppressed with unaccountable melancholy."

"Our excellent comrade," said Kistna, "is probably thinking of the friends he has left behind him; but it shall be my care to banish from his mind every shade of regret for what he has lost in following our fortunes."

"Nay, my dear lord," said Lachema, "in that I shall most gladly join you; and so will my royal sire, and my delighted mother, when they learn that, next to my Kistna, they owe the safety of their daughter to the fidelity of the gallant Bheel."

"Your highnesses," said Vega, "think too much of my humble services; but, in fact, my thoughts were not then occupied with the friends I have left behind, and whom, in such a cause, I cannot regret the loss of. I was pondering on a foolish old prophecy which the sight of yonder proud temple of Mailgotah brought into my memory."

"Does it relate to the holy fathers?" demanded Kistna in a voice of indifference.

"No, in sooth," replied the Bheel, "so far from relating to personages of such high sanctity, it principally concerns my own humble self, and another frail individual, in whose welfare I cannot help still feeling some little interest."

"By all means let us hear the prophecy, worthy Vega," said the Begum, "whatever concerns you must necessarily be interesting to us."

"'Tis an old woman's story, may it please your highness," said Vega, "and I shall only fatigue you by the relation."

"Nay, gallant comrade," said Kistna, "do not hesitate to gratify the Begum's wishes. The ladies are always fond of the marvellous; and we have yet sufficient start of the enemy to admit of a little longer indulgence."

"Your highness's wishes," said the Bheel, "shall be complied with, though the matter is scarcely worth your notice. You must know then that about two and twenty years ago, on a wild stormy night, at the breaking up of the monsoon, when the rain descended, the wind blew, and the thunder rolled, as if heaven and earth were coming together——"

"The worthy Vega," interrupted the Begum, "commences with all the formality of an Arabian Story teller, instead of a plain narrator of matter of fact; for his memory can scarcely reach back so far as the period of his tale."

"I was born on that disastrous night," replied the Bheel with a sigh, "but what I now relate to your highness I was told by my mother many years after. The storm, however, raged with tremendous violence; and it was thought, at one moment, that our humble hut would have been swept by the hurricane into the neighbouring Nullah, when a female voice was heard outside the door, begging in piteous accents for admittance."

"Alas, poor creature!" exclaimed the Begum in a tone of commiseration.

"The door was immediately opened," continued Vega, "for, poor as the Bheel is, no one has ever questioned his hospitality. There were two unfortunate beings outside, a man and a woman, drenched to the skin and sinking with fatigue and terror. My father received them with all the kindness and attention he could spare from his own wife, who was then dangerously ill in the only other chamber our cabin contained."

"Poor people!" exclaimed the Begum, "how little do the rich and powerful feel for their privations until they, themselves, are touched by the hand of adversity!"

"The condition in which the stranger was," continued Vega, "required that she should be immediately put to bed: in short, she that

night gave birth to a daughter, as my poor mother did to a son; and these two individuals, may it please your highness, are no other than the beautiful Lillah, and the most devoted of your slaves, who has now the honor to sit in your presence."

"Gracious powers!" exclaimed the Begum, "what a singular coincidence! But I have been given to understand, gallant Vega, that Lillah was a Cashmerian."

"Your highness has been correctly informed," replied Vega, "for though she was born in the land of the Bheel, Lillah's parents were both natives of Cashmere, and gained a precarious livelihood by travelling the country, casting nativities and telling fortunes."

"I understand," said the Begum, "that the natives of that distant valley affect an acquaintance with astrology and other occult sciences; but that they are proverbial liars."

"Whether that be true or not," said Vega, "I cannot say; but Lillah's mother, I understand, was an awful looking woman, with great black eyes full of fire and intelligence, and a deep harmonious voice, that one could not hear without feeling a strange and unaccountable sensation through the whole frame."

"Her daughter partakes, in a certain degree, of her peculiarities, as I, at least, can vouch for," said the Begum with a sigh.

"The fatigues and sufferings she had undergone that night," continued Vega, "totally reduced her small remaining strength, and she sank under her afflictions. Before she died, however, she desired to see the two new born babes, that she might predict their future destiny."

"That was the ruling passion strong in death," said the Begum, "but I can scarcely imagine she had any confidence in the reality of her own prophetic powers."

"She appeared, however," replied Vega, "as I am informed, perfectly in earnest, and confident in the truth of her craft: for, even in her dying agonies, laying her long skinny fingers on her daughter's head, she exclaimed in a hollow sepulchral voice:

Seek not the proud ambitious Bheel,
Or dread, my child, the traitor's steel!

"That prophecy," said Kistna, "like many others, is likely to produce its own fulfilment."

"Alas! I fear so," said the Begum, "the constant repetition of the lines on the ears of Lillah may have kindled, in her once innocent heart, the criminal ambition that is likely to prove her bane."

"The mysterious Cashmerian," continued Vega, "next laid her hand upon my head, and had scarcely strength before she expired to utter the following couplet:

Avoid Mailgotah's fane, my son,
For there thy checquer'd race is run.

"There is nothing more easy," observed the Yogie, smiling, "than to avoid the temple of Mailgotah, and thus shun your fate for ever."

"I am curious to know," said the Begum, "what could have led

the Cashmerian to think of Mailgotah; for it appears to me that predictions of this nature are generally suggested by a train of thought, originating in some accidental occurrence that has fallen under the observation of the prophet."

"That may be, your highness," replied Vega, "for at that time, and indeed for many years after, an active warfare was raging between the Bheels and the Brahmins of Mailgotah, during which many strange occurrences took place on both sides."

"To which feud," said the Begum, smiling, "I suppose I may attribute the loss of my golden Moorut, and the disgrace of my venerable ambassador. But, gallant Vega, I am anxious to hear the sequel of your adventures."

"The tale is not worth the telling," said the Bheel. "My infancy was passed with Lillah in the woods, and I often look back to that period as the happiest of my life; for we were all in all to each other, and neither care nor ambition had shed its blight upon our joyous souls. Her father, however, carried her off suddenly, while yet a child, to his native valley of Cashmere."

"The loss of your playfellow," said the Begum, "must have affected your little heart."

"Your highness can feel for me," said Vega, while the tears coursed each other down his cheeks, "and can bear with my weakness. I wept and raved for months, like one distracted; and so numerous were the follies I committed that my parents despaired of ever seeing me become a man. At length the ridicule of my companions gave a turn to my thoughts, and for several years I devoted myself to those martial pursuits which ultimately gained me a name in my tribe; when suddenly, as if by magic, Lillah reappeared amongst us. But oh! how changed from the companion of my infancy! The playful child had disappeared in the finished woman; and her face, her form, her mind, manners and accomplishments presented a galaxy of charms that actually set the jungle in a ferment from one end to the other."

"You speak with enthusiasm," said the Begum, "but you do not overcharge your picture."

"With a feeling of indescribable ecstacy," continued the Bheel, "I renewed my acquaintance with Lillah, and she received my advances with an affectionate warmth that totally enslaved my soul. In her presence I speedily became conscious of my own mental deficiencies, which she kindly undertook to remedy; and, amidst the deep shadows of my native forest, the little that I know I imbibed from her superior intelligence."

"What a charming picture of first love!" exclaimed the Begum.

"Alas!" said Vega with a sigh, "the gloomy part of the picture soon began to show itself. The increasing ambition of the Polygar seemed to beget a corresponding sentiment in the breast of Lillah. By degrees she threw off the chain which I fondly thought had irrevocably bound us together, and lavished all her fascinations on the Chief. She very soon won, or thought she had won his fickle affections: until at length, seduced by a promise of sharing his musnud, she engaged without hesitation in the execrable plot against your

highness; for Kempé had the art to persuade her that he only sought to get possession of your person, to prevent the accomplishment of the prophecy on which his own fate depended."

"What! another prophecy!" cried the Yogie with a smile of derision.

"My Kistna must not forget," said the Begum laughing, "that the land of the Bheel is a land of enchantment, abounding in misty exhalations both moral and natural. The prophecy alluded to by the gallant Vega, and which you either forget or have never heard, sets forth in a measured strain, the rhythm of which has quite escaped my memory, that the renowned Kempé is to be for ever victorious, until virtue shall change molten lead into water, and Kistna, by the Bheel's desire, shall wed a certain Rajah's fawn-eyed daughter."

"May the gods," said Kistna with a look of intense affection, "accomplish the latter part of the prophecy at all events; whether with or without the wishes of the miscreant it matters little."

At the conclusion of his story Vega retired along the woody shores of the lake, to indulge in solitary musing, for the brief remaining period they had allotted to repose, and left the happy lovers reclining on its grassy margin. It was a mild and lovely evening: the air was impregnated with the perfume of night-blowing flowers; and the mingled harmony of the woods had for some time yielded to the single melody of that sweet bird of love, the Peyoo,* whose song cheers the night season, and is said, by its melting pathos to cause the old wounds of the heart to bleed afresh. The lucid rays of the moon were sleeping serenely on the placid bosom of the lake, and the deep blue of the firmament was diversified by a few light fleecy clouds; while the solemn stillness of the scene was only broken by the rich melody of the Peyoo, and the tinkling of a distant cascade, swelling occasionally on the fitful zephyr. Influenced by the calm beauty of the scene, the Begum forgot, in the presence of her loved Kistna, the sorrows she had experienced, as well as the perils that yet surrounded her; and, in a playful tone, exclaimed:

"While I gaze upon that lovely lake, in which the moon appears to have quitted her native sky to bathe her silver crescent; and listen to the harmonious murmurs of its tiny waves upon the shore, I feel imbued with almost a poetic fervor; and could fancy that I see the presiding Spirit of the place ride forth his elfin steed upon its glassy bosom. Nay, smile not, Kistna, at my childish enthusiasm; but I almost imagine that I hear the liquid music of his voice; that voice which shuns the dull unhallowed ear, and seeks the lonely dwelling of the poet, filling his rapt fancy with images of ethereal bliss beyond the sordid conceptions of the unimaginative herd."

"And what," said Kistna with a smile, "does the invisible deity whisper in the ear of my love?"

"Sounds of happy augury," replied the Begum, in the same cheerful tone, "language of hope and joy; promises of blissful reunion, ere to-morrow's sun decline, with all my heart holds dear on earth,

* The peeyoo (beloved) probably a thrush, is said by Abul-fazel to sing most enchantingly during the night, at the commencement of the rains, when its lays cause the old wounds of lovers to bleed afresh.

amidst those blooming bowers that smiled upon my happy childhood!"

"Prophetic be the voice divine!" replied the Yogie with fervor. "My bosom also feels a hope that heaven will, as heretofore, guide our path amidst the dangers that beset us. But now, loveliest, dearest Lachema, your heavy eyes require their wonted rest, after the toils and perils of the day. Within the porch of the temple I have spread a couch for you of the fragrant leaves of the Sinduca;* and protected by the sanctity of the place you may safely enjoy the balm of sleep, while our faithful Bheel and I will watch your slumbers. Then go, my love, for we must start again before the dawn, and journey yet a few fleeting hours ere we can reach the haven of safety."

"Alas! yes," cried the Begum, while a shade of melancholy crossed her lovely brow, "more toils and dangers still unhappily remain; and though my love is by my side my heart yet feels some boding apprehensions."

"Nay, shake them off," said Kistna, with a cheerful voice, "they are nothing more than the results of the fanciful tale you have heard from the Bheel."

"Heaven send they may be nothing more," replied the Begum; "but just now, when passing by yonder thicket, I saw the vengeful hooded snake.† His fiery eyeballs seemed to flash at me in anger, as he gnashed his envenomed teeth. This I take to be a warning sent by divine love; and I further feel assured by the throbbing of my eye, that danger is not far off."

"It amuses me," said the Yogie, "to perceive that even your powerful mind is in some degree affected by the superstitious atmosphere of the jungle. You're an apt scholar, my Lachema; and I doubt not, that, if you had remained much longer at the Droog, you would have rivalled the old Cashmerian."

"It is kind of you, Kistna," said the Begum, with a faint smile, "to rally my weakness, and to laugh me out of my fears: with you, indeed, I should feel none, but nature must have her way. Oh guardian goddess!" she continued, devoutly kneeling on the sod, "Sea-born Lachema, ever good and fair! to thee I commend my troubled spirit and my weary frame. May thy peaceful influence hover round my humble bed! May the flaming sword of Kartikeia defend the vigils of my lord! and when my heavy lids are freed from sleep, him, dearest, best, may I behold, the first to glad my longing eyes! Kistna, my soul is calmed, good night! good night!"

* Sinduca (Linn. Three-leaved Vitex, or Vegundo.) This charming shrub, which seems to delight in watery places, exhibits a most elegant appearance. Its leaves are very aromatic, and pillows are stuffed with them, to remove head-aches.—*Sir W. Jones.*

† The sight of snakes is an equally unlucky omen as the throbbing of the eye.—*Wilson's Hindoo Theatre.*

When the right eye twinkles it is considered an unlucky omen for a woman, and lucky for a man—and vice versa.—*Wilson's Hindoo Theatre.*

## IRISH SONG.

### THE CHIEFTAIN OF ERIN.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

He stood on the deck, the lone Chieftain of Erin,
And gazed on the beautiful land of his birth;
More dear at that moment of sorrow appearing,
Than all the bright gems of the ocean and earth:
He watch'd till the last blush of day had departed,
And thought of the friends he had left broken-hearted;
Then dashed off a tear, that in sadness had started,
And sang the wild measure of "Erin go Bragh!"

"Dear land of my fathers, renowned in story!
No more shall thy proud harp awaken for me;
A dark cloud has swept o'er the sun of my glory,
Yet I share but the fate of the faithful and free.
An exile I go, where thy tongue is unspoken,
But my heart o'er the wave sends thee many a token;
Thou shalt live in that heart till the last chord has broken,
Erin mavourneen, 'Erin go Bragh!'

"My brothers, my brave ones! what fond recollections
Bring round me, all freshly, the days that are past,—
The home, and the hearth, and the holy affections,
We shared in our boyhood, and loved to the last!
Oh! dear are the scenes where together we sported,
The wild mossy cromlech where pilgrims resorted,
And Dargle's deep glen,* where my Aileen I courted,
That gem of thy beauty, sweet 'Erin go Bragh!'

"But the cry of the sea-mew around me is breaking,
Dark shadows have shrouded the sun's fading fires;
One look—('tis my last!)—of the land I'm forsaking,
The land of my first love, the home of my sires.
Yet, yet, o'er thy valleys, now wasted and gory,
May the star of thy freedom shine out in its glory,
And thy battle-flag wave with the proudest in story,
Erin mavourneen, 'Erin go bragh!'"

* The environs of Powerscourt, in the county of Wicklow, are highly picturesque. The Glen of Dargles is beautiful beyond expression, and may vie with the choicest spots of Italy. Dargles is a deep valley, about a mile long, bounded by steep, sylvan, craggy hills; and at the bottom runs a small serpentine river, murmuring over innumerable little breaks and falls. Many pleasant walks intersect the brows of the hills, by which are erected benches and summer-houses, for pleasure and repose.

Near the Glen of Dargles is another valley, called "the Glen of the Mountains," the scenery of which is uncommonly grand and romantic; indeed, this part of the country may justly be termed the very garden and Eden of Ireland. By way of contrast, however, on the other hand, is an extensive tract, wholly composed of barren mountains and bogs—a perfect desert. In the midst of these savage wilds are the ruins of seven churches, and a round tower; which proves that this uninviting spot was once habitable, the abode of holiness and industry, and that desolation and sterility have overspread it from *neglect*, rather than from its own nature.

## SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE.[1]

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

A FEW weeks after the strange event which I have just recorded, Clement was invited, with some of his brother officers, to dine at the house of a rich planter. Mr. Dickenson had two or three pretty daughters; that is, as pretty as creoles may well be; for though their features are often as delicately and symmetrically formed, and their jetty eyes surpass in brilliancy and expression the European maidens, still that most unbecoming tint of the skin, so peculiar to the creole, throws a veil over beauty, which love would be glad to remove. Young Clement's eyes, indeed, often wandered from the Misses D. to a beautiful East Indian girl, who had been brought up in the family, and who was, in fact, a sort of humble companion, rather than attendant, of the young ladies. Orrila wanted nothing but a fairer skin, to make her a perfect beauty Her features were so exquisite, and her shape so symmetrical, that not even the tinge in her complexion,

"The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,"

could excite more than a passing regret, as Sir Clement said, "That Orrila's skin was not as white as her soul."

Shortly afterwards, Clement had an opportunity of seeing this pretty Indian girl again, on the occasion of a little festival amongst the slaves. She had joined in the dance; and the peculiar grace of her movements forcibly struck him, in contrast to the agile but less elegant motions of her companions. He gazed upon her with involuntary admiration; and after watching her graceful evolutions for a considerable time, he passed on, and joined some of his military friends. Clement heard but little of the various remarks which they made on the enlivening scene before them; for his thoughts were suddenly far away. The moon had risen with unusual splendour; and sailing through the soft expanse of æther, shed her mild effulgent light on the festive scene below.

The sight was one which had always filled the romantic mind of Clement with admiration and delight; and it now carried him instantaneously back to his native Cambria, and his still beloved and unforgotten Patty. He began again to torment himself with the idea of her protracted silence; and his conscience smote him, that he should have endured it so passively. He contrived to withdraw himself from his brother officers, that he might muse and meditate alone. He had wandered to a little distance, lost in deep reverie, when he suddenly heard a female voice, of touching sweetness, singing a wild and melancholy air, to the accompaniment of a guitar. The performance was one in which natural grace and feeling were happily blended with scientific skill. Clement's mind, at all times alive to the charms of music, was, in its present mood, powerfully moved by those "touches

[1] Continued from p. 287.

of sweet harmony." The gallant soldier drew gently near, and beheld, under the spreading branches of a palm tree, the beautiful form of the young Indian.

The moonlight, as it fell upon her, showed the exquisite profile and lovely outline of her face and shape. A robe of muslin shaded her bust-like bosom, and fell in loose folds to her feet, which were clothed, after the fashion of the country, in gay coloured slippers; whilst her black silky hair, falling over her neck and shoulders, wafted, as the wind blew it to and fro, the rich odour of the attar-gul. As Clement gazed upon this second Yarico, his thoughts were involuntarily drawn off from the absent and the remote, and entirely engrossed by the scene before him. At length, advancing from the spot where he stood, he accosted Orrila, and made himself known, as a friend of the Dickensons, and one of the party who had dined with them in the preceding week. She remembered him well, for he had attracted, at the time, much of her observation; and the artless girl did not attempt to conceal the pleasure which his recognition of her now afforded. He entered into conversation with her, and was much pleased with the guileless simplicity and naïveté which she evinced. There was a great charm in its very novelty. She, too, was delighted, on her part, with the polite attentions which the young soldier paid her. Shortly afterwards he escorted her home, and they parted for the night.

This was an unfortunate rencontre for poor Orrila. She and Clement frequently contrived to meet on subsequent occasions, and had many pleasant walks together. She gradually conceived a strong attachment for him, but without any precise aim or end. Her mind was much too pure to dream of anything wrong: and he was equally deterred from it, by principle as well as circumstances. Independently of his love for Patty, he was by nature incapable of carrying on any design for the ruin of innocence. He held this to be a crime of the very deepest dye. I well remember his declaring, and in a manner which carried conviction to the minds of all who heard him, that whatever his errors and his faults might have been, (and he admitted they were many,) he had never, in a single instance, been guilty of the arts of seduction. From that crime, and all the awful responsibilities which attach to it, he had, with an instinctive horror, always kept himself aloof. As it was, he blamed himself most severely in after-life, for the meaningless intercourse which he had foolishly suffered himself to carry on with the beautiful and artless Orilla; for, without anything of evil intention, it was fatal in its result.

After some time, orders arrived for the return of Clement's regiment to England. He now became fully sensible of the misery which his thoughtless conduct was likely to occasion. When he communicated to Orrila the painful intelligence that he must shortly leave her, her agony was intense. Far from her own country, and all her early ties,—an isolated being in a strange land,—her lonely heart had gradually and almost unconsciously attached itself to one dear object, with a proportionate tenacity and devotion. She had never looked beyond the present pleasure of his society, nor reflected whether she should always have it, or whether she could endure to lose it. When the trial at last came, she found it insupportable.

The day soon arrived on which Clement was to sail for his native land. He had parted from poor Orrila the night before; and when, years afterwards, he narrated this, amongst other incidents of his life, the recollection of the scene was still terrible to him. It was in many respects far more painful to his generous and manly heart, than that which he had gone through on parting from his beloved Patty. He could not in this, as in the former case, hold out any hope of a future meeting, or a future union. It seemed, therefore, to the devoted Indian (and too truly) to be an *eternal* separation,—an *everlasting* farewell: and from this, as worse than death, her fond heart instinctively recoiled. At length, without the slightest departure from the delicacy proper to her sex, and inherent in her own nature, (strange as this may seem, when the relative circumstances of her position are not duly considered,) she inquired of Clement, amidst convulsive sobbings, whether she might not accompany him to his own country across the sea. She loved him as a brother, (she said;) and in the land where she then was, she had no father, no brother, no friend. Her heart was lonely until she knew *him*;—and he had always been kind and considerate,—and in his society she had passed such happy hours! No one else had ever been half so good to her since she lost her parents, and parted for ever from her only brother. Could she not go with that other brother, whom chance had thrown in her way? Must she lose *him* too? She could not endure the thought. She would be no trouble to him: she could work for her own support: but it would be pleasant to her,—it would be her only consolation, to see him sometimes, were it ever so seldom, and to know that he was well.

After this manner the artless and affectionate girl gave vent to the outpourings of her soul; and it inflicted on the heart of Clement inexpressible pain. He felt that he had been guilty of a criminal selfishness, in thus thoughtlessly trifling with her feelings and her happiness. He therefore represented to her, in the gentlest and tenderest manner, that much as he might otherwise have wished it, it was impossible to take her along with him. That the customs of his own country were peculiar,—that it would be liable to misconstruction,—and that he should incur the displeasure of his parents and his friends. But, he added, that she should certainly hear how he was; that he would frequently write to her, after his arrival in England; and that he hoped he might have the gratification of hearing from her in return, as he should be equally anxious to have tidings of her health and welfare, in which he could never cease to take the deepest interest.

Orrila listened attentively to all the young soldier said, and appeared for a moment to be a little comforted. But when the hour of actual separation came, her grief was altogether uncontrollable. With the most natural and touching grace, she placed her hand upon her heart, repeating, while her beautiful features were painfully convulsed, "Humanrah jaun saheb! humanrah jaun saheb!"* At length, Clement gave her one parting embrace, and rushed wildly from the spot, without venturing to linger or to look behind him.

* Literally, "master of my heart."

At a very early hour on the following morning all was in motion, and the necessary preparations were soon completed. The regiment was safely embarked on board the transports, and the men were in exuberant spirits at the idea of soon seeing again their native shore, and the friends from whom they had so long been divided. A favouring breeze filled the canvass; and, amidst loud cheers from the spectators, the stately ships, with their gallant freightage, began to move over the deep. At that moment a female was seen making, with rapid steps, towards the beach. She reached it, and held out her hands imploringly, as if to be taken on board. It was Orrila. The vessel continued its course; and Clement stood on the deck, watching, with strained sight, the poor distracted girl. A loud scream rent the air; a plunge was heard amid the waters; Orrila had precipated herself into the sea. An attempt was immediately made to render assistance, but in vain. Twice they saw her rise and battle with the surge, and then the waves closed over her devoted head for ever.

Clement, who had watched the whole of the painful scene with intense anxiety, now that he saw the fatal termination of it, hastened below, with a heart charged with grief and the bitterest regret. His feelings of self-reproach returned upon him with tenfold force; and this melancholy catastrophe threw a dark shadow over his homeward voyage, in spite of all those pleasant anticipations with which such a voyage naturally teems. It was not until he approached his native land, and his eyes first caught a distant glimpse of its rocky shores, bounding the dim horizon, that his mind was enabled to throw off the past, like a harassing dream, and to dwell upon those coming joys which now so nearly awaited him.

After the regiment had been safely landed at Bristol, Clement, having obtained a short leave of absence, set off for Wales. The meeting of early friends, after a long separation, is mostly a blessed epoch in the life of man. What fond embraces greet the welcome stranger, and how many times repeated! What looks of love and joy are rivetted upon him from the various points of the family circle! How many eager questions respecting past events—present health—future views and prospects! All—all are the objects of anxious and affectionate inquiry.

Ah! such an epoch I but too well remember in my own life, when that beloved brother, whose ashes now repose on the fatal field of Albuera, came for the last time, after an absence of more than two years, to visit the home of his fathers. After listening long, but vainly, to catch the sound of the approaching wheels, we had retired for the night, not expecting him at so late an hour. When he did at length arrive, with what joyous feelings did my mother and I rise from our beds; with what alacrity did we put on our clothes, which we had just before thrown wearied aside; and with what freshness and untiredness of spirit did we listen till day-dawn to that dear voice, so long a stranger to our ears! Could we, indeed, have known that this was the last occasion on which those welcome sounds would ever salute us, we should have prized still more, if that were possible, those brief but golden moments which flew too quickly past. But no! the idea is vain: for such a knowledge would but have embittered

that which in a blissful ignorance of the future we for one short fortnight so much enjoyed.

After Clement had remained a few hours with his parents and family circle, his impatience to again behold his Patty, after so long an absence, became uncontrollable. As he had approached his native B———, and beheld once more the mountains and the valleys over which he had so often wandered in her loved society, her form rose before him, as fresh and fair as when they had last parted, on the eve of his sailing for Jamaica. He looked eagerly out at the chaise-window, in the hope of seeing her by accident, in which case he felt there would be no violation of duty or decorum in devoting the first embrace to love. In this hope, however, he was disappointed: and as he was precluded from making any inquiries at home, which would have indicated the continuance of an attachment so objectionable to Sir John and Lady B——, he contrived to steal away from them at the earliest moment, and bent his steps towards the humble abode of his rustic fair one. As he approached the door, his eyes glanced anxiously through the open casement, to anticipate, if possible, his eager footsteps. In another second he had lifted the latch, and rushed in. He neither saw Patty nor her parents, but a stranger, a female, who rose on his entrance.

"Where is Patty Rhûg? How is she? I hope she's well."

"Patty Rhûg!" exclaimed the woman, staring with astonishment.

"Yes, Patty Rhûg: pray tell me, is she well?"

"Lord bless you, sir! don't you know she's hanged?"

The strange but almost forgotten vision in the West Indies instantly flashed across Clement's mind, and he sank down into the seat which the good woman had quitted, in a state of apparent insensibility. When he recovered himself, fixing his large full eye intently upon her, he faintly exclaimed:

"Hanged!—what do you mean?—Did she hang herself? did the poor girl, indeed, hang herself?"

The person interrogated, seeing the painful effect which her information had already produced upon the stranger, hesitated to make any further reply. But she found it impossible to baffle the inquiries, which he slowly and feebly, but eagerly pursued.

"Tell me—I beg—I entreat—what is it that you mean?—Did Patty hang herself, do you say?—how?—when?"

"No, sir; she did not hang *herself:* I did not mean that."

"Gracious heaven! then what did you mean? who hanged her? tell me quickly!—tell me all, and don't torture me further."

"Why, sir, then if *I must* tell you, *the law* hanged her."

The unhappy youth, on hearing this dreadful aggravation of his calamity, rose from his seat, and without asking another question, or uttering another word, walked slowly out of the cottage.

With what eager steps, and with what different feelings, had he approached it but a few minutes before! The revulsion in his soul was dreadful. He felt stunned by the sudden blow, and wandered on for some time, without knowing whither he went. At length the increasing darkness recalled him to himself, and he turned his footsteps towards his father's house. On arriving there, he never once

alluded to the subject which now so painfully engrossed his thoughts. He had already heard far too much, and he had no wish at that time to learn any further particulars, for his mind was not in a state to bear them. On the plea, therefore, of being very much fatigued with his journey, he retired almost immediately to his chamber.

Here he had full leisure to reflect on all the past, and the perturbation of his soul was extreme. The vision which he had seen in Jamaica again rose before the eye of Memory in clear and vivid outline; and when, towards morning, he fell into a troubled slumber, it was still present with him in his dreams. He rose at an early hour, unrefreshed and miserable.

Many days elapsed before he could endure to make any further inquiries on the subject. At length, when his mind had become a little more tranquil, he began almost to doubt what he had heard. Surely his ears had deceived him, or else it was a wicked fabrication. How could so artless and innocent a creature have transgressed the law, so as to incur so awful a penalty? Whatever might have befallen her, love whispered—*that* could *not* be true. He already felt his mind in some degree relieved by its own rising incredulity, and he now determined to know the whole truth. With this view he wandered off to a considerable distance from B——, and accosted a man working upon the road, who was an entire stranger to him. After a few casual remarks upon the roads, the weather, and other indifferent topics, Clement contrived to introduce the subject nearest to his heart, and he gradually elicited the following particulars.

Some months after he had sailed for the West Indies, Patty Rhûg went out to service. Her master and mistress were a farmer and his wife, of middle age, who resided, I think, in the neighbourhood of Monmouth. Patty's great beauty soon attracted the marked attention of the farmer, (whose name I forget,) and this was of course speedily followed by the jealousy of her mistress. The domestic comfort of the married couple being thus destroyed, frequent quarrels and contentions unhappily arose between them. Alas! to what dreadful results do the first inroads of evil often lead if not checked in time! The farmer endeavoured, by every possible art, to seduce the innocent girl from the paths of virtue; and failing in this heartless attempt, he resolved to gratify his lawless passion at all hazards. He conceived the terrible design of getting rid of his wife by poison, and afterwards marrying Patty.

Shortly after this, the farmer's wife was taken suddenly ill, and died under very suspicious circumstances. The man's attachment to his beautiful servant, and his consequent quarrels and bickerings with his wife, were notorious through the neighbourhood, in which they had occasioned much scandal. He was very generally and severely blamed for his conduct, and incurred a considerable degree of odium; in which, justly or unjustly, (for there was little proof or inquiry on this head,) the unfortunate Patty largely shared. After various whisperings and surmises, a strict investigation followed, and it was clearly ascertained that the deceased had died by poison. It was also discovered, that Patty had purchased a similar drug at the market town, under the usual pretext of destroying rats; although she positively

declared that it was by her master's order, and that she knew nothing of the purpose for which it was intended. The deceased (if I remember rightly) had dropped some expressions in her dying moments, which implicated the servant, as well as her husband, she herself being equally impressed with the guilt of both. Other concurring circumstances appeared to bear out, accidentally or otherwise, the truth of this impression. The farmer and Patty were both put upon their trial for the murder, at the Monmouth assizes, and were both found guilty, and condemned to death.

After the dreadful sentence of the law had been executed, and poor Patty slept in an unhallowed grave, the excitement of the moment having passed away, some difference of opinion began to arise in the neighbourhood, as to the actual share which she herself had had in the perpetration of the crime for which she suffered. Many thought, though appearances were strongly against her, that the proofs of her guilt were hardly sufficient, and opinions were divided on the point. The old man, to whose painful narration Clement had listened with intense interest, declared his own impression to be, that it was at least "a very doubtful matter."

As to Clement himself, no shadow of doubt (as he emphatically declared to us) ever crossed his mind, as to Patty's entire innocence. His ardent love for the unfortunate girl forbade him to believe that her soul could be stained with the foul guilt of murder: and the bright and luminous appearance which she had assumed in his singular vision fully confirmed him in his own opinion. It both strengthened this opinion, and added to the singularity of the apparition, when he subsequently discovered, on making some further inquiries, that Patty suffered on the very same day that she had appeared to him, and which he had carefully noted down at the time. Perhaps a romantic youthful affection might be pardoned for believing, (as Sir Clement confessed he did,) that his Patty was allowed thus to clear herself to *him*, and him alone, not merely from the dreadful crime imputed to her, but likewise from the suspicion of having been unfaithful to those vows which they had so fondly pledged to each other at their last sorrowful parting.

"You may think me superstitious, if you please," said he, (perceiving, I believe, a slight smile on the countenance of one of the company,)—"you may think me superstitious, but there are circumstances which *compel* our belief in them, however strange, and contrary to our ordinary experience. When I beheld Patty suspended from the tree, as it was impossible I could know, at the distance of several thousand miles, that she was actually hanged on that very day, so it was impossible that mere fancy could deceive me. All was too clearly defined, and shocked me too much at the time, to leave the slightest room for doubt. But her beautiful face was as beautiful as ever, and her form as radiant and glorious as that of an angel; and therefore I am unalterably impressed with the conviction of her innocence. Perhaps it was permitted," (added he, with a deep sigh,) "that to me, who had so sincerely loved her, her memory should be cleared from the foul blight which had fallen upon it."

I have here chronicled the facts, as they were narrated to us at the

time; and I leave the reader to make his own comments, or to draw his own conclusions. Sir Clement B—— was a man of undoubted veracity, and characteristically accurate in everything which he related: and it is really singular that I should recently have had some convincing proofs of this, had I ever needed them, which I certainly did not. The lady to whom I have already alluded, as having been born, and having resided for many years, in the immediate vicinity of B——, Sir Clement's paternal abode, has related to me several anecdotes and circumstances respecting the baronet and his family, which I had previously heard from his own lips. Her mother also, who was lately on a visit in London, remembered all the particulars attending the trial and execution of the unfortunate Patty Rhûg.

The pleasure of the youthful soldier's visit to his friends, after so long an absence, was of course marred by this cruel event, which had blighted his first affections in their early bud. The sight of the cottage, where the ill-fated object of them had once resided, was hateful to him. The paths through which he had roamed with her, side by side, and which now only served to recal her to him as she then was,—in the flush of beauty, and the brightness of innocence,—he carefully avoided. Every hill and every tree reminded him painfully of the past: and after a three weeks' sojourn at B——, (which appeared to him as many months,) he gladly hailed the sight of the old ricketty post-chaise, which was to convey him to Monmouth, on his return to his regiment.

When Clement rejoined his brother officers at Bristol, they immediately remarked his altered appearance and manners, which were those of one slowly recovering from a long illness. He soon found that some rumours of his early attachment, and its disastrous termination, had reached their ears during his absence. He was therefore induced, when he had a little recovered his usual spirits, to relate to them some of the particulars. The most sceptical amongst his gay companions, who had formerly joked him on the marvellous occurrence in Jamaica, were now struck with astonishment at the strange coincidence between the several parts of the painful drama; and, with expressions of sympathy, they at once candidly admitted, that they were constrained to believe, what they could not in any way understand, or account for.

It was during Clement's stay at Bristol, that the violence of his feelings gradually abated; and with the elasticity of mind which belongs to early youth, his thoughts took a new turn. Those who are at all acquainted with the localities of Bristol Hot Wells will know, that one of the pleasantest and most frequented spots, in that beautiful and highly picturesque neighbourhood, is the romantic little village of Ashton. Many a delightful day I have spent amongst its sylvan shades, with friends, most of whom have now forgotten, in the cold grave, both it and me. Large parties from Clifton, of the resident inhabitants, together with the occasional visitors for health or amusement, go there to eat strawberries and cream, whole fields of that fruit being cultivated for the express purpose of supplying the numerous little gardens, where the company meet. These truly Arcadian feasts mostly concluded with a dance upon the greensward, to the

music of a military band, or in the absence of one, (which rarely happened,) to the harp of some wandering minstrel from the adjacent principality.

As the river divides the Hot Wells from Ashton, recourse is had to the ferry-boat, to reach that pleasant village: and nothing that either poet or painter can pourtray can well be more lovely and sublime, than the scene which here opens from the water. A majestic line of rocks rises on either hand, but of totally opposite character. On one side, rugged and precipitous, they present the changing appearance of dismantled abbeys, or of ruinated baronial castles, as the unchiselled stone frowns in all the architectural grandeur of tower and battlement, niche and embrasure. On the opposite side, from their broad bases to their lofty summits, the rocks present one clothing of delightful verdure, luxuriant woods crossing their tops, and shrubs and wild flowers growing out of every fissure, or hanging fantastically from every projection. After crossing the river, the scene is agreeably diversified, as the way then lies through the charming park of Sir Hugh Smith, where the deer, accustomed to the presence and the gaze of strangers, stand arching their graceful necks, and fixing their wild sweet eyes upon the passers by. Occasionally, too, the scene is enlivened by the approach of some of those picturesque-looking country girls, (from Kingswood,) peculiar to those parts, with faces celebrated for beauty, in large black gypsy hats, surmounted by a forest of ribands, and pretty mob caps, covering, but not hiding, such a profusion of rich glossy curls, as most of our modern belles might be proud to display.

It was at Ashton, then, to which Clement and several of his brother officers had accompanied a party of ladies, on one of those strawberry and cream excursions, that he found his attention more particularly attracted to one fair object. Emily D—— was not strictly beautiful, but of most agreeable appearance, and engaging manners; and the young soldier felt himself drawn towards her as by some irresistible charm. Schooled by misfortune, the cold realities of life had already chilled the glow of romance in his youthful breast. He wanted not to bow at the feet of beauty, rarely satisfied with the homage it receives; but to repose upon the bosom of affection. He wished a wife for comfort, not display; a partner with whom he might find the sober certainty of unchanging love, and not the intoxicating dream of a merely evanescent passion; one to fill his heart, and not his imagination: and all these requisites he fancied that he had discovered in the engaging creature now before him.

After the evening's entertainment had concluded, as usual, with a dance, in which Clement attached himself exclusively to the object of his admiration, he contrived, during a delightful walk home by moonlight, to improve his recently formed acquaintance with his fair partner, and obtained permission to wait upon her on the following day. He then found that she had only a brother and sister, with the latter of whom she resided in a style of simple and moderate gentility, their parents being both dead. One visit led to another. Rural walks and drives to different spots in the romantic neighbourhood produced a more intimate knowledge, and with it an increased admiration, of Miss

D——'s character, which, though devoid of display, combined all that was calculated to promote real and lasting happiness. Pleasing, but retiring, in her manners, gentle in her temper, without a shade of apathy, and sufficiently accomplished to diversify the hours of domestic life, without neglecting its duties, Clement did not regret that she had nothing of the mere *bas bleu* about her: that she was not so exceedingly clever (at least in her own estimation) as to look with contempt upon the talents of her admirer, simply because they had not had the advantage of being very highly cultivated, and were neither of a very literary, nor of a scientific cast. In short, that she was, what she ought to be, the gentle model of a sex, intended by nature to shine as fixed stars in the heaven of home. Even in the young days of Sir Clement B——, fashion had not made such rapid strides in this country, as it has done of late. The sweet though humble fireside duties were still considered as in no way derogatory to the true dignity of the female character. Though some gifted with superior talent might occasionally rove in the gardens of poesy, none had ventured to dispute the right of the lords of the creation to the now debateable land of general literature.

After an attachment of some duration, Clement was united to the object of his affection. He was no longer (as I have said before) a romancer: disappointment therefore did not follow his marriage. He found in his wife all, and even more, than he had anticipated; and much of happiness, of rational domestic happiness, seemed likely to attend their union.

Too soon, however, these pleasant days were doomed to have an end. The regiment was again ordered on foreign service, and its destination was the East Indies. At first Clement thought it would be more prudent to leave his wife during his absence, or at least for some time, (she being already considerably advanced in pregnancy,) with her sister and her friends in England. But when he hinted this to her, her grief and distress at the bare idea of separating from him were such, that he at once determined to accede to her wishes. It might have been happier for both of them, had she forborne to accompany him on his distant voyage: but the future is wisely concealed from us by an impenetrable veil.

When the day of embarkation at length arrived, she bade adieu to her native shore and early friends, to share the fate, whatever that might be, of him to whom her hand, her heart, and her destinies were all irrevocably united. Her husband, too, now felt more than satisfied, that she had thus overruled his own original wish. When he was last a traveller on the boundless deep, he felt in comparison as a solitary man. He had, it is true, a pleasant and romantic dream of happiness in prospect: but he held not in possession, "the sober reality of waking bliss." Now he had a companion in his pleasures; a sharer, and more than a sharer, in all his sorrows. A gentle and dependent creature clung to him for support, with all the tender confidingness of woman's love; and promised him, from the unexhausted stores of a devoted heart, an ample recompense for all that he had suffered, and all that he had lost.

The wind was favourable, and the vessels proceeded prosperously,

under convoy, on their voyage towards the distant East. Clement was very gay with his comrades, all pleasing themselves with floating visions of rupees, and rapid promotion, in the El Dorado for which they were bound; and his Emily had found agreeable companions in the wives of two of his brother officers. One of these ladies played on the Spanish guitar; Mrs. B. had a sweet voice; and when the night was fine, Clement often took them on deck, and got them to play and sing some of his favourite Welsh airs, which carried him for a few brief moments, as if by magic, back to his native mountains.

After they had been a few weeks at sea, Mrs. B. was lying one afternoon on her couch, having felt very unwell, when she was roused from a short slumber, by a great noise and confusion upon deck. While she was listening to ascertain the cause of the uproar, one of her friends came in breathless haste to the cabin, and, in answer to her eager inquiries, informed her that a French ship of war was bearing down upon them, and that an action appeared to be inevitable. A British frigate of the smaller class had charge of the convoy, and had already taken up her position to repel the enemy's attack. While the lady was yet speaking, the cannon opened their thunder. One thought alone then filled the mind of the devoted wife,—the danger to which her beloved Clement might be exposed. She rushed upon deck, just as she was, in her night-dress; and at that instant she was unfortunately struck or grazed on the temple, by a spent ball from one of the enemy's guns. She fell, to all appearance dead; and when her husband, who had flown to her assistance, beheld her white dress covered with blood, he was frantic with grief. She was immediately borne back to the cabin, where the surgeon attended her, and finding that she was not actually dead, he administered restoratives, which gradually recalled her to painful consciousness. He then carefully examined the wound, which he stated to be highly dangerous, and the left eye was entirely destroyed. Meantime the poor sufferer, believing herself to be dying, had drawn her husband (who was hanging distractedly over her, and held one of her hands in both his own) close to her breast, and began to whisper faintly in his ear her fond and last farewell. The surgeon gently interposed, begging to be permitted to dress the wound without delay, and assuring them both that there was a chance of recovery, especially if Mrs. B. could be sent back to England, instead of proceeding further on the voyage to Calcutta. To this, however, they both appeared to be equally adverse. The idea of such a sudden separation, and under such dreadful circumstances, was not to be endured.

While this affecting scene was passing in the cabin of the transport, the battle was raging furiously between the two ships of war. The English frigate was inferior to the enemy, both in the number of her guns and men: but with our brave tars, this seldom appears to operate otherwise than as a stimulus to increased exertion. As there is more to do, they set more vigorously about it. The flag that floats above them, the meteor flag of England, supplies many deficiencies both of guns and crew. It carries with it the prestige of ages of accumulating glory; and on the present occasion it lost not a particle of its ancient renown. After an obstinate engagement, in which great loss was sus-

tained on both sides, the enemy was glad to effect his escape, while escape was practicable; and instead of the triumph, which one short hour before he had proudly anticipated, it was only by dint of superior sailing that he was enabled to secure an inglorious retreat.

On the following morning an opportunity presented itself of conveying Mrs. B. back to her native shore; and the conflict which arose, both in her own and her husband's mind, on this occasion, was truly distressing. The surgeon represented, in the strongest and the kindest terms, the necessity which existed for the immediate separation of the attached couple. If Mrs. B. should proceed forward in her present state to the burning climate of the East, it would inevitably prove fatal: but under her own mild and temperate skies, there was a probable chance of her ultimate recovery. This was a temptation not to be resisted. A present sacrifice of feeling was required for a great prospective good: and urged by the strong necessity of the case, Clement reluctantly yielded to the worthy surgeon's advice. It was more difficult, however, to induce his suffering wife to assent to it. She had a strong inward conviction, that whether she went onward, or returned, she should not long survive. She therefore wished to remain with her afflicted husband, to whisper her last fond farewell into his own ear, and to breathe out her soul within his arms. But finding him now disposed to listen to the surgeon, and knowing that it was on her account he made this sacrifice of his inclination, she at once offered up her own, with a ready self-devotion, on the same altar. Faintly smiling, she held out her hand to him, as he knelt by her bed, and told him it was her only pleasure to follow his wishes.

Their parting was a hurried one, but affecting in the extreme. Clement removed her in his arms from her couch to the deck, and then accompanied her on board the vessel which was already spreading its canvass for her native land, and in which it fortunately happened that a medical gentleman was taking his homeward passage. After seeing all her wants and comforts as carefully provided for as circumstances would permit, the painful moment of separation came. It was then that Clement could almost have wished to carry his Emily back with him, to the ship from which he had just brought her. But summoning all his fortitude to his aid, he recalled the necessity for her return to England, and the passing weakness died away within his own breast. He seated himself by the bedside of the patient sufferer; and being informed at this moment that all was ready, and the vessel prepared to sail, they exchanged many tender injunctions, many fond embraces, and then a long farewell.

Clement returned to his own ship with a heavy heart. He watched the frail bark, which was now freighted with his all of earthly treasure; and as it rapidly receded from his view, he ruminated on the sudden and painful change which had again darkened the vista of futurity. A few short hours before, his Emily was in the enjoyment of high health and spirits, and he was happy in her loved society. They were embarked together on the same voyage for distant India, with the same cheering prospects before them, and the same bright hopes and expectations to lead them on. Now that gentle one was wounded, and languishing on the bed of pain; and, worse than all, he

was no longer by her side. A cruel necessity required that they should separate, as the only chance of preserving her invaluable life. Already they were divided by many miles; and alas! the distance must go on increasing, until

"Mountains arose, and oceans roll'd between."

It was this that gave a keener point to the arrow, which had now pierced his inmost soul. He had no means of knowing what might be the actual state of the sufferer, and must endure the torture of a long suspense. Before he could learn it, she might have been dead for months. This idea was beyond endurance, and he rushed below to find the medical officer, that he might again gather from him some food for hope to feed on.

During the long and tedious passage to India, Clement secluded himself as much as possible from all his gay companions, that he might indulge at will his own melancholy reflections: and they, from sympathy and respect for his misfortune, did not attempt to obtrude their conversation upon him, beyond occasional and well-directed efforts, when opportunity offered, to amuse his mind, and draw him away from his own thoughts. When, however, they became, as they often did, peculiarly oppressive and gloomy, his only consolation was in hastening to his friend, the surgeon, and hearing him repeat, again and again, the same oft-repeated assurance, that Mrs. B——'s return to England might probably be the means of saving her life.

At length the monotonous and painful voyage drew to a close, and the young soldier arrived with his regiment at Calcutta. As he stood watching on deck, while the vessel entered the Hoogley, on a lovely April morning, his own isolated situation came forcibly to mind, and the tears of regret for the past darkened and dimmed his view of the surrounding objects. Had his beloved wife been with him, Clement would have enjoyed the new world that opened upon him at Calcutta. The human mind, however great its resources may be, requires, like the body, some occasional change, to keep it in a healthful and vigorous state. And thus it is that travelling is often of more avail to the valetudinarian and the hypochondriac than all the golden rules of the physician, and all the boasted rules of the Materia Medica. The constant succession of fresh and amusing objects, to which a variety of scenes gives rise, calls the soul, as it were, out of itself, to a nobler range of thought than mere self can supply. The difference in the physiognomy and costume of the people of foreign lands, their habitations, manners, and customs, the pleasing varieties of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and even the very sound of an unknown tongue, spoken by all around us, give back something of the freshness and greenness of our feelings in early life, when all was new, and, therefore, all was delightful.

For some time the mind of Clement resisted this charm of novelty. Like one who walks in his sleep, with his eyes wide open, but sees nothing, he looked upon the strange scenes and novel sights that daily and hourly presented themselves to his view, while he could hardly be said to notice or observe them. But sorrow, like labour, must relax at last: and the soldier, from his very position and circumstances,

is not, in general, the man to support a long campaign of reflection. There is a round of duty, and a routine of bustle and gaiety, which combine to prevent him from sinking into a state of quiescent apathy.

After a few weeks' sojourn at Calcutta, Clement began to look with interest upon its towers and cupolas, as they shone in the golden but scorching rays of a tropical sun, and to be amused by the strange and varied objects which surrounded him. The gay palanquins, with their often beautiful occupants, and the grotesque appearance of the natives who bore them; the costly but showy habits of the eastern belles, and the more elegant and tasteful array of the fair absentees from England; all presented something for the mind to dwell upon.

But I am not writing a memoir of Sir Clement B——, but merely a few passages of his chequered life; and I must hasten to conclude, lest I should exhaust my reader's patience.

I do not remember the precise period of Sir John B——'s death, when Sir Clement, as a matter of course, succeeded to the baronetcy. He had many wanderings and sojournings in other foreign regions and remote lands, and was at one time stationed at the Cape of Good Hope; so that he had not only visited, but was familiarly acquainted with, every quarter of the globe. He spoke in very favourable terms of the Hottentots, so much misrepresented by some travellers. Sir Clement considered them to be a simple, friendly, and kind-hearted race, and that, whatever might be their intellectual endowments or capabilities, they had a large share of moral worth. He sojourned also for a season amongst the Caffres, having obtained a short leave of absence with a view to indulge his propensity for new researches, and the acquisition of fresh knowledge. Of this warlike tribe he related many curious anecdotes, as well as several highly interesting incidents which occurred during his stay in India; but I purposely omit them, that I may bring this protracted narrative to a close. I shall, therefore, at once conclude it by reverting to the suffering wife of Sir Clement, whom we left proceeding on her voyage home.

When the time approached for receiving intelligence of his Emily from England, his anxiety became intense. At length the expected tidings came, and surprise and hope were at an end. A letter from Mrs. B——'s sister apprised him, that the favourable anticipations which had been entertained at the time she sailed for England had, unhappily, not been realised. Probably the grief and anguish of parting from her husband materially contributed to defeat the object for which it had been endured. All the symptoms of the sufferer began rapidly to portend a fatal crisis; and it was painful to hear her now lament that she had not remained with her beloved Clement, in order that she might die in his arms. This alone seemed wanting to smooth her passage to the grave. At length, however, through prayer and meditation, she was enabled to resign herself meekly to the will of Heaven, and on the third day after she and her husband separated, and while she was yet far from her native shore, she peacefully breathed her last, invoking a thousand blessings on his head: and thus too perished with her the unborn inheritor of her husband's ancient name. When the crimson glow of evening flushed the west, and the reddening sun blended the sky and the waters in one undistinguishable

blaze of glory, the remains of the tender and devoted wife were committed to the silent deep.

These particulars were communicated to her sister by the medical gentleman who attended Mrs. B—— in her last moments, and who, in compliance with her dying request, called, shortly after his arrival in England, to break to her family the sad intelligence of her decease; which was the more unexpected and painful, as they were previously unacquainted with the accident which had befallen her.

Thus suddenly vanished all Sir Clement's cherished hopes of future happiness in the society of that beloved being who, a few short months before, had confidingly united her destiny to his. He had been ardently and sincerely attached to her, and her loss was as the loss of a portion of his own existence. He could hardly rouse himself sufficiently to go through the ordinary duties of the day: and often when night came, its stillness and loneliness would restore to him the image of his lost Emily, as he had seen her last, pale and bleeding on the deck of the vessel, or lifting up her feeble hand to clasp his, while she whispered out that fond farewell which still sounded in his ear.

Then would he, as he told us, review the past years of his strange, unhappy life, and think how *all* that had ever loved him had come to a disastrous and untimely end. His first love, Patty—how dreadful was her fate! The poor devoted Orrila!—she too had perished, in the attempt to follow his fortunes to a distant and, to her, unknown land. And, last of all, his Emily, his gentle wife, in whom, since their union, he had discovered no fault but that she loved him better than perhaps any mortal should be loved—she too was now snatched away from him, by a sudden and violent death.

"Had I been of a very reflective nature," said Sir Clement, as he concluded his narrative, "this chain of melancholy events would have bound me fast to sorrow for life: for it seemed enough to ensure evil to any one to have anything to do with such a luckless being as myself."

Young as Sir Clement B—— was when the latest of these painful occurrences took place, I have no doubt that he never did fully recover from the effects of that blow to his domestic peace. Although he could not have been much above thirty years of age when I first became acquainted with him, he seemed to labour under a settled though gentle melancholy: and the last time that I ever saw him, (which was a year or two after he visited us, on the occasion alluded to at the commencement of this narrative,) it still appeared to throw its abiding shadow round him. He was, as I have before intimated, an entertaining and even a cheerful companion; but in his very cheerfulness there was something strikingly calm and subdued. He would smile at an amusing incident or story, and seemed to enjoy it; but I don't think I ever remember to have seen him laugh. He was subject occasionally to fits of involuntary abstraction, as though his thoughts were reverting to the past events of his wayward life. The only song which I ever heard Sir Clement sing was one which seemed to have reference to his own unhappy destiny:—

"Could native worth subdue my faith,
New love might in my bosom rise;
But cold in the abode of death
My heart's dear object lies.

For oh! when death subdued her bloom,
And filled my breast with lasting care,
Love broke his arrows o'er her tomb,
And Hope struck anchor there."

Having brought to a close Sir Clement B——'s narrative, to which not only my mother and our whole fireside circle had listened with deep attention, but with which I myself was so forcibly struck as to be induced to communicate the particulars at the time in letters to a friend, I now subjoin a brief account of his melancholy and untimely death. I am the rather led to do this, as, from the peculiar circumstances which attended it, it became a matter of painful family interest to us all. The same evil star which, as he himself observed, appeared to pursue all those who became connected with him in the bonds of affection, at length settled darkly over his own head.

It was, I think, in the summer of 1813, about six years after the period last alluded to, when Sir Clement related so many of the incidents of his eventful life, that he again paid a friendly visit to my brother, at his paternal mansion. He was accompanied on this occasion by a Mr. Kneller, a particular friend of his, whom he had previously introduced to my brother's acquaintance, during a temporary sojourn in the great metropolis. Mr. Kneller (who was either a descendant or a relative of the celebrated painter of that name) was a man of considerable scientific attainments, particularly in chemistry, in itself a strong letter of recommendation to my brother, who from his early youth had always been much delighted with that fascinating study, and was himself an excellent practical chemist.

My mother and I did not see Sir Clement on the occasion of this last visit to L—— House, as we were then residing at Clifton, near Bristol. As the event turned out, we had reason to consider our absence a fortunate circumstance.

It was a beautiful summer's evening, and the bright sunlight tinged the waters of the classic Avon, that winds through the romantic shades of L——, and lighted up the branches of those gigantic oaks for which it had been long famed, when Sir Clement proposed to Mr. Kneller and my brother to take their guns, and amuse themselves for an hour or two in the adjoining woods. My brother happened at that moment to be deeply engaged in some of those chemical researches by the result of which, as others have greatly benefited in a pecuniary point of view by his gratuitous communication, he himself, by the concurrent testimony of some of the best judges, might have realised an independence, had he not been born to an estate. Mr. Kneller being also intent on the same pursuit, declined his friend's invitation; and my brother, though equally indisposed to quit his favourite recreation, was therefore induced, from courtesy to his guest, to take his gun and accompany him.

They bent their steps towards the "Hermitage Wood," one of the most beautiful and picturesque spots that ever poet could select to people with the beings of his creative fancy. In this wood there stood "a little lowly hermitage," from which it derived its name. So completely was this solitary cell embowered, that it was scarcely perceptible to any one approaching it, unless when, through an opening amongst the trees, the eye caught a passing glimpse of its little gothic

windows, peeping through the luxuriant ivy, that grew in natural festoons around them, and covered with its dark glossy foliage the whole of the building. This had been formed entirely out of one large oak, the growth of the woods in which the hermitage stood. Its interior was not after the fashion of *modern* anchorites. It was literally what one might have supposed some holy saint or simple beadsman of old to have made his actual abode. A rude bench of oak, a table of the same lasting material, which had stood there, in the self-same spot, for nearly two centuries, a shelf behind the gothic door, with some maple-wood cups and platters, an hour-glass, and a scull upon it, formed the sole furniture of the place.

I have been thus minute in describing the scene, on account of the coming event, for which the shadow on the dial was already cast. By this hermitage my brother and Sir Clement stood for some time, watching the playful squirrel as it darted from bough to bough, or the timid hare, as it scudded away, frightened by the voice of its enemy, man. They then proceeded toward the edge of the wood, which was bordered by a meadow, where a group of merry haymakers were busied in throwing about the new-mown hay, which loaded the evening breeze with its delicious fragrance. Sir Clement suddenly raised his gun to shoot at a wood-pigeon, but it chanced to miss fire. "Here, M——," said the baronet, "give me your gun;" and, as he took it, he put his own into my brother's hand, with the muzzle, in the hurry of the moment, pointing towards himself. Within a few seconds, while Sir Clement was in the act of raising the gun which he had just received, and before my brother had altered the position of that which the baronet had given him in exchange, the charge unhappily exploded, and, to my brother's unspeakable horror, the whole contents entered the right side of his unfortunate friend, a little above the hip.

Bleeding profusely, Sir Clement immediately fell to the earth, and my brother stood for an instant speechless and transfixed, as if struck by a sudden paralysis. Recovering himself, he called aloud for help to the haymakers in the adjoining field, and his own two sons, then little boys about the ages of eight and ten, who were amusing themselves amongst the hay near the edge of the wood, were the first who ran to the spot. Some of the men who were at work immediately followed; and to the eager inquiry of "What is the matter?" "Oh dear! what has happened?" my brother, who was standing with his face buried in both his hands, could only reply, "I have shot my friend—O heaven, I have shot my friend!"

The men immediately proceeded to convey Sir Clement through the woods, and by the shortest way back to the house; and into that hall and along that gallery which, but an hour before, he had left in perfect health, they carried him, now a dying man, and placed him on his bed. A servant was dispatched on horseback for the surgeon, who resided at Lacock, not much more than a mile distant, and who, happening to be at home, was by the sufferer's bedside in less than half an hour after the accident occurred.

But this was, unhappily, not one of those cases to which the timely application of professional skill can bring the slightest relief. Sir Clement having been so close to the fatal weapon at the time it ex-

ploded, the shot had no room to spread, and the whole charge, wadding and all, had entered his body, and lodged in the bowels. It was impossible, therefore, to extract it, or to stay the effusion of blood; and Mr. Comley, in as cautious and delicate terms as he could, declared that the danger was imminent, and that he, in fact, could not flatter the patient with any hope of recovery.

This was no more than Sir Clement himself too well knew and felt, before the announcement was made to him. Thus suddenly summoned away to render up his final account, he prepared himself for it in a manner at once calm, dignified, and resigned. He requested that the clergyman of the parish should be immediately sent for, and in the mean time he endeavoured to soothe the anguish of my brother's mind in the kindest and most consoling terms, and explained fully to his friend Mr. Kneller, and to Mr. Comley, all the circumstances attending the unfortunate catastrophe, so as completely to exonerate my brother from all blame. He likewise gave instructions for a short will to be prepared, and verbal directions to Mr. Kneller on various points which he wished to be attended to after his decease.

Our excellent friend and neighbour, the reverend Joshua Robinson, hastened to the sufferer with all that promptitude and kind consideration which the urgency of the case required, and for which he was invariably distinguished. Never, certainly, did any christian minister fulfil the important duties of his office with more exemplary zeal and fidelity than did the worthy pastor of Lacock. He was indeed the faithful shepherd of that parochial flock which Providence had confided to his care. He was a frequent visitor to all the parishioners, and unwearied in his attendance upon such as were in poverty and affliction. To these he not only dispensed the spiritual aid of which they stood in need, but likewise administered to their temporal wants with an open and liberal hand.

When he entered the chamber of the dying man, he found him in that tranquil and happy frame of mind which befitted the solemn duties in which they were about to engage. After praying with him for some time, and putting such preliminary questions as the occasion required, the minister prepared the sacred symbols of the Saviour's death and sufferings, which Sir Clement expressed an anxious wish to commemorate before his final departure. At the still hour of midnight, while the stream of life still continued to ebb from the fatal wound, he partook of that holy sacrament, and then resigned himself, with a calm and even cheerful spirit, to the near approach of death. Exactly as the clock in the great hall struck the hour of two, this singularly unfortunate and singularly prepossessing individual breathed his last sigh to that world, of whose sorrows, more than of its joys, he had been a large partaker.

When the intelligence of this mournful catastrophe reached my mother and myself, it gave us, as may well be supposed, a severe, and, indeed, a twofold shock. We had long regarded Sir Clement with a sincere friendship and esteem, and the three or four years which had elapsed since we had last seen him had not at all effaced the recollection of his entertaining social converse, or of his very engaging and amiable manners. His death afflicted us greatly; and the more, that

it had unfortunately happened by the hand of so near a relative of our own. We could not help, also, recalling to mind the remarkable observations with which Sir Clement had formerly concluded his narrative, as to the unhappy and violent deaths which had befallen all those three devoted beings who had so tenderly loved him. It formed a strange concluding link to this singular chain of events, that his own days should thus be cut short in a like tragical and sudden way.

After the coroner's inquest had been held on the body, and a verdict returned of "accidental death," the corpse of the ill-fated baronet was laid out with all the respect and decent ceremony due to his rank in society and relative situation as the friend of my brother. The day preceding the funeral, the coffin was brought down into the great dining-room, according to established usage in the family; and there our faithful old servant, John Reeves, (whom we had sent over to L——, to inquire after my brother,) saw him, as he lay surrounded by the emblems of mortality. He was not at all altered, and his features retained the same sweet smile which they wore in life.

The morning of the funeral was, as may be easily imagined, a trying one to my brother. It was to him a heart-rending sight to see the tall hearse, and the melancholy band of mourners, prepared to convey to his last resting-place the friend who had unfortunately died by his hand. As slowly they proceeded down the long avenue of ancient elms, they were in sight of the fatal spot where Sir Clement received his death-wound; and Nature, smiling in her summer beauty, formed a deep and affecting contrast to the dismal pageantry that moved amid her living landscape.

A place had been prepared in our family vault at Lacock, close to the venerable abbey of that name, for the remains of Sir Clement: and after the beautiful and impressive service of the church had been performed by Mr. Robinson, the coffin was finally deposited amongst the crumbling memorials of many generations. And thus Sir Clement B——, who in his life had been a wanderer in many lands, has his final restingplace among strangers and aliens in blood.

# THE MA KADDESH.[1]

## A JEWISH STORY.

BY MARION MOSS, ONE OF THE AUTHORESSES OF "THE ROMANCE OF JEWISH HISTORY," "TALES FROM JEWISH HISTORY," ETC. ETC.

"WHO is it from, Rachel?" "Pray open it," "Do tell us where it comes from," cried her brothers and sisters, pressing eagerly round her as soon as the restraint of their father's presence was removed.

"It is from Mr. Gedalliah," said Rachel slowly, and articulating with difficulty, while her face flushed scarlet.

"*Mr.* Gedalliah! Oh, Rachel, how can you speak so coldly of your Judah, and he to be your husband too? But how you are trembling! Do give me the letter. One would think you would never be able to open it, and you look at the superscription as if you could not comprehend it, and did not wish to read the contents," said one of her younger sisters, at the same time putting out her hand to take it.

"Nor do I wish to read it, Sarah," said Rachel, gravely putting back her hand. "I wish you distinctly to understand, my dear sister, that Mr. Gedalliah is all that he ever can be to me—my brother—nothing more; nor will I suffer his letter to be opened. Circumstanced as we are, I should have thought he would have had more delicacy than to have written to me. Beside, I should have thought, after the full statement of my feelings towards him made through my father, he would have known better than to have addressed me, and spared me the pain of doing what must now be done."

Rising from the breakfast-table as she spoke, she seated herself at a writing-desk, and calmly folding Gedalliah's letter in a blank sheet, she sealed and directed it, and giving it to a servant to post, retired to her own chamber, with a look of thoughtful determination on her face which had withheld her brothers and sisters from interfering in Gedalliah's behalf.

While the eyes of others were upon her, she had restrained her feelings, but, when she found herself alone, she wept with passionate vehemence. Those were the last tears Rachel Morris ever shed for Judah Gedalliah, and, as she wiped away the glittering drops from her sunny eyes, she resolved to abide by the determination she had already expressed to her father—never to marry the young German.

It was one of those cheerless wretched days when the sun does not deign to shine even at mid-day, and the good citizens of London only discover that it is noon by the tolling of its many clocks. A dense fog hung over the busy streets, as a young man of four or five and twenty wended through some of the most crowded thoroughfares, seemingly unconscious that he was very unceremoniously hustled to and fro by

[1] Continued from . 195.

the busy throng, who paused not to look upon the haggard and solitary man who moved so abstractedly among them.

"Judah," said a voice in a surprised tone, and at the same time a hand was laid on the arm of the absent man.

Gedalliah, for he it was, raised his eyes, and perceived a young man, some three or four years his senior, looking curiously in his face. "Surely I am not deceived—it is Judah. I thought you were many miles distant. It is an unexpected pleasure to meet you in this busy mart of commerce. May I ask what urgent business has brought you to this wondrous city?"

"Come with me to my lodgings, Israel," said Gedalliah, who recognised in the stranger the husband of his sister, whom he fancied far distant in his own land of legend and romance, and whom, at the moment he addressed him, he had deemed in his peaceful home, gazing on the blue waters of the lordly Rhine, rather than the muddled stream of the Thames. He had fancied him surrounded by loving and lovely faces in the fond domestic circle, and he had envied him, and now here he was, in that mighty city of little greatnesses, and there was mingled pleasure and pain in the meeting. "Come with me, and I will tell you why I am here; the tale is too long and harassing for the street. I am most thankful that we have met; I needed other counsel than strangers or my own heart could give. But tell me, are my parents, Hester, and your little ones well? When did you arrive in England? and why did you leave home, and for what purpose?"

"I left all well at home, Judah, and I am charged with numberless loves and kind wishes to you and your fair bride elect. I have only been in this country two days, and I came away so unexpectedly, on commercial business, that I had not time to write and apprise you of my coming, nor had I the slightest expectation of meeting you here—I deemed the attraction at —— was too powerful to permit of your leaving it till the fair Rachel had changed her maiden name. But now, as I have brought your father's consent to your marriage, I suppose I must attend your bridal, and see your bride before Miss Morris becomes Mrs. Gedalliah."

A pained and troubled expression darkened Gedalliah's brow, as, linking his arm in his brother-in-law's, he moved on, without uttering another word, till he reached his own lodging; then throwing himself into a seat, he averted his head while he explained the nature of his business in town.

Israel mused for a moment on his brother's communication, then drawing his seat nearer, he said, in an earnest tone,

"Tell me, Judah, is the girl virtuous and respectable, and such as an honourable man might select for his wife?"

"She is all of this; amiable and beautiful too; and what renders it more painful and embarrassing to me is, she is the sister of my Rachel," replied Gedalliah huskily, his black eyes looking blacker still from the moisture that sparkled in them.

"And what says Rachel, Judah?"

He pointed silently to a letter lying on the table. It was his own to Rachel, and beside it was one from her father, informing him, in a

few brief but kindly lines, that, despite of all he had urged in his favour, Rachel adhered firmly to her determination of rejecting him, and that, from the solemn manner in which she had expressed her resolution, he had no hope of moving her to change it. "I should be proud to call you son, Gedalliah," Mr. Morris went on to say, "but the subject is so painful and distressing to Rachel, and she has so earnestly besought me not to renew it, that in justice I cannot give you the slightest ground for hope, and can only trust that in your next choice you may be more fortunate, etc. etc."

"Gedalliah," said Israel, when he had read Morris's letter, laying his hand impressively on the other's arm, and addressing him with earnest solemnity—"Gedalliah, you acknowledge that this girl is amiable and virtuous; her sister has rejected you, and the father, who, it appears to me, would gladly accept your alliance, gives not the slightest hope that she may be induced to change her purpose; and you have held up her name as a mark of derision; scandal's many tongues will blazon the tale of her divorce, but none will trouble themselves to ask or tell that she was blameless; and who would wed a divorced wife? You have done her a mighty wrong, Judah, for you have trifled with woman's brightest jewel, her fair fame—that mirror which, however unjustly tarnished, never regains its former polish. The power of repairing that wrong is still in your hands. Marry her, Judah; make her your wife, as you would have made her sister, and thus deprive the silly and malicious of the power of handling her name, and God will prosper ye both; but if you desert this young girl, leaving her to the misery and shame which your thoughtlessness has entailed upon her, you are a dishonourable man, and He who rules the destinies of the human race will desert you. You will not prosper, Judah—hope it not. And even should your lot in life be bright; though the world smile on you, and fortune favour you, the memory of her whose hopes you have blighted, and whose existence you have darkened till the light of hope is quenched, and life but a lengthening chain, will cling like a canker to your heart, corroding its secret springs, and make the cup of life contain a draught of unmingled bitters."

Gedalliah made no reply to this exhortation, but it sank deeply into his heart, and leaning his head on both hands, he sobbed convulsively. Only the strong frame of man can heave as his heaved now. Woman weeps too often to shed such burning tears, or sob with such an agony of emotion.

"Joy, joy, dear Jesse!" exclaimed Rachel Morris, bursting into her sister's chamber ere she had risen, and kissing the bloodless cheek supported on her thin white hand, while her dancing eyes and glowing face showed how greatly she was excited.

Jesse smiled, but her smile was more like the painful mockery of mirth than its reality, and she took Rachel's hand and pressed it to her hot and aching forehead as she feebly said,

"I can but feel happy when you are so; but what has occurred to render you so joyful, Rachel?"

"I cannot tell you Jesse," she replied, in a tone between laughing

and crying; "but here is a letter from London—from Gedalliah," she added, after a moment's hesitation. "Read it," and she tossed it on the bed.

Jessie's pallid cheek reddened painfully, and then grew paler still, as she eagerly took the letter, and her hand shook so that she could scarcely hold it.

"The divorce," she murmured, and the words seemed branded in flame upon her heart; but she mastered her emotion, and, clearing her dimmed sight, she read—not the document which was to render her free, but a proposal of marriage from Gedalliah to herself, saying that, if she would consent, in one month from the date of the letter, he would return and make her his wife. She saw no more; her brain swam giddily, and every object in the chamber danced strangely before her eyes; the blood seemed stagnating in her veins, and, clasping her hands upon her heart, she sank back motionless on her pillow. Rachel's agonised cry for help smote not on her ear, and lip and cheek were pale and cold, as if the spirit of life had winged its flight.

It was more than an hour ere the strong remedies applied to restore her took the slightest effect, and when she unclosed her aching eye, the first object on which they rested was her father. He was kneeling by her bedside, with his head sunk upon his breast, and bathing her hand, which he held in both his own, with scalding tears. Jesse forgot all his harsh treatment and his unkind words in that moment of happiness, and throwing her arms round his neck with the confident affection of other days, she wept as she murmured,

"Wilt thou not forgive me, father?"

Morris made no reply, but, raising a face no longer pale, he pressed his lips to hers, and, as he bent over her, Jesse felt a tear that was not her own fall upon her cheek. As for the mother, she was well nigh wild with joy when she saw her husband and child reconciled, and she wept and laughed by turns in her extravagant joy. Rachel was more sober in her demonstrations of joy than the rest of the family, but none felt so truly happy. She had sacrificed her own feelings for her sister's sake, and she now found her reward. There is a sweet and holy pleasure in conferring happiness on others which the selfish never know, and if ever mortal was perfectly happy, that mortal was Rachel Morris, when she saw Jesse seated at the breakfast-table on her father's knee, with his arm passed round her waist, and hers encircling his neck, as she leaned her cheek against his.

How soon the rose returns to the cheek of youth when there is sunshine in the heart, and the lustre comes back to the eye, and elasticity to the bounding tread; and, satisfied by Rachel's repeated assurances, and still more so by her unaffected cheerfulness, that, if she had ever loved Gedalliah, her affection partook more of the nature of a fond sister for a brother than a maiden's for her lover, Jesse soon regained her Hebe beauty; and if there was a shade on her brow, and something more thoughtful in the expression of the liquid black eyes, it detracted not from their loveliness; while Rachel, like the merry, light-hearted being she was, was soon surrounded again by a train of admirers.

Various were the sensations created in the Hebrew congregation at

—— when it was known that Judah Gedalliah had proposed for the hand of Jesse Morris. Like all small bodies of people, every one had something to say, and some remark to offer, and the occurrence afforded a topic of conversation whenever or wherever two of the gossipping fraternity met together.

"What fortunate people these Morrises are!" observed one, the mother of three marriageable daughters, the youngest of whom, if report spoke truly, was on the descending side of thirty, and neither had ever received the slightest attention from the male sex. "If some people's daughters had acted as Jesse Morris has done, no one would ever have spoken well of them again. And then it is so indelicate to accept of him for the younger daughter, and he almost on the point of marriage with Miss Morris. I wonder they, who were always so proud, and pretended to be so much more refined than their neighbours, should have ever spoken to Mr. Gedalliah again. But the Morrises are rich, so it is easily accounted for," added the speaker, with an ill-natured sneer.

"If by some people's daughters she means her own, I never heard any one speak well of them yet, and I defy the youngest to deprive her sisters of their lovers," observed a young man, in a stage whisper, to his neighbour, and he lounged away with a malicious laugh when he found his words had produced the desired effect.

"I hate forward girls," lisped a pretty, affected young lady, who wore a white muslin dress and a single white rose in her hair—for it was at an assembly—and aped simplicity, and who, it was well known, had played the agreeable to Gedalliah. "I always said how it would be; Jesse is so artful, and poor Rachel"—(she pitied Rachel, in order to make her sister's conduct appear more reprehensible)—"poor Rachel is so unsuspicious. I always told her how it would end; but some people will not be warned," and she shook her pretty empty head with an air of sage gravity.

"I do not believe Gedalliah will ever come back," said the first speaker spitefully. "It is all very well for them to say so, but time will show." And of all Jesse's dear friends, only one ventured to speak a kindly word in her favour, and, being on the point of marriage, she could afford to be generous.

Meanwhile, despite of hint and inuendo from those who would willingly have persuaded her that Gedalliah was fooling Jesse, Mrs. Morris persevered in her preparations for the wedding, which Morris determined should be as magnificent as his ample means would allow; and Rachel and Jesse, with their younger sisters, were far too busy selecting the important nothings which make up the paraphernalia of a bride, to hear or heed the many ill-natured remarks of which Jesse was the subject. As the time approached for issuing invitations, people were so busily engaged in settling to their own satisfaction who would and who would not be invited, that they forgot to be malicious; and certain touchy people, who find no pleasure so great as that of tormenting themselves, and worrying every one else, came to the conclusion that they would not be invited, merely for the sake of contesting the point with themselves, and firmly resolving never to forgive the Morrises, or speak to them again, as

if the Morrises cared whether they spoke or not. Others, again were quite assured that they would be of the invited. One or two even went so far as to suggest who ought and who ought not to be excluded; and when Mr. Morris answered for his wife, to whom this unpalatable advice was addressed, "That he was in the habit of managing his own affairs, without reference to the opinions of others," they very kindly suggested to poor Mrs. Morris, who, being a fussy woman, was in a perfect fever of excitement and agitation, that in their humble opinions Judah Gedalliah was only making a fool of poor dear Jesse, and leading the family on, while he quietly returned to his own country.

Nevertheless the preparations were continued, and poor dear Jesse, as her mother's wise friends chose to call her, was as happy as could well be expected, all circumstances considered; and if at times a pang of fear, lest she should blight her sister's happiness, crossed her mind, the unclouded brow and open joyousness of Rachel soon banished it, and she would not trust herself to think of the feelings which had urged Gedalliah to offer her his hand. She knew that he could not love her, as he had loved her sister; but she resolved, if quiet unobtrusive affection could win his esteem and regard, that she would win it; and if at times an anxious doubt of his intentions crossed her mind, she banished it as unworthy of her. He had acted too nobly to be doubted; and after the sacrifices he had already made for her sake, what right had she to expect more? and if he was tardy in coming, so that he deceived her not, she should be the last to blame him.

At length those important bits of paper, called invitation cards, were issued, furnishing, as they always do, food for fresh wonderment and heartburning.

"Well, Rachel," said her mother anxiously, as Miss Morris stood admiring the simple splendour of her sister's wedding dress for at least the twentieth time, on the night preceding the important morrow, and secretly marvelling what could detain Gedalliah from her sister's side, for he had not yet arrived—"well, Rachel, have you not sufficiently admired that dress? do put it down, and come hither—I want comfort and counsel, Rachel. Is it not strange"—and she sighed heavily, while the tears of maternal solicitude started to eyes so full and bright, that they might still boast much of the beauty that had characterised them in youth—"is it not strange that Gedalliah is not yet arrived, and no intelligence of him has reached us?" and without noticing Rachel's start of surprise at the coincidence of their thoughts, she went on portraying with all the eloquence with which love and fear gifts the most taciturn and sullen, the many fears that filled her heart, adding, as she looked anxiously in her face, "I fear, Rachel, I fear lest he should not come; and if he does not, what will become of your poor sister? But what think you, Rachel?" and the inquiry was put in such a tone as plainly displayed the questioner's anxiety to have her words disputed.

Mrs. Morris's doubts, however, had pained and piqued her daughter, who, if she had wondered, had never doubted. Rachel was not of a temper to cherish hope against reason; and her love was of too

material a nature to live on for years without food. But there is a something so flattering to the self-love of a young girl in being selected from among the many who seek to win his love, as worthy of being the wife of an honourable man, that if it fails to awaken a deeper feeling, renders her grateful for the distinction. Rachel Morris had resigned Judah Gedalliah to her sister, yet she was hurt that her mother should doubt him, and still more hurt that she should select her as the repository of her doubts. Thus many minutes elapsed ere she replied, for she feared lest she should answer too harshly, and her strict notions of duty kept her silent till she could subdue her feelings sufficiently to enable her to address her parent with becoming deference.

"My dear mother," she said at last, raising her eyes as she spoke, "my dear mother, you have been listening to some of those foolish unjust people again, who take a delight in tormenting you, because you are irritable, and suffer your feelings to be easily played upon; and pardon me if I speak too plainly, they have made you almost as unjust"—and foolish Rachel thought, but she did not say so—as themselves; "or, after all that is past and gone, you could not doubt the purity of Judah Gedalliah's intentions. He is an honourable man, mother; no man could have acted more, few would have acted so honourably as he has done; even my father is satisfied, and I cannot imagine, mother, why you, who are always so hopeful, and think so well of every one, should suffer silly and designing people to make you—" so unhappy, she would have added, but Mrs. Morris filled up the sentence, saying, in a half piqued tone, "As silly as themselves, I suppose you would say, Rachel."

Rachel coloured deeply, for she was conscious that she had spoken with much warmth; but she laughed lightly, perhaps to cover her confusion, as she replied, "No, indeed, my dear mother, I did not mean to say that."

"No, you only thought it, Rachel."

Rachel smiled archly, and throwing both arms round her mother's neck, she kissed her on lip and cheek, saying, "Well, well, mother, do not be angry with me, I did not mean to vex you, and I cannot bear your anger at any time, far less to-night. But hark! was not that Jesse called? I must go to her, for I would not for worlds she should fancy I neglect her;" and with another kiss the graceful girl tript lightly away, playfully shaking her finger at her mother with an air of pretty pettishness, like a spoiled child.

No sooner, however, had Rachel closed the door, than her gaiety was gone, and the doubts she had endeavoured to combat in her mother crowded thick and fast on her own mind, and her anxious heart misgave her. She paused at the door of her sister's chamber, with her hand on the lock, irresolute whether she should enter, or retire to her own. There were thoughts and feelings thronging through heart and brain at that moment, that she would not have given words to for worlds. It was not that she loved Judah now, but she had taught herself to look on him as her future husband, and she dreaded the morrow's meeting. She regretted not the sacrifices she had made for Jesse's sake; she did not call them sacrifices, even in the solitude of her own heart; and yet—she knew not wherefore—there was a pang

in that fluttering heart that made her shrink from an immediate encounter with her sister. She knew she was not acting rightly in yielding the mastery to her feelings, yet there are times when such knowledge avails us not, and the feelings will have way; and thankful for the darkness that covered her, she sat down on the landing, and pressing one hand to her heart, she shaded her eyes with the other, and suffered the tears to course unrestrainedly down her face. She did not envy Jesse; hers was not a nature to harbour such feelings, and her tears were anything rather than tears of bitterness; but her heart was very full at that moment, and there was a depression on her spirits that made it sweet to shed them.

A low sob from within roused Rachel from the indulgence of her feelings; and shaking off the cloud that shadowed her spirit, she wiped away the glittering drops which, bright and sparkling as they were, dimmed the lustre of her laughing eyes, and unclosing the door, softly entered. There was no light, save that shed by the full moon through the open window, which looked out on a small but tasteful garden, and by its soft yellow light she perceived her sister sitting at her dressing-table. She had partly unrobed, and her silken hair, from which she had removed the fastenings, floated in rich black masses over her bare and beautiful shoulders. The exquisitely moulded arm was leaned upon the table before her, with the hand supporting the head, and the beautifully tapered fingers of the other were passed carelessly through the glossy ringlets of sable hair that shaded her pale face. The motion of her shoulders, and the heaving of her breast, told Rachel how she was employed; and advancing on tiptoe, she stole her arms round her neck, and pressed her lips to her brow, ere Jesse was aware that she was no longer alone.

"This is wrong, my dear sister," said the elder of the two girls, drawing a seat close, and taking her hand within her own. "It is wrong, it is sinful, Jesse; and, indeed, indeed, you must learn to put a stronger guard upon your feelings. We ought to be happy and thankful to God for the blessings he has bestowed on us all, rather than yield to vain repinings for what is past beyond recal;" and she twined her fingers through the shining hair that would never shade that brow of beauty again.

"You wrong me, Rachel, I am not repining now. I am very, very grateful to God, and I shall never forget your kindness, my dear, dear sister; there are some tears that are not tears of sorrow, and mine now are made up of so many mingled feelings, that I cannot if I would tell you why I weep, and yet I feel a melancholy pleasure in shedding tears; my heart is so full, that it would burst if I did not give free course to my feelings. To-morrow I will be firm, Rachel; indeed you may trust me," she added earnestly, as a sort of half smile played round her sister's lip; "but to-night my emotions must and will have way, without curb or restraint;" and she leaned her head on Rachel's bosom, and twining their arms round each other's neck, they wept long and silently. Gradually both grew calm, and they sat conversing together till the rosy light of the summer dawn streamed in, and the cool fresh breeze of early morning, loaded with precious perfume stolen from the balmy flowers, waved the bright ringlets of the lovely

girls; then rising, they closed the window, and lay down side by side, to woo slumber; nor was it long ere the gentle goddess of repose descended on the weary eyes of her beautiful worshippers.

It was one of those glorious days of gorgeous June when even crowded cities seem to smile in the rich light of midsummer; when the sunbeams kiss the glassy waves, and dance over them like the glad smiles of childhood, ere sorrow hath thrown one shadow over the heart, or left a single cloud on the fair open brow; and the painted butterfly sports away its brief but bright existence in the golden light of the summer day. It was just such a day as one would choose for a bridal, if the choice were our own. A few white clouds alone checquered the soft deep blue of heaven; and there was a balmy freshness in the air, like the perfumed breath of flowers; and never did the blessed sunlight smile on a lovelier bride than Jesse Morris, as she clung round her mother's neck, shedding tears which, as she herself had said, were not tears of sorrow. The long bright tresses were severed from her beautiful head;* and, as she stood there arrayed in her costly robe of bridal white, she looked the loveliest of the lovely sisterhood, that had sprung up like young olive branches round her father's hearth. There was just the very faintest tinge of carnation on the olive cheek, and the large drops that gemmed the long black eyes that day which must ever be one of many mingled feelings, made up of sweet memories of the past, and hopes and doubts and fears for the future, had dawned in beauty upon her; but the tie which is to put asunder so widely the days that are gone with those that are to come, must ever mingle something of sadness and solemnity with the bright dreams that haunt the imagination of the young bride just about to launch the bark freighted with the precious treasure of her affections, on the seemingly bright but uncertain tide of existence. No, the bridal day can never, under the most propitious circumstances, be a day of unmingled, unalloyed happiness; and with Jesse Morris there was much of shadow to soften the light of the picture.

Everything had been prepared on a scale of magnificence, and yet there was one great requisite, without which the arrangements were incomplete and useless; it was—the bridegroom. The long hours of morning had waned beyond noon: the invitations had announced that the ceremony would take place at two o'clock, and guests began to pour in—yet still *he* came not. Mrs. Morris was compelled to put on an air of joy, to receive the congratulations of her friends—for by this time all had ceased to be vexed or malicious but the uninvited—though her heart was ill at ease.

Fortunately for Jesse, she was not called upon to appear, and she sat in a small side room opening into the splendid one where the ceremony was to be performed—alone, with the exception of Rachel, who could not be induced to quit her for a moment. The elder sister was weeping bitterly, but the younger was perfectly calm: there was no

* Some years ago it was customary for Jewish women to cut off their hair before marriage; and though the custom is not now generally prevalent, it is still practised by some of the more rigid observers of ancient customs.

blood in lip or cheek, and her hands were clasped tightly together, but her bright eyes were now tearless.

The guests gathered together in little knots, and conversed in low, almost inaudible whispers, and the family were well nigh distracted; but the stern composure of Morris restrained any violent outbreak of emotion.

The clock struck the half hour after one, and yet there was no sign of his approach. Slowly and painfully the time wore on, for even those who had foretold the event forgot to exult, in their deep commiseration for the suffering family; and the heavy silence of the wedding-room was like that which reigns in the chamber of death. One or two ineffectual efforts at conversation were made, but no one cared to join in, and the wedding guests resembled mourners at a funeral, and but for their gay apparel might have been taken for such.

Again the iron hand of time tolled one, two; yes, it was two o'clock, and still the bridegroom came not. Morris started to his feet, and paced the room in agitation that would be no longer controlled, and his heavy tread sounded strangely through the stillness which had been for some time unbroken. The mother, unable longer to suppress her emotions, covered her face with her hands, and sobbed aloud; and dismayed and ominous looks were exchanged among the assembled guests; while suppressed whispers of "He will not come," "I said he would not," "Poor Jesse," and "It would be a kindness to leave," passed from lip to lip.

Then came silence again. Even the usually busy street seemed strangely still, as if the passengers were conscious that the house of joy was changed to a scene of mourning, and from pity chose some other path. The half-hour after two struck, and some of the more intimate friends of the family rose to depart, conscious that the presence of strangers could only act as a painful restraint on the outraged and excited feelings of the family, and hoping to induce others to follow their example, and leave them to the indulgence of their sorrows.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by the roll of distant carriage-wheels; and though that sound was no unusual one, it jarred painfully on the over-strained nerves of the silent party.

Nearer, nearer, it comes; and Sarah Morris, who has turned to the window to hide her streaming tears, sees a carriage turning the corner of the street, and drawn by four foaming and panting horses, come thundering down the road with desperate speed. It stops—the door is opened—"Joy, joy, Jesse! He is come! He is come!"

"Who is come?" faltered Jesse, her pale cheek flushing with a sudden glow.

"Gedalliah!" and the next moment, with flushed cheek and hurried tread, faint with illness, that had detained him till the last moment, and gasping from his breathless haste, the bridegroom stood in the midst of the group.

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF SHAKSPEARE.

### HEART-BROKEN ELLEN!

——"Died thy sister of her love?"

TWELFTH NIGHT.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

SONG VII.

Oh yes, she's dead! With slow decay
We saw the light forsake her eye,
And marked her change from day to day,—
But yet, but yet, we thought she would not die.
So pure, so calm, her spirit pass'd
From breathing clay and mortal woe,
She looked an angel to the last,
And now, and now, we feel that she is so;
Heart-broken Ellen!

Too well she loved that faithless heart,
Whose coldness blighted all her own:
She watched his looks of love depart,
And wept, and wept her bitter tears alone:
She never breathed his name again,
Or woke the echoes with her song;
But on her burning brow of pain
We read, we read her gentle spirit's wrong,
Heart-broken Ellen!

## THE DAMOSEL'S TALE.[1]

### CHAPTER XIV. *continued.*

THE old varlet, who needed not to learn the dame's humour at this time of day, listened without reply to these and a score more of foul names and hard words that she continued to cast in his face, until she was forced to cease for lack of breath, which was indeed somewhat scarce with her at all seasons; when espying his opportunity, "By cocksbones, Madam Muriel," he said, "I can but answer you as I have done many a time before, that a gentlewoman of lineage and ancestry like yourself, is wholly another manner of person from a poor crippled beggar such as I; wherefore that shall be no shame to me, which should much demean your dignity. And suppose I had desired, for love of your service, to tarry on in the household of the worshipful knight, now the lord of all here—by Poule's bell, I should have been but a shame and disgrace to you—and ye yourself, truly, should be little blithe of my company, in such fair fellowship as Sir Anselm, and Sir Jankin, and the other handsome squires that shall be feasting and making merry with you in time to come."

This mention of the stranger squires by no means appeased the wrath of the old wife; who though for pride and idleness she had chosen rather to dwell on with a rich knight than to depart with a poor maiden, yet had little liking for the company of her new mates; for which reason, no less than for old usage, she had desired Gauchet's longer tarriance, that thus she might assure herself of a helper, in case of need. But since her dignity would not suffer her to confess this, or to pray him to stay there, she could only vent her ire from time to time in some such goodly word as, "Coward!"—"Villain!"—"Caitiff!"—"Ribald!"

"Now, by bread and ale, madam," went on the varlet, making as if he were deaf to all her chiding, "it is wisely said, that need hath no peer. Thus an unsightly, unhandy poor knave like myself, should be well content with a homely service, and betake him thereunto of free-will, ere he be thrust out to seek it. But heartily do I bless God, and my lord Saint Toce of Ponthieu, that so fair a fortune hath happed to you, Madam Muriel; who shall now live right royally, in the governance of a worshipful household, as beseems your gentle blood and breeding. Wherefore, mine honoured lady, there is now no more to say, but to pray all the blessed saints to give you joy and prosperity even to your life's end;—and to pledge you the same in a cup of Malvesie, which I shall pray you of your goodness, and for old love, to bestow on me at our parting."

Verily the dame delayed not to grant this last request, though in different guise from what he had desired; for scantly had he spoken the words, than the cup, which had just been rejected of my lord prior, came flying at his head, striking off his hood, drenching him with the liquor, and taking him so sharp a buffet on the crown as made him

[1] Continued from p. 224.

stagger. Nor 'scaped he further the melody of her tongue, though he turned and ran for it, so soon as he recovered, without mail or gear, and with his hood hanging at his back; for the sounds followed him far beyond the gate, bidding him begone, with sorrow and mischance, to the fellowship of churls and beggars like himself.

"Now the foul fiend quiet that unruly tongue o' thine, thou railing old stot,—or, so may I thrive, as some of those thieves of the new rout shall still it in despite of thee ere long," muttered Gauchet to himself, as he hied him over the meadows toward the lodge, where he resolved, maugre my lord prior's hest, to abide in some shed or outhouse for the night. "By my father's soul, a rare service I had taken! to fight out the bickerings of an old curst wife, with a score of brawlers that care no more to fell a man than an ox. But Saint Julian to speed! what dainty rider have we here, vaulting over ditch and stile this fashion? By the mass, our fair squire! Now would to God I were at Kimbolton! yet will I try what darkness and a smooth tongue may do in aid."

So saying, the knave began to halt on one leg, to stretch out his neck, and to put himself, as wholly as he might on so short warning, into the form of a lame beggar; which he had scantly done ere the gallant was close beside him.

"God save your noble lordship this fair eventide—and send as fair a morrow for the bridal!" said Gauchet, in a weak, trembling voice, which his present fear helped him not a little to counterfeit.

"What, churl,—whither goest thou?" answered the squire. "Methinks by thy speech thou shouldst be one of these parts."

"Yea, God forbid else," said Gauchet, "though soothly your lordship should sooner forget old Simkin of the town's end, than I the noble gentleman in whose honour cups are flowing and roofs are ringing in Malthorpe Hall this night."

"Yea, hold they such blithe revel there even now?" asked Messire Piers, in a voice that showed him well content at these tidings.

"Marry, that do they, sir,—such blithe array as beseems those that look for their lord to-night, and their spousal in the morning. Truly, lack is there none of good cheer or fair welcoming; whereof myself can witness, who drank to your lordship's speedy coming not a breathing while agone, in no worse liquor than Malvesie."

"By the rood, fellow, I believe thee, since methinks thy very clothes reek thereof. Saint Thomas to speed, but I must hasten forward, to stop this thriftless wassail;" and therewith, striking the spurs into his courser, he rode away like one mad; whilst Gauchet, so soon as he was out of sight, set off running, on his part, the fastest he could, over wet and dry, rough and smooth, towards the reeve's dwelling. And well was it for him that he made so good speed in so short space—since by the time he had got within a bowshot of the door, he heard plainly the noise of a horse at hasty pace on the common behind him. On he sped yet more eagerly, though with failing breath, and as it were a heavy weight on either foot, until he gained the gate in that very moment wherein the pursuer overtook him.

This last was no other than Messire Piers Bradeston, fiery hot from the Manor Place, on learning there the total overthrow of all his fair

hopes of wealth and prosperity; and ready to wreak his vengeance on one and all who had knowingly or otherwise had a hand in his misadventure; and specially on the varlet, whose lying inventions had sent him on such errand, where he had got nothing save abundance of jeers and mocks, at the heels of a rough denial of entrance from Madam Muriel.

At sight of this furious figure close at his back, with uplifted arm and menacing visage, Gauchet utterly gave himself up for lost, though he ceased not to smite lustily on the door notwithstanding, shouting with all his might for them to open quickly. But in that very moment when he looked for a dagger in his ribs, the gate all at once fell back, and discovered Reeve Bernard and his sturdy knave within, each with a clubbed staff on his shoulder,—a vision that much abated the choler of Messire Piers, who quickly sheathing his weapon, demanded peaceably if the damosel Forde was within there.

Scantly were the words uttered, than a lattice overhead was hastily undone, and the answer spoken in the sweet, pleasant voice of May Avis herself, who had sat beside the window, listening, half in hope, half in dread, for the sound of his horse's feet from the time she had first alighted at the lodge.

"Yea, soothly am I," she said, "and right joyful of your coming, Messire Bradeston. How fareth it with you?—though truly I were to blame longer to stay you here in the night-wind, when rest and fair welcome await you in another place, whither I will send one anon to——"

"Gentle damosel," said the squire, not tarrying the conclusion of her speech, "I would first crave a word with you, as also with the worthy lady your kinswoman, Madam Joyce Pauncefort."

"Gladly," she answered; "so you will be content to hold discourse with us from the place where you are; it being our noble lord's desire that we entertain no guest here in the house at this present. By the same token, we have command from him to pray you in all courtesy to ride forward to Charlewode, and make abode there for as long as it shall please you."

"Grandmercy, maiden!—for his reverence's courtesies no less than for your own," said the squire, with a laugh so strange and mocking that she started thereat—"though it accords not with my liking at this season to strain them further, seeing I am already overmuch the debtor of that gracious prelate for the goodly harbourage he hath of late bestowed on my knave Anselm, which doubtless shall turn to his sovereign profit, both of soul and body. Therefore will I but speak a word with yourself and your fair aunt within here, and then go my way toward the place I have appointed for mine inn."

So saying, the squire was about to light down, and enter the courtyard of the lodge, when Bernard, who had from the first mistrusted his words and behaviour, suddenly clapped to the gate in his face, and with aid of Gauchet, barred it without more ado—Madam Joyce the while crying loudly to them from the stair-foot, for love of God and all their lives, to keep him on the outer side of the threshold.

The squire made no show of anger, either by word or look, at this affront—but so soon as he had quieted his startled courser, he rode

close beneath the lattice where stood the damosel, saying, "Nay, truly, we may talk and play here to the full as merrily as within. Maiden, a word!"

"In sooth, Messire Bradeston," she answered, leaning forward, whilst the newly-risen moon shone on her fair young face, all bright and joyous at sight of her bachelor—"in sooth, it is a grief and annoy to all here, thus to chase you away, as it were. Pray you then pardon us, since we may not disobey the will of my lord prior, who out of doubt knoweth aright in all things; and be entreated to ride on this night to the priory, if only for courtesy's sake."

"By Austin, and all his lazy drones, that will I not, damosel! as in good faith I came not hither this night with purpose of longer tarriance, than whilst I rehearse in your ear certain messages, which I shall pray you, of old love and kindness, to bear to your friends. And first will I beseech you, of your graciousness, to bid the holy man of Charlewode all my hearty thanks for his great benignity toward me. In guerdon whereof I leave freely to his disposal, my yeoman Anselm, (as one too full of villany to consort with any save the monks or the devil;) and likewise my counsel that he content himself henceforth with choosing his own fellows amongst thieves and usurers, without setting up the daughter of a beggarly churl for a lady of worth and lineage, and seeking to cozen gentlemen into mating with her. As touching thyself, maiden, seeing it is not my purpose again to visit these parts, I must herewith pay my thanks, as in duty bound, for all thy love and fair carriage toward me whilst I was a guest yonder—heartily praying the saints to send thee all joy and comfort, and likewise a worthy bachelor to thy spouse after thine own degree, wherein truly thou shalt find greater felicity than in striving to obtain a mate above thee. Furthermore, for the knave that sent me this night on a thriftless errand, with a long-tongued shrew at the end of it, by Ambesace, he shall amend his jest with a twisted neck, when next I shall meet with him at vantage. And lastly, for the crafty old crone, somewhile bowerwoman to the Lady Bradeston my mother, but who of late hath presumed so far on old service as to call herself of kindred to me—I warn her henceforward to walk by the straight rule of truth and honesty, as best beseemeth a weak woman; or, by the roodbeam, the hawk she lures with a heap of feathers in place of a pheasant, may turn and rend out her own eyes."

Madam Joyce, who, at the far end of the chamber, had heard, from first to last, every word that was spoken of her fair nephew, could refrain no longer—and deeming herself secure from all danger, so that she was wholly hid from his view, she was about to give the rein to her tongue as freely and largely as might have done dame Muriel before her.

"Liar!—Slanderer!—Ribald!—Wretch!" shrieked the good wife; but here her rhetoric was suddenly brought to a conclusion; for Messire Piers, who but desired to provoke her to answer, that he might discover whereabout she was, no sooner heard her, than rising in his stirrups, and taking aim by the voice, he furiously hurled in at the window his dagger; which, passing within a hand's breadth of May Avis, and close above the head of the aunt, stuck fast in the chamber-

wall beyond. The squire, who was not slow in bethinking him that Bernard and his men would be quickly stirring at sound of the outcry above, tarried not to learn how his bolt had sped, but set spurs to his eager courser, who straightway threw up his heels in the air, and went off snorting as if he were possessed.

Madam Joyce was the first to speak; for May Avis sat dumb and still as stone; and Gillian, so soon as she had made fast the lattice, ran hastily to bid those below look well to the gate.

"Praised be our lady and sweet Saint Anne," she cried, as the noise of the hoofs passed away, "that ribald hath departed! A mercy and a blessing was it he got not within the doors!—By my crown, boy and man, it was ever thus with him—a ready tongue and a sharp stroke! Holy Peter!—how sick and faint at heart I feel me at this tide—methinks my very stomach is turned upside down with the noise of his brawling. Pray thee go, Gillian, and fetch me a cup of wine or mead. Ben'cité, I am strangely moved! Lady Avis, how is it with you? To my deem you look but sadly on this business."

"Out and alas! mock me not with ladies," cried the poor maiden, falling on her knees in a passion of weeping, and hiding her face on her folded arms.

"Nay then, sweet niece mine!" said the cunning dame, in her gentlest voice.

"Nay, nor with nieces either—since peradventure ye may speak as falsely in that matter as ye have done on every other. So help me, heaven, as I have suspicion of the whole rout of ye, that ye are one and all as little akin to me as to one another!"

"Yea, but listen, sweeting!—as I have a soul to be saved, it is but the false slander of that evil-tongued——"

"I will not listen! I will not hear!" cried the damosel, well-nigh driven desperate with her tormenting. "What ye may be, I care not—this alone know I, that ye have been all the cruellest of foes to me. Be pleased to avoid the chamber, Madam Pauncefort! I desire no company, save of my own thoughts, at this present."

These last words were spoken in so high and resolved a fashion, that Madam Joyce held it wisest to make no reply; but hurried away anon, to bestow herself and her money-coffer as safely and secretly as she might, in their new dwelling.

---

## CHAPTER XV.

### The Dame at the Manor Place—the Damosel at the Lodge.

Summer was past and gone—and the damosel, now no longer the Lady of Malthorpe Manor, but simple Avis Forde, had dwelt on peaceably with her scanted household at the forester's lodge, for a space of many weeks. The sun's shortened rays were cast aslant on the red and yellow leaves of the copsewoods, and the jolly month of October was come, to call both lord and gentle to the pleasant fields, with hawk and hound, and hunting-horn. Garners and barns were full and running over, for the harvest had been goodly and plenteous;

stubble goose and volatile* smoked upon the meat-board; yeasty ale flowed and frothed in barrel and pitcher. Yet was all this joy and abundance in outward semblance alone; for the times were troubled and dreary, through the tyranny and misgovernment of king Richard and his evil counsellors, which were now come to such a pitch, that right and justice were well nigh driven out of England. Wrong and robbery went unpunished; for the judges durst not execute the law against such evil-doers as had friends and patrons amongst the court favourites and their followers; so the end was, that every man took vengeance for his own injury when and how he might. This outrage and violence increased without end, and the realm was filled with strife and debate from one sea to the other.

The great lords and barons, seeing their advice set at nought, and themselves discountenanced, for the sake of some halfscore young lordlings and knights of no account, who were as unskilled in affairs as they were shameless and dissolute in their lives, would tarry no longer at court, but betook them to their own castles, as well to hold themselves in readiness for the worst that might befal, as to avoid the jealousy of those in power—who, since their hands had been strengthened by the marriage with France, openly showed their design to break down all dignity and power that were in any way opposed to them. The covetous and disorderly amongst the smaller knights and gentry, perceiving all good government and authority at an end, gave a loose to rapine and every other sort of wickedness; turning their houses into robbers' dens, and gathering thither whole bands of thieves and homicides under the name of squires and yeomen, until they grew a terror to all about them; whilst the well-disposed and peaceable, being forced to take arms in their own defence, in the end became little better; tillage stood still—handicrafts were set aside—men ceased to look for other gains than what each could wrest from his neighbour; and, what with the continued oppressions and cruelties committed in the king's name, what with the general license and misrule, scarcely any in the kingdom could call his life or goods his own for the space of a single hour.

In the midst of all these troubles there was yet some shelter and safety to be found on the estates of the great abbeys and priories; the people thereon being both better ordered and more peaceable amongst themselves, and the fear of cursing with bell, book, and candle, having a greater power than all the pains menaced by law, to keep from the church's possessions those who lived openly by spoiling and violence. And thus it came that poor, forlorn May Avis, dwelling, as she did, in the midst of the Priory lands, and well-nigh under the eyes of the noble prelate who governed there, had remained until now in rest and quiet, though not without fear for the future, or grief and care for the present.

Little had been her sorrow, even from the first, for the broken faith and departure of her goodly bachelor; since, what with Madam Eglantine's dispraise of him, which she might not forget, whilst hoping it at first but the effect of her malice—what with his unmanly speech and savage outrage to her and her aunt that night—and likewise the tales

* Wildfowl.

spread far and near by Anselm, on his being set free, in revenge for the squire's so basely deserting him at his need—she saw plainly that he was wholly another manner of wight from him she deemed herself to have chosen, and that she had been even as a child, who thinking to pluck a diamond from the grass, finds but a cold worthless dewdrop in his fingers. Yet, though short was her trouble for the loss of such lover, and of a marriage that should assuredly have brought on her a worse ruin than the seizing of her lands by Sir Lance, she was long in forgetting the manner wherein this had befallen; and the baseness and treachery she had met with at so many hands, went nigh to make her deem amiss of human nature itself.

At such times as these thoughts weighed heavily on her mind, it was no marvel if she called to her remembrance, and that with bitter sorrow and contrition, the only creature beside her lord and Gillian, who had at all seasons borne himself toward her with the same kindliness and courtesy—the poor banished youth, who, as it now seemed, whatever his parentage, was in any case of as high lineage as herself, and no unworthy mate for her, whether as playfellow or spouse. And him, in the wanton pride and folly of her heart, and to please the false flatterers about her, she had driven away!—in the very time of his pain and sickness—with unkind and unmaidenly boldness of speech! perchance to a life of prayer and penance in some convent beyond seas, where they should never more see or hear of each other!—and here her musings never failed to end in a shower of tears, that left her sad and silent for many long hours after.

Of a truth it seemed like enow that some such disposition had been made of the lad—since no tidings of him, good or bad, had been heard in those parts from the day he left the Priory. The Lord Gilbert, who alone knew of his hap, never once proffered his name; and the damosel, as may well be thought, adventured not to utter it in his presence; until by long disuse it was become to her like some forbidden word, which she could not have spoken for very shamefacedness.

She had time and leisure in abundance for these mournful thoughts; for there was neither pastime to direct, nor company to break in upon her. All her wonted sports and delights were gone—garden and green arbour—verger and shady pleasance. Her sunny walks in the meadows, her rambles in the copsewood paths, were all at an end. Her sole diversion now was to stray a pace or two at early morning with Gillian, over the common that encompassed their dwelling; and what little discourse she held, was ever with the faithful wench. As for Madam Joyce, she had soon discovered how little store was set by her in the household, who were all more or less aware of her falsehood and treachery; and having no longer hope to gain aught by an amiable carriage, either with May Avis, who openly shunned, or with Gillian and the yeomen, who hardly endured her, she now gave way wholly to her humour, which was by turns so sullen and moody, and anon, when gainsaid, so fierce and furious, that verily dame Muriel's sharp tongue and arrogant bearing were gentle and gracious beside her. And not content with this—perceiving that her housewifely gains should come in now more slowly by reason of the smallness of the household, she set herself to amend the loss by greater thrift and

sparingness in their way of living; in which course being aided by the little heed the damosel Avis was wont to take of such low matters as eating and drinking, she was going on after a fashion that threatened ere long to starve both one and all of them.

That noble prelate, the Lord Gilbert, abated not at any time his condescension and goodness toward the maiden—but every time he deigned to send for her to the gate to inquire of her welfare as he passed, he but left her more sorrowful than before, so sad and thoughtful was he become in look and manner; and well might he seem thus changed of aspect! for besides the troubles and divisions that were so plenteous in the realm, there were yet deeper and more deadly mischiefs to be discerned by the great lords who had a fuller knowledge of what was doing; as was proved, when King Richard, about that time, adventured to seize on his uncle, the stout Duke of Gloucester, and transport him to Calais, where he was secretly put to death in a few days after.

It was while the tidings of this cruel murder were yet fresh in England, that May Avis, seated by the lattice of the small upper chamber that now served her for gallery, and parlour, and chamber of presence all in one, seemed watching on a fair autumn day, the lights and shades that flitted by turns over the priory oakwoods. Fair, and gentle, and amiable to look on was she, as in former days, though, certes, somewhat less round of cheek and limb, and less rosy of hue; and her eye no longer glanced quickly and merrily on all around, but would be idly fixed on something she yet perceived not, or cast to the ground in long and mournful musing. There was, indeed, at this time, greater cause than ever for heavy heartedness; in the thoughts of the times of confusion and misrule that were coming, and of what might then befal one so friendless as herself, when all that stood between her and the oppressions of a wicked world was the power of her noble lord, himself now an aged man, and shaken both in body and spirit by the terrible things that had of late befallen—and more than ever rued she her usage of John Ashtoft, who, but for her stubbornness and folly, would have been even at that moment by her side, ready to aid and counsel her in all her troubles.

She was yet sitting enwrapped and lost in these her sad meditations, when she was aroused by a sudden noise of men and horses hard by on the heath; and still more startled by their loud laughter, which was become so unwonted a sound in those dreary times, that she could not forbear leaning hastily from the lattice to see who the strangers might be.

It was a company of yeomen and knaveboys, some half score or more—in the livery and array of falconers, with hawks and spaniels, passing along the road that led by the lodge toward the Thorpe; and seeming under the orders and guidance of two, who rode a pace before the rest; and whom as they drew nigher she discerned with dread and dismay to be, the one of them, Jankin, the Lady de Hacquingay's yeoman, and the other, Anslem, erst the varlet of Piers Bradeston.

The damosel no sooner distinguished the faces of these foremost travellers, than she drew back her head even more quickly than she had put it out; yet not so readily but that Jankin, who rode first, in

act to pass, looked up and espied her; whereupon he made a sign to his companion, who, she doubted not, by the fresh outbursts of laughter from both, answered with some ribald jest at her expense; and the whole rout passed on their way, all whooping, shouting, and singing their villainous songs and snatches, insomuch that they might have been heard a mile off.

But the consternation their appearance had caused to the damosel Avis passed not away so speedily; insomuch that Gillian, who entered in short space after, craved earnestly to know what had made her look so pale and aghast.

"Welladay, dear lady!" she said, when she had heard it, "God and our blessed lady shield us from their wickedness and insolence, day by day, for these many weeks to come! for Gauchet hath even now brought tidings, that the knight Sir Lancilot and his lady, with a goodly train of hawks and hounds, and a gay company of gentles from those parts, are all on their way from Bedfordshire hither, purposing to sup to-night at the Manor-house."

"Nay, I looked for no other, Gille, than their coming at this season, for it was thus she said," answered May Avis with a sigh—"though little importeth it any way to us, who are wont to roam no further than the hens on the common, and that but at early morn, when these gentles shall be safe and still enow in their beds. So that please God they shall work us but small annoy; only blithe should I have been so they had but left those two evil men behind them—but, hist! what noise is there?"

"'Tis a moot on the hunter's horn, lady,—and see, here comes a brave company—prickers and outriders, all in coat and hood and baldrick of green—and gallant greyhounds with them many a one! Truly, lady dear, you should be fain of the sight, would you but stand here, and deign to cast over you my hood and veil; they should deem you but some household wench in case they look hitherward."

May Avis said not nay to this counsel, as what young maiden of sixteen summers would not have found diversion in gazing on so goodly a sight? and wrapping herself in Gillian's weeds she tarried not only to look at the huntsmen as they went by, but afterwards to note the rising of a thick cloud of dust, that rose to view at the far side of the heath, in the moment the last rout went on their way toward the Thorpe. And anon issued therefrom a fairer sight than any she had yet seen.

This was a gay and stately train of courtly knights and bachelors, of twenty in number at the least, so gorgeously bedight and apparelled, and riding on coursers and palfreys of such rare beauty and mettle, that verily they might have been deemed a band from the land of Faerie, suddenly lighted down in that wild solitary place; so gallantly came they on, with plumes nodding, scarfs loosely flying, and the gold and silver trappings of their steeds shining and sparkling in the sun as they rode; until when they were come right over against the window, and scantly a stone's throw therefrom, May Avis, who had drawn close behind Gillian, the better to screen herself wholly from sight, perceived in the front of the company, on her tall dapple-gray ambler, the Lady de Hacquingay, attired after a more rich and

costly fashion than ever, in riding weed of Lincoln green; her very veil wrought with gold, and her poitrel and crupper barred and plated with the same—looking right fair of face, and as proud of mien and port as if she had been queen of England.

When they drew thus nigh, May Avis marvelled much in her own mind, whether the great lady, who must needs know of her abode, would vouchsafe a glance toward the window, if but to see whether she was there; howbeit, whether for shame of her own treachery, or scorn of the poor young creature she had joined in wronging, so it befel, that she turned not so much as her head that way, but rode on, in gay and laughing talk with some three or four well-favoured young gallants, all attired and decked out at point device, who swarmed and buzzed about her palfrey's rein like a hive of bees, striving which should most commend himself to her grace. And certes it should seem that the Lady Hacquingay loved better to ride and divert herself amongst these handsome, courtly bachelors, than in the company of the grimly knight her spouse; who followed at short distance behind her, with their squires and yeomanry, and in the fellowship of another ancient, much like unto himself in array and figure—looking even more fierce and terrible than formerly, if more might be—as also ill enough pleased with what was going forward in the front; as might be noted by his continual gnawing of his lips, and the savage eye he cast ever and anon upon his good lady and the rout with her.

"By my fay, Gillian, 'twas a goodly show!" said May Avis as she unmantled herself when the last page and waiting damosel were gone past. "Thy mother, methinks, shall have revel and jollity this tide, in any case, to her heart's desire."

"Yea, lady, that will she!" answered Gillian; "more, as I well deem, than they that shall pay the cost thereof. So may I thrive, as little enow of joy or amity shall there be at the dais end of the hall yonder, whatever be the mirth below!"

"Of a surety then it shall not be for lack of will thereunto in the lady. For the grisly knight—truly his company should be a sore hindrance to every kind of pleasure and pastime, as his face may well nigh suffice to make one forswear all fantasies for arms and chivalry. Canst thou believe it, Gille? Silly Avis Forde is grown at last both sad and wise; for on my life would I not now change our poor estate and lonely living here, for the life they shall lead at the Manor Place this tide, with their state and grand array, and solemn courtesies and reverences, and hollow counterfeit kindness, that goes never a whit deeper than the tongue, as I know well by dear experience. In sooth I could be wholly content as I am, maugre all their slights and disdains, might I but forget the look and laugh of those two ill-conditioned varlets—methinks their sauciness abideth longer in my thought, despite my own will, than of right reason so small a matter should do."

"Out of doubt, dear lady, it was but the suddenness wherewith they came upon us, that hath thus fixed them in your fantasy," said Gillian, who desired not to add to the damosel's disquiet, though in her heart she was no better pleased at sight of those two caitiffs than had been her lady.

Nevertheless, it should seem there was naught to dread from them at this season, for neither the one nor the other came near their dwelling, in so far as was known to any within it, from that day forward; so that both May Avis and her faithful maiden were at last fain to believe that they had ridden that way by chance, it being, certes, their nighest road to the Manor Place from the side of Bedfordshire.

But now the country folk round about could talk and think of naught else day and night, save the grand housekeeping and jollity at the Manor-house—the gay hunting and hawking matches, the feasting and wassailing, the dice-playing and wine-drinking from after supper time, that rarely ended afore the morning. For the Lady Eglantine delighted alway in high and luxurious living, and costly and sumptuous array of all kinds; and also the knight her spouse, who had grown rich by robbing and spoiling, setting no store by wealth that had been so lightly won, was as free of expense as heart could desire; and especially at this season, would publicly display his riches by all manner of pomp and rejoicings, after the fashion of his master the Lord Spenser and others of that faction, who took pains by every means to show, that they were now lords paramount in England.

All these tidings of the eating and drinking and revelling at Malthorpe, were gathered up and carried to the Reeve's lodge by Sir Gauchet; who, though he adventured not himself within reach of those two ribalds, was wont at whiles to stay and talk with such of his old familiars of the household as he might light on by the way. From these gossips learnt he also tales of other things which had there betided, whereof, haply, the Lady de Hacquingay had been less willing that folks should hear, than of her grand living and worshipful estate. For, certes, the wedded life of the valiant knight and his fair spouse, resembled not wholly a paradise terrestrial; nor was the talk betwixt them always of their great love one to the other. But she, verily, had made small show of reverence or courtesy toward him after the first; sparing not to mock and flout at him for a churl and an old dotard, in the fellowship of the courtly young knights and lordlings, whom she loved at all times to have about her; which slights and affronts, Sir Lancilot, who in truth was no better than she spoke him, and of a jealous and choleric nature beside, would ever and anon revenge on her by such outrageous fits of fury as were terrible but to behold. And in these, not only would he taunt and upbraid her, in presence of both guests and household, with all such things as Madame Joyce had revealed to her discredit, (whether truly or not none might say,) but with all manner of faults and shames to boot, after his own fancies; nay, he had more than once gone on to chastise her evil doings, as some affirmed, with blows and kicks, for he was liker at such times to a wild boar than a man, let alone a gentleman of honourable estate. Nevertheless, what with her fair and gracious countenance, what with feigning for a space a more amiable behaviour, the Lady Hacquingay never failed in the end, both to appease him, and likewise to obtain, in amends of his violence, whatsoever new gaud or folly it pleased her to desire; whereupon she would straightway begin the same course over again, until she had wrought the knight into a fresh fit of ire, which was sure to pass off after the manner of the former.

Needless were it to tell, that this proud and scornful dame took no more heed, whilst she tarried in those parts, of Avis Forde, or aught concerning her, than if she had never so much as heard her name; nor that the Lord Prior of Charlewode, who brooked not such rude fellowship, and saw that further condescension on his part should in no wise avail his ward, held himself as wholly at variance from her and her knight; to the great displeasure of the last, who courted above all things the countenance of great lords and persons of noble birth. For though at that time of the ruling faction, yet was he but an underling thereof; and small repair would there have been to his house of young gallants of the court, but for the goodly entertainment they found there, as also for the sake of his handsome spouse; which last cause, albeit at whiles, it inflamed his wrath against her, yet helped afterwards to assuage it with thoughts of the advantage he gained thereby.

May Avis, on her part, cared as little for the slights of the great lady, as the great lady could do for her fellowship; deeming herself far more highly honoured in the countenance of her noble lord, who never passed by the gate but he staid his steed, to see and speak a gracious word to her, than she would have been by all the courtesies and condescensions of the Lady de Hacquingay. And since it seemed that neither she nor the grimly knight her spouse could work her further harm or annoy—that small portion of her heritage they had left, joining not to the rest of the Manor lands, but lying eastward thereof beyond the common, and well nigh closed round by the priory woodlands; and she herself leading a quiet lonely life, out of sight and speech of all save her own small household—she began to hope that they might come and go for this time, without her seeing or hearing more of them or their disorderly retinue.

After this manner the whole rout tarried on at the Manor Place, by the space of three months and more, always after the same joyous and plentiful manner; the knights and young gentles spending their time as has been related, and their squires and yeomanry approving themselves the true followers of their masters, in swearing and brawling, dice-playing and drinking—not seldom also spoiling, beating, and otherwise misusing the poor country people about, and their families, until both young and old prayed for deliverance from their presence. As for those of the Manor Place who had entered into the knight's service, it fared yet worse with them; for this rascal pack of court-bred knaves and pages treated them as they had been brute beasts or born serfs, both working and rating them from morning to night without mercy. The only one that escaped was the old wife Muriel, who had so cunningly wrought herself into the ugly knight's favour, with her tales of the Mourtrays, and the marvellous great likeness he bore to those worthy gentlemen, most of all to Sir Thomas, and his sire, Sir Richard, that she was become second in authority to none there, and demeaned her after a more regal fashion than she had ever done yet—a carriage that in no wise increased toward her the love of her old enemies, Jankin and Anselm, though they made her outwardly as great show of reverence as the rest.

# MY AUNT'S NEW COMPANION.

BY ABBOTT LEE.

HEIGHO! what a curious pack of cards this world seems to be! Shuffle, shuffle, shuffle everlastingly; some people getting all the court cards, others nothing but deuces and trays. What a beggar-my-neighbour sort of a game it is! now one hand holds the whole pack—the other is reduced to his last card—but then sometimes that card is a knave.

Well, now let us look at a little of the shuffling.

Leonora Keane was left an orphan at nineteen, with blue eyes and somewhere about fifty pounds of the current coin of the kingdom. She had lost her mother in childhood, and her father having held a but so-so-situation in a country bank, the hours of which gave him the gentility of dinner at five, and the profits of which enabling him to make that dinner of what he could get, he was therefore considered to be vastly genteel; but the only legacy he could leave to the world was his daughter, and the only legacy he could leave to his daughter was the aforesaid fifty pounds, derived from the sale of all his household goods and chattels.

Well, we shall see what profit the world had of its legacy, and what use the daughter made of hers.

The first thing she did was to dry her blue eyes, for having enjoyed the advantages of half a year's finishing at a boarding-school, she had learnt amongst other things that vermilion borderings did not harmonise well with blue eyes, however rich and long the fringes might be; and then to consult *with herself* what she should do with herself and her fifty pounds.

Well, this ill-natured world of ours has good-natured fits now and then after all: fits which will not suffer it to enjoy its own indulgences whilst the orphan is shedding tears or the widow bewailing—at least it loses its appetite for dinner for a day or so; and thus it befel that a country lady, in a fit of humanity, and on the strength of Miss Leonora Keane's half-year's boarding-school finishing, proffered a home and twenty pounds a year as compensation for the care of one little girl—and that too a home and among a grade many degrees higher and better than any she had yet enjoyed. And it also happened that another fractional part of society, a certain world-loving, good dinner-liking old lady, influenced by a similar fit of sympathy, invited her to become her new companion, on the mere condition of bearing with her trifling whims and tempers, and being always agreeable when she herself might feel disposed to be disagreeable.

Leonora Keane was a young lady of understanding: she paused over both these proposals, but she did not pause long. Could she have done nothing better she would have taken up with the governesship, but after weighing the pros and cons, she decided that the companionship was better. In the one case, she knew that she should have to

be shut up in a dull room with a tiresome child: in the other, she should have to go abroad with a tiresome woman; but then with the one she should be out of the world, with the other she should be in it: with the one, she should be immured in the country, and look upon nothing but green trees; with the other, she should be in town, and see live men and women; so she decided upon bearing the tempers of the old lady in London rather than the tempers of the spoilt child in the country.

Now, during all this winding up of her affairs, Leonora Keane found that her blue eyes, properly managed, were the most useful sort of eyes in the world; for they not only enabled her to see everything that happened, but being seen, proved productive of very good per centage. Thus, during the auction of the goods and chattels which had furnished their little cottage, of the sale of the chair which she had sat upon, the bed which she had laid upon, the carpet she had trod upon, and the plate she had eaten from, it was enough for Leonora to sit with these said blue eyes bent down upon the floor in the banker's house, which had been open to receive her, and by the mere lifting up of these cerulean orbs, and then casting them down again, without even the utterance of a word, for Nature had been so kind to Leonora as not to make her a great talker, that great fault, by means of which women, like babbling streams, so often prove their own shallowness; by this mere act, we say, she so worked upon the feelings of those who came near her, for all people are fond of being amiable when it is not over expensive, that the use of her eyes was as good as money to her. By their means she had bed and board found her; for their sake everybody worked for her, everybody ran hither and thither for her; for their sake she had the daintiest bits at table; an arm to lean upon if she walked, a seat found for her if she tottered: somebody to do everything that was disagreeable for her; somebody to undertake every fatigue; somebody to go all her errands. Ay, indeed, those blue eyes judiciously used were very useful, almost a fortune for her; and there were only two or three good-natured friends who were malicious enough to say that Miss Keane used her eyes, (and pray what else were they for?) but then these were nothing but spiteful old maids, and everybody was very indignant indeed at the enormity of the charge.

All this was mighty well for about nine days, and all the world knows that that is the longest time possible for the world to keep in the same temper—as if that were not long enough in all conscience—more especially in a fit of sympathy; at the close of that time, Leonora began to find that instead of having her wants supplied by intuitive induction, she must esteem herself sufficiently well off if she got things for the asking—like the rest of the world.

Not liking this vulgar, ordinary mode, Leonora Keane determined to betake herself and her blue eyes elsewhere, trusting that these last might prove the fashionable colour in the great metropolis. Never had she been of so much consequence in the whole course of her life as during the last few weeks, while everybody had been pitying her, and she did not at all like coming down into commonplace again.

Having thus determined, Leonora proceeded to execute. Her first

step was to write to the Mrs. Moryllion Shrubsole, of Regent's Park, from whom she had received her invitation of companionship, to appoint the day for her arrival and installation, and this she did on the finest of satined paper, with the broadest of black edges, in the most finikin of handwritings, sealed with the most sentimental of seals. All this would have been very fine if she had not had to have taken it to the post herself; but nobody proffered, nobody took a hint, and the servants were busy. Leonora's next step was to purchase a few of the most expensive dresses that the provincial town could boast, and to transfer them to the hands of the tip-top dressmaker, with strict injunctions to have them executed in the first style of fashion; and as it fortunately happened that a friendly railroad which had been recently completed, had just brought up a newly-imported French *artiste*, whom the spirited country proprietress had resolved to use as an extinguisher to all her rivals, it followed equally felicitously that Leonora Keane's dresses and bonnets and mantillas were *more* stylish than London, being *as* stylish as Parisian.

And now it came to pass that Leonora Keane's friends began to show themselves in their true colours. The old banker, whose house had been her home since the commencement of her troubles, and who had hitherto given her the breast of the chicken at dinner, now contented himself with sending her a wing; nay, he had moreover the unkindness to tell her that she had better put as much as she could spare of her fifty pounds into the bank, and save it for a rainy day, than spend it in frippery; and the banker's lady, who had sat with Leonora's hand in hers for half an hour together with tears in her eyes, now neither shook hands nor looked at her at all; whilst the banker's daughters so entirely disapproved of her pride and extravagance, that they would not condescend even to ask for patterns of her finery, but contented themselves in taking them by stealth. In short, under these trying circumstances it was only the banker's son who retained any share of Leonora's good opinion, he being the only one who had the least consideration for her feelings in these matters, neither caring for her fifty pounds, nor objecting to see her as fine as she pleased in her attire, and therefore being the only one in the family possessed of either kindness or common sense.

But Leonora felt that it was really shameful of these people, because they had had opportunities of offering her a few trifling kindnesses and courtesies, to desire to trample her under their feet, and therefore determined to show them that she was not yet so broken down but that she could exert a proper spirit. So thereupon she provided herself with a handsome travelling cloak, such a one as would secure her a proper degree of attention on the road, and exchanged all her shabby old boxes for genteel travelling trunks; pieces of enormity that gave the finishing blow to her popularity with the banker and his lady and their conjoint family, always excepting the banker's son; and these enormities being followed by the fact that she, Leonora Keane, the child of their former clerk, whose whole stipend had never exceeded sixty pounds a year, did coolly and deliberately, and with knowledge and malice aforethought, actually take her place in the first class carriages up to town; an act of extravagance so

altogether shameful and inexcusable, as not only to cancel all their former favour, but entirely to reverse the total of the balance-sheet; so much so, indeed, that Leonora left them at last declaring to herself that they had turned out the most disagreeable, selfish, mean, illiberal, ill-natured people in the world; and they considering her, after all that they had done for her, the most vain and the most ungrateful—always excepting the banker's son, who at last conducted her himself to the station, and saw her fairly off, blue eyes and all, nicely cushioned up in the first class carriage on her way to London, as much like a lady as her heart could desire.

---

Leonora's town reception was delightful. Mrs. Moryllion Shrubsole sent her carriage to the terminus to fetch her to her new home, and Leonora had the supreme felicity of seeing her genteel travelling appendages all duly handed over by the accredited hands of the railway people into a very tolerable dark green sort of a chariot, with drab-coloured hammer-cloth and linings. Now there was nobody but the coachman to officiate in the honours of this said chariot, but still it was a great advance in life to have a carriage of any kind or sort, and the provincial boarding-school girl felt her foot to be almost as high as her head, and as proud as her heart, when she set it on the steps, more especially as a couple of gentlemen, who had been her companions in the train, very gallantly handed her in. To be sure, it was rather annoying to see a coroneted equipage on one hand, with two great animals of men two yards high at the least, with silk stockings and bouquets as large as soup plates, standing behind, and a driver to match, with a wig like a lord chancellor's; and on the other a flashy phaeton, with the horses all prancing and caracoling; but these Leonora shut her blue eyes upon, and thought rather of the grandeur of her own vehicle, which the while jog-trotted her away.

When the one man and one-horse chariot drew up at that certain house in the Regent's Park, which owned and confessed Mrs. Moryllion Shrubsole mistress, Leonora gave a nervous glance of inquiry. All was well, however. The house was sufficiently genteel, and though she walked on with her blue eyes cast to the floor, she contrived, nevertheless, to see that the paraphernalia was all of a class, that distanced into nothingness her heretofore pattern house of gentility, the old banker's in the country.

Mrs. Moryllion Shrubsole received her not only with kindness but with warmth. She was a little, dumpy, fresh-complexioned, flaxen-wigged lady, to whom Providence had given nothing to do but either to make herself happy or miserable—a choice left entirely to herself.

We have said that Leonora Keane was not a great talker. Good talkers are often highly successful, but then on the other hand they often make mistakes. The silent system of persuasion is the safest; it is indeed the grand patent plan of setting people to persuade themselves, in which everybody is sure to succeed. Nobody ever refuses themselves, or thinks themselves wrong. In short, nobody ever says no to themselves. Leonora Keane, therefore, did not talk to Mrs.

Moryllion Shrubsole; she only looked lovingly and admiringly, pressed that lady's extended hand, sighed softly and deeply, and then dropped her blue eyes sentimentally on the floor.

All this did amazingly well with Mrs. Moryllion Shrubsole, who thereupon proceeded to introduce her new *protégée* to a certain dark-eyed tall young lady, who was sitting netting in a corner.

"My dear Diana, this young lady is kind enough to become my companion. Miss Keane, my niece, Miss Slade."

Whereupon Leonora Keane played off her eyes again, looked sentimental, and sighed, as if either she were unworthy the honour, or the honour unworthy of her, while Diana Slade coldly inclined her head.

Now the doctrine of repulsion and attraction, which is indeed nothing more than another name for instinct, instantly began to operate between these two young ladies. Leonora Keane felt a sort of wincing under the infliction of Miss Slade's black eyes, and Miss Slade felt a sort of recoiling under the blue ones of Leonora, who thereupon retired to her own room to adjust her dress and her thoughts.

"Is she not a sweet interesting creature!" exclaimed Mrs. Moryllion Shrubsole, "so artless, and so affectionate, and so engaging!"

"I never judge at first sight," said Miss Slade, utterly ignorant the while that she had already judged, and judged unfavourably.

"What a melancholy thing for a girl to be left so young to the world!"

"I dare say the world will behave very well to her."

"But her own thoughts——"

"Seem to me to be too full of herself for her to think of anything else."

"And to see her in such deep mourning——"

"Mourning is never very deep when it is trimmed and flounced, and slashed, and gophered, and braided and cut into a hundred fantastic fashions. I not only don't pity, but I actually don't like anybody that can wear furbelowed mourning. They can have no heart who think of ornamenting the mementos of the grave!"

"Poor girl, I think her mourning very becoming."

"She thinks so too."

"Oh, Diana, you are prejudiced against her!"

"And you for her!"

"Well, I like to be generous. I hope I am above a little mean envy."

Diana Slade's cheek grew red, and her brow black.

"Who could help feeling sorrowful over such a sweet orphan girl? Her very situation excites sympathy, whilst her appearance and manners are so interesting, that we can hardly help loving her at once."

"I can help it very well," said Diana, provokingly, because provoked.

"Here comes young Hope! Now he shall be judge between us!" exclaimed Mrs. Moryllion Shrubsole. "Oh, Edward Hope, we have got my New Companion. Such a sweet, innocent, interesting, engaging creature; but Diana does not think so!"

Now had Diana been left to her own discretion, she would have had

tact enough to have known that one woman can never deteriorate another in the presence of a man without being deteriorated herself: as it was, she could not disavow her own opinions.

"Beauties, like queens, admit no rival near the throne," said Edward Hope.

"I do not see that she is a beauty," retorted Diana, disdainfully.

"Oh, she is such a sweet, innocent, blue-eyed creature!" exclaimed Mrs. Shrubsole.

"For sweetness read affectation," said Diana; "for innocent read contriving——"

"And for the blue eye?"

"I don't like blue eyes!"

"Ha! ha! ha! true woman, coz."

"Edward, she is such an artless creature!" exclaimed Mrs. Moryllion Shrubsole.

"Read art*ful*," said Diana.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Edward Hope. "Now, aunt."

"Soft!" said the aunt.

"Sickening!" said the niece.

"Ha! ha! ha! now aunt?" said the nephew.

"Melting!" said the aunt.

"*Minauderie!*" said the niece.

"With such a touching voice!" said the aunt.

"Ah! that voice, how it grated upon my ear, with its artificial cadences!" exclaimed the niece.

"And then her manner! so confiding, so conciliating, so deprecating, so imploring, so beseeching, so engaging!"

"Poh!" exclaimed the niece, provoked beyond the expression of any dictionary words.

"Edward, you will like her so much!" exclaimed Mrs. Moryllion Shrubsole.

"Coz, you wont like her at all!" exclaimed Diana.

"Well, I shall see her, and I shall see," said Edward Hope. "Only, coz dear, you know that an elder lady is a better judge in such matters than a young one—because why?"

"Why because there is no envy!" exclaimed Mrs. Moryllion Shrubsole.

Diana Slade's face issued a second edition of the red and the black impression; and knowing that it would not be quite agreeable for the meanings of her mind to be read therein, she left the room disdainfully, abruptly, and proudly.

---

The consequence of all this was, that young Hope looked somewhat curiously towards the door when the New Companion entered, and thus secured to her the full advantage of all her airs and graces. The young country lady's dress was undoubtedly in a style perfectly to eclipse that of the town lady's—it was genuine Parisian, and certainly became her—black and bugles contrasting very prettily with a blond complexion and blue eyes.

Young Hope sat, as was his custom, by Diana's side, and thus was

placed exactly opposite the belle and the beauty. Leonora knew that his eyes were upon her from the beginning to the end of the repast, and everything that she did she did for him. To be perfectly consistent with the angelicalness of her character, she was obliged to deny herself anything like a tolerable modicum of food. A few of the daintiest morsels, taken in the daintiest style, were of course as much of mundane material as could possibly be incorporated with her divinityship, and these were lifted by the whitest of hands to the prettiest of lips, the whole being seasoned with a few sighs, while her delicate person drooped the while like a bending lily or a weeping willow. But it was her eyes, those sweet cerulean blue eyes, that did the mischief. How senseless to suppose that eyes were only intended to see with, while all the while they are susceptible of a thousand other uses.

Well, there was a slight sort of a gentle ripple of conversation carried on, which, trifling as it was, like a feather thrown into the air, showed pretty well the way of the wind. Mrs. Moryllion Shrubsole made broad assertions, advanced strong prejudices, was liberal in positive opinions; young Hope smiled, demurred, and provoked her into contradictions not only of him but of herself; Diana Slade used her reason, and generally used it rightly, but in doing so it happened, as it always will, that her opinions assumed a tone of severity. The woman who judges by her understanding rather than her feelings, will always carry something of a harsh aspect; and this fact was never more apparent than on the day in question, when the New Companion ventured, with sweet diffidence, in the softest tone in the world, lifting up her fair face, and upraising her blue eyes with the aspect of an angel, to deprecate Miss Slade's severity of judgment, to put the most amiable constructions on what she condemned, and to extenuate what she had reprobated. This line of tactics is always successful, and we strongly recommend it to all ladies who wish to be amiable at other people's expense. It costs very little, and is never seen through, excepting by the piece of feminine clay who may feel the pinches and not like to be made black and blue with bruises, and here and there a very sharpsighted disagreeable man, it may be an author for instance, who is always peeping into the corner cupboards of other people's houses, and prying out the holes and the nooks, and the spots and the specks, quite in the way of trade; but then these are usually old disagreeable people, not at all subjects for a speculation, and not of the least consequence in the world. Young men are sure to be caught by it, and thus it was, that before that evening had passed away at Mrs. Moryllion Shrubsole's house in the Regent's Park, young Hope had begun to think the New Companion angelical, and more than to suspect his old friend Diana, with whom he had been very nearly, if not quite, in love, harsh, unwomanly, severe, and dictatorial.

Now we need scarcely say that all this was mightily disagreeable to the heart of a woman which was no longer in her own keeping, and more especially when she knew perfectly well that the game was only won from her by cheating. Every moment made matters worse, for Leonora, gaining strength from success, played her cards better and better, and Diana's temper was among her losses. Unquestionably, at the close of their sitting there could not have been a greater con-

trast than that between the opponents. Diana's brow was dark and angry, her cheek red with heat, her lip curled with scorn, while Leonora looked like a deprecating angel, imploring some vindictive being not to be angry with her innocency.

"Dear Miss Slade," said Leonora, laying her white hands beseechingly upon Diana's arm, and looking imploringly with her blue eyes up into her face, "I know that I am childish, I know that I am weak, but I cannot—I cannot indeed—bring myself to think harshly of the world! Everybody has been *so* kind to me, everybody loves me so much better than I deserve, wherever I go I find nothing but a too favouring affection;" and here tears came into the blue eyes, "that I should be beyond measure ungrateful, if I did not feel my heart full of tenderness in return. You are strong-minded, but I am only a simple girl—almost a child—indeed I feel myself still so very much of a child, that I can hardly fancy myself even so old as I am. But I feel—ah, I cannot tell you how deeply! but I am sure I feel more than others do! I know that I do, because I could not describe my feelings. Perhaps it is because my heart is weak that I feel so much, and it is because yours is strong that you judge more wisely. By and by I may grow more like you, I may emulate your better judgment—you have had more experience, and I am so very a child—such a simple, untaught, unsophisticated girl; and until I am more like you, I cannot indeed judge harshly of a world that has been so kind to me."

We have said that Diana Slade's temper was among her losses. With something like the gesture of one throwing off a scorpion, she shook away the white hands from her own, and left the room, saying as she went, in a way which she thought very cold, but which every body else felt to be burning hot,

"I *can* think harshly of people, and the world has not been kind to me!"

Leonora Keane sank into a chair, and drooped her fair face and her blue eyes. The rude blow had quite crushed the drooping lily. No doubt, however, that she felt considerably comforted by a gentle pressure of the hand which hung despondingly down, for in a moment more she lifted up her blue eyes, and said, beseechingly, and with an angelic smile to young Hope,

"Miss Slade did not mean to be unkind. It was very wrong of me to think so even for a moment. I am sure she is very amiable."

"I am sure *you* are!" replied young Hope.

---

After this, things went on swimmingly. Leonora had got her cue, had opened her game, and she played it amazingly well. Every card was a winning one. Diana's frank, uncompromising integrity helped things on against herself most admirably. Leonora found out the exact tone of voice which most irritated her, and this being her own gentlest modulation, and conveying, too, her own most angelic sentiments, it of course came to pass, that the more amiable she was, the more odious was the tyrannical Diana's aspect. Often and often did Leonora goad on the temper of the high-spirited Diana, by merely

speaking in the voice of an angel, until the one appeared celestial, and the other demoniacal; and on these occasions, when Diana had departed in a rage, Leonora was generally found with her blue eyes bathed in tears.

So, of course, estrangement grew between Diana and young Hope, who often wondered at himself how he could possibly so far have mistaken his own feelings as to have fancied himself almost in love, and did, in fact, thank his stars that he had never asked her if she had felt the same.

---

Now, it is just possible that Diana's good principle might have taught her to control her fast-growing aversion, or at least that her good sense would have enabled her to conceal it; but Leonora knew better than to allow this; and winds on all sides blew the spark into the flame. Her character being one entire artifice, or rather a piled-up heap of artifices, every one of which was open and apparent to the mind of Diana, and every one of which not only grated upon, but actually injured her, she was kept in a constant state of excitement, and the more this repugnant feeling manifested itself upon the surface of her manners, the more loving and child-like affectionate did Leonora grow.

It is, perhaps, little mean things which excite more contempt in candid minds than large wrong ones. Of course Leonora was much too angelical to eat. Mrs. Moryllion Shrubsole was constantly trying to tempt her appetite with dainty morsels, and Young Hope, fearing that she would evaporate away for want of needful aliment;—and, in truth, the *idea* of food, for it was scarcely more, which she took, certainly was not sufficient to keep soul and body together with any safety in the knot. Now, it happened that one day, after dinner, when every body had been deploring the dreadful prospect of Miss Keane's dying of starvation, that Diana chanced, somewhat suddenly, to enter one of the side rooms, and in it found the New Companion devouring, like a pin-a-fored boy, an enormous thick slice of bread and butter, which she had unquestionably purloined. Diana's eye flashed scorn, but Leonora, swallowing down the mouthful in a way that threatened suffocation, smiled very sweetly, and said,

"I am going to feed the pheasants—will you go too? See, I have provided food for my favourites."

"I might spoil their repast, as I have spoiled yours," said Diana, scornfully.

---

"My dear Diana," said Mrs. Moryllion Shrubsole, "you don't know how sorry I feel to see you so prejudiced. I did hope that you would have felt some compassion for this interesting girl, considering her melancholy orphan condition—fatherless, motherless—and she, too, so amiable, so lamb-like, so gentle."

"My dear aunt, my first impression of the character of this girl is perfectly indelible."

"I wish, at least, that you would control the expression of your feelings."

"She irritates me beyond my own self-constraint."

"And yet, she is so gentle, so deferential to you."

"Her gentleness is nothing but art, her deference only to make me appear older than I am, and she younger."

"O, Diana! and she so affectionate to you, so tender. Why, my dear, if you were to conduct yourself towards any body else as you do to her, they would get indignant, enraged—they would fly into a passion with you."

"And I should like them all the better."

"O, Diana! Like people better for being passionate and revengeful than for being forbearing and forgiving! How wrong you must be!"

"For one emotion of generous indignation, I could almost find in my heart even to shake hands with this hypocritical girl."

"O Diana!"

"And you are blind to her real character! She is a compound of cunning and selfishness!"

"Selfishness! No, no; she is, on the contrary, self-denying! So simple, so gentle, so guileless, so forgiving. Why, dear Diana, if you were not blinded by your prejudices, you must love her for her forbearance towards yourself. How often do you treat her with rude scorn, and yet, did she ever turn again?"

"No, she has not the spirit!"

"No, she has not the wrong spirit."

"She has not the right spirit!"

"She is ready to love you at any moment that you will let her."

"And I—"

"You *hate* her."

"*Hate* her! *Do* I hate her? Odious word! My soul sickens at it. O, how I wish I could emphatically contradict the charge."

"Liking deserves liking, love deserves love. Why do you not repay this girl in her own coin?"

"I do. Little as I love her, little as I like her, she loves and likes me less. And is it in nature that she could love me, treating her as I do? Ask your own common sense just that simple question, and then tell me what is all her fawning but mere hypocrisy."

"It is her gentleness."

"It is her duplicity!" O, if I could only rouse her into the expression of an honest, an open feeling, even though that feeling were hatred, I think that I should not so utterly despise her. But the more I scorn her, the more does she crouch, and, like a base dog, kiss the hand that strikes her. No! no! She has nothing open in her nature, much less her enmity. She can sting, but she knows not how to strike."

"Diana, your passions are getting the entire mastery over you. You frighten me."

"Pah! I am soul-sick, heart-sick, at the paltriness of lackadaisical sentiment and sensibility, and the trickery of fictitious gentleness, and the imposture of loving charity—I am weary of it all! And yet, with this you are cheated out of your reason, and I am cheated out of your affection."

"What do you mean?"

"What had I done that this girl should cross my path, and not only cross my path, but cling to me like a curse? Does she not hourly irritate my honest, but, it may be, hot-headed nature, and, while exciting my worst passions, place her own saintly—nay, her own diabolical angelicalness beside me, making even you think that I am the demon, and she the seraph? Am I not hourly placed in the blackest comparison beside her, and am I not losing the love that I most prize?"

"It is your own fault, Diana."

"My own fault! Did I bring this curse upon myself? Did I invite this hypocrite among us?"

"For shame, Diana! I had hoped to have reasoned you out of those prejudices, and believe me you are but punishing yourself."

"I know it, and that helps to madden me."

"Such a pattern of gentleness might have taught you better."

"*Pattern by her!* O, if I had the slightest trace of resemblance, I should loathe myself."

"Take care, Diana, that you do not make others dislike you too."

"Nay, if they only love me on my good behaviour, let them withdraw their love as soon as they will."

"You seem not to value it very highly."

"I never value niggardly gifts, and as to being loved on compulsion, I would sooner be hated."

"I am sorry for your violent temper. I wish you were more like that amiable, unfortunate orphan. I confess I *am* surprised that the desolateness of her condition has not made some appeal to your heart."

"O, it is quite a fortune for her! a stock in trade, a letter of credit, a kind of cash capital. Ha! ha! ha!"

"This is quite unwomanly! I wish I had not spoken to you on this subject, and indeed I should not have done so had not young Hope asked me."

"Asked you?"

"Yes. He could not bear to see that gentle girl so crushed and scorned any longer; he begged me to expostulate, otherwise he would have spoken to you himself."

"Spoken to me himself! interposed between me and that base piece of treachery! presumed to have meddled with my likings, and dictated on my manners! Edward Hope do this! I learn something!"

"And I think you will have soon to learn something more—something that you may like even less."

"What may that be, madam?"

"That you have lost Edward Hope?"

Poor Diana stood motionless.

"And that Leonora Keane has gained him."

Diana Slade was standing near the door. With the suddenness of a spasm she opened it. There stood Leonora Keane—*listening.*

## HORACE WALPOLE.*

HORACE WALPOLE and the world are old acquaintances. Who has not visited Strawberry Hill? We have scarcely yet done grieving over the demolition of the dwelling, and here we have again the converse of its master. Surely never man talked better than the Walpole, and fortunately for us talked too on paper, that most happy perpetuity of speech. Strawberry Hill and its owner's multitudinous correspondences are perfect legacies to society. The *bijouterie* of the one and the *jeu-d'esprit* of the other scattered hither and thither, might fairly furnish out a whole community with relics. Had Horace Walpole striven for celebrity by endeavouring to achieve great actions, as hosts of other men have done, and though performing them have been forgotten, he would not have amassed one tittle of the popularity which he has acquired by talking. Whilst others were playing the game of life, he stood by, and made greater winnings by betting on the issues. Places and pensions, and red ribands and blue, changed hands and were won and lost, whilst the master of Strawberry appeared an indifferent spectator. But was this indifference real or assumed? Was he really above contention, or only afraid of defeat? Ay, multiform are the shapes of pride, and wide as the antipodes the opposite operations of the same moving power. One man will throw all his energies, his whole capacity, his entire strength, into the struggle for some given object, with most men that of personal aggrandisement; another will employ an equal power in self-restraint, affecting superiority to the very desire which stimulates the other, the fear of defeat uniting with the satisfaction of occupying an altitude of elevation of mind superlatively above the littleness of that desire which is influencing the energies of the ambitious aspirant; and yet in both these cases the same master passion may be dominant. Chatham struggling for power, and Walpole affecting to overtop him by holding it in contempt, might both be full of one and the same feeling. A proud man would sooner lose a prize, however dearly coveted, than subject himself to the hazard of defeat, and thus the passion may be the stronger in that case wherein it is called upon to control itself, rather than in any other field of operation. This, as we think, was the exercise of Walpole's pride.

This fundamental of Horace Walpole's character, like the foundation of a house, is of course that which is least visible in the elevation. To have been discerned it would have been defeated. The master-passion may, however, have a thousand subordinates. The mind that is denied a great thing sometimes balances the amount by a large total of small ones; Horace Walpole appeared in the character of a philosopher, and yet whoever heard of a philosopher delighting in knick-knackery and *bijouterie*? Dethroning Ambition, he made Taste his idol, and reared a hundred altars to the goddess at Strawberry Hill, became himself her high priest, and spent his life in the devotion. And yet not without many an anxious, longing, lingering look after

* Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, to Sir Horace, his Britannic Majesty's Resident at the Court of Florence, from 1760 to 1785. Concluding Series.

wigs and batons, and the paraphernalia of power. Courts, and not solitudes, were assuredly his legitimate sphere of action. The diplomatist is in every stroke of his pen. We doubt, indeed, whether he was candid to himself, and there need be no smile at such a supposition, for all men find themselves the easiest dupes, and practise on their own credulity accordingly; while, though they would be ready enough to suspect another, they forget to doubt themselves, so that this self-deceiving, instead of being the highest effort of hypocrisy, is in fact the lowest, and a mere every-day matter. If nature put forth her usual strength and vigour in Horace Walpole, her efflorescences were nipped in the bud by the prunings of art. We doubt whether one of the letters which form the new series of those from his pen, addressed to Sir Horace Mann, during a period of five-and-twenty years, whilst the latter resided at Florence as his Majesty's Resident, —we doubt, we say, whether one of these sprang out of the impulse of honest feeling. This world of ours is embellished with a certain number of *show things*. We have *show* houses and *show* people. Horace Walpole made himself both the one and the other. His house was a gallery of *virtù*, and he himself spoke, looked, and acted as one conscious that he was ever seen and noted, aware that his least action could not fall to the ground, or his least word pass unchronicled. His letters are not written so much *from* himself as they are written *to* others: they are not what he may be thinking, but what he wishes them to think: what he may feel, but what he desires them to feel: they are not the impressions made upon himself, but the impressions that he wishes to make. And yet because a man can do nothing but what exhibits himself, whether by the display of reality or its avoidance, so the mind, keen at inference, detects the truth, through the very process of reversing falsehood; and thus Horace Walpole has painted himself with a very miniature fidelity by the million strokes of his own pen. His letters, too, have the double merit of delineating his friends whilst displaying himself. Many a man who is blind to his own character has a perfectly marvellous vision into that of others. Horace Walpole possessed this acuteness of perception. Not that he dived into the depths of those oceans of passion that rush and roll beneath the placid surface of some men's calm collectedness, or plunged his dissecting knife into the joints and marrow of the mental constitution; but he was most apt in his penetration to a certain depth. He knew the superficial strata of mind at a glance. Aspirations after place, and ambition for ribands, and all the multitudinous trickeries of the ruling passion, were as open to him as though the tortuous windings had been woven and knotted under a transparent surface; and this perception doubtless had a result helping much the contentment of his life. Half epicurean and half philosopher, there was as much taste as dignity in the shade of his retirement: he could smile at the passions which agitated courts and courtiers, whilst he solaced himself in his well-beloved and highly ornamented Strawberry, exclaiming, "I am exempt from these fussy passions and these low ambitions." It will be found in every instance wherein the mind takes the trouble to investigate, that no man ever received the mark of celebrity without deserving it for some peculiar quality. The mistakes of the world

are not so numerous in this respect as is supposed. Horace Walpole's talent was eminently that which society would at once feel and estimate. He had tact, discernment, taste, grace, fluency, love of the arts, and was rich in delightful turns of thought, of compliment, of language, of sentiment. He was most happy at description, and possessed that most delightful secret of knowing how to put men into good-humour with themselves. His letters deserve to be ranked not as the most profound, but as the most felicitous in the language; and though this commendation may be high, yet have they a more solid though a less inherent value; they carry us through scenes and into circles full of interest; they show us much of the privacies of that class whose actions influence the welfare of nations. They show kings and courtiers with their minds undecked, and as natural as their second nature, habit, will allow them to be. Horace Walpole's position gave him the *entrée* into courts and cabinets, and he has used them to describe them to us. Reading these letters is like looking on the actors who are strutting in their pageant before the world. There is in them such a view of life as to furnish us with much to provoke mirth, much to provoke sorrow. In the contemplation we know not whether to smile or to sigh: there is, however, a luxury in both, and he who can divide us between these two emotions well deserves some of our pages, and we therefore afford him as much space as our contesting matter will allow.

Here is that phœnix of women, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu:

"But I will tell you who is come too—Lady Mary Wortley. I went last night to visit her; I give you my honour, and you, who know her, would credit me without it, the following is a faithful description. I found her in a little miserable bedchamber of a ready-furnished house, with two tallow candles, and a bureau covered with pots and pans. On her head, in full of all accounts, she had an old black-laced hood, wrapped entirely round, so as to conceal all hair or want of hair. No handkerchief, but up to her chin a kind of horseman's riding-coat, calling itself a peten-l'air, made of a dark green (green I think it had been) brocade, with coloured and silver flowers, and lined with furs; boddice laced, a foul dimity petticoat sprig'd, velvet muffeteens on her arms, grey stockings and slippers. Her face less changed in twenty years than I could have imagined; I told her so, and she was not so tolerable twenty years ago that she needed have taken it for flattery, but she did, and literally gave me a box on the ear. She is very lively, all her senses perfect, her languages as imperfect as ever, her avarice greater. She entertained me at first with nothing but the dearness of provisions at Helvoet. With nothing but an Italian, a French, and a Prussian, all men servants, and something she calls an *old* secretary, but whose age till he appears will be doubtful; she receives all the world, who go to homage her as Queen Mother, and crams them into this kennel. The Duchess of Hamilton, who came in just after me, was so astonished and diverted, that she could not speak to her for laughing. She says that she has left all her clothes at Venice. I really pity Lady Bute; what will the progress be of such a commencement!"

English fashions transplanted to Paris:—

"George Selwyn, of whom you have heard so much, but don't know, is returned from Paris, whither he went with the Duchess of Bedford. He says our passion for everything French is nothing to theirs for every-

thing English. There is a book published, called the Anglomanie. . How much worse they understand us, even than we do them, you will see by this story. The old Marechale de Villars gave a vast dinner to the Duchess of Bedford. In the middle of the dessert, Madame de Villars called out, 'Oh, Lord! they have forgot! yet I bespoke them, and I am sure they are ready; you English love hot rolls—bring the rolls.' There arrived a huge dish of hot rolls, and a sauce-boat of melted butter. Adieu!"

And here are politics, and those more personal subjects, his own health and Strawberry Hill:—

"This is a want of moderation after victory, which I, who never loved the House of Pelham, cannot commend. He cannot indemnify his friends; and I am not apt to think he would if he could. Some of them, who had the same doubt, took care not to put this last ingratitude in his power, but abandoned him. I missed a scene that would have pleased me. The Chancellor abused the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Hardwicke unmercifully, though the latter moves mighty slowly towards opposition, and counts his purse over at every step. I have so often seen unbounded subservience to those two men in the House of Lords, that it would have pleased me to witness their defeat on the same spot, and—there I have done with it. It is an angry opposition, but very dull; does not produce a lively ballad or epigram. I have even heard but one bon-mot of its manufacture, and that was very delicate and pretty. They were saying that everybody, without exception, was to be turned out that the Duke of Newcastle had brought in; somebody replied, 'Save the King.'

"For twenty years I have been looking at parties, factions, changes, and struggles; do you wonder I am tired, when I have seen them so often acted over, and pretty much by the same *dramatis personæ*? Yet I wish I had no worse reason for not enjoying the repetition. I am not only grown old (though I find that is no reason with the generality, for I think all the chiefs are very Struldbrugs in politics) but my spirits are gone.

"It is always against my will when I talk of my health, and I have disguised its being out of order as long as I could; but since the fit of the gout that I had in the spring, and whose departure I believe I precipitated too fast, I have had a constant pain in my breast or stomach. It comes like a fever at six in the morning, proceeds to a pain by the time I rise, and lasts with a great lowness of spirits till after dinner. In most evenings I am quite well. I am teased about my management of myself. I abhor physicians, and have scarce asked a question of one; my regimen is still more condemned; but I act by what I find succeeds best with me. You will be surprised when I tell you, that though I think my complaint a flying gout, I treat it with water and the coldest things I can find, except hartshorn; fifty drops of the latter, and three pears are my constant supper, and my best nights are when I adhere to this method. I thought for three weeks I had cured myself, but for these last ten days I have been rather worse than before. In short, what I hope you will not dislike, though you will be sorry for the cause, I am thinking seriously of a journey to Italy in March. Much against my inclination, I own, except for the pleasure of seeing you.

"Strawberry, which I have almost finished to my mind, and where I mean to pass the greatest part of the remainder of my life, pulls hard. I shall decide in a few days whether I shall set out, or first try Bath or Bristol. The two latter, except for the shortness of the time, are much more against my inclination than going abroad; but I have talked too much of myself; let us come to you. I am heartily glad Mr. Mackenzie is your friend; he is a man of strict honour, and will be so if he professes it.

I do not know what to advise about Naples. You know I always repeat my father's maxim, 'Quieta non movere.' Besides, should you like it? After so many years, would you care to tap a new world, a new set of acquaintance? But I am a bad counsellor: my aversion to embarking in new scenes, not early in one's life, is, I find it, particular; few think themselves so old as I do at five-and-forty; nor would I give myself for a rule to any man else. My bidding adieu to the world already (I do not mean by a formal retreat, of which one always grows tired, and which one makes a silly figure by quitting again) is not a part for everybody; for I never had any ambition, and though much love for fame, I very near despise that as much too now. Youth is the only real season for joy, but cannot, and surely should not be pushed a moment beyond its term—but this is moralising! If Mr. Mackenzie could send you to Naples, he can keep you at Florence. Continue to secure him. Try to be useful to the King in his love of *virtù*. I counselled this from the first minute of his reign.

"If you choose to try for Naples, I cannot dissuade it; nor can the solicitation hurt you whether it succeed or not. Whatever you wish I wish heartily. I have long made myself of too little consequence to contribute anything to my friends but wishes. Adieu! my dear sir."

And now comes some of the sadder shades:—

"At a time when the political world is in strange and unexpected disorder, you would wonder that I should be here, and be so for some days; but I am come on a very melancholy occasion. Lord Waldegrave is just dead of the small-pox, and I have brought my poor unhappy niece hither till he is buried. He was taken ill on the Wednesday, the distemper showed itself on the Friday, a very bad sort, and carried him off that day se'nnight. His brother and sister were inoculated, but it was early in the practice of that great preservative, which was then devoutly opposed; he was the eldest son, and weakly. He never had any fear of it, nor ever avoided it. We scarce feel this heavy loss more than it is felt universally. He was one of those few men whose good-nature silenced even ill-nature. His strict honour and consummate sense made him reverenced as much as beloved. He died as he lived, the physicians declaring that if anything saved him, it would be his tranquillity: I soon saw by their ignorance and contradictions that *they* would not. Yet I believe James's powder would have preserved him. He took it by my persuasion, before I knew what his disorder was. But James was soon chased away, to make room for regular assassins. In the course of the illness nobody would venture to take on them so important a hazard as giving the powder again; yet in his agonies it was given, and even then had efficacy enough to vomit him; but too late! My niece has nothing left but a moderate jointure of a thousand pounds a-year, three little girls, a pregnancy, her beauty, and the testimonial of the best of men, who expressed no concern but for her, and who has given her as much as he could, and ratified her character by making her sole executrix. Her tenderness, which could not be founded on any charms in his person, shows itself in floods of tears, in veneration for his memory, and by acting with just such reason and propriety as he would wish her to exert; yet it is a terrible scene! She loses in him a father, who formed her mind, and a lover whose profusion knew no bounds. From his places his fortune was very great—that is gone! From his rank and consideration with all parties, she was at the summit of worldly glory—that is gone too! Four short years were all their happiness. Since the death of Lady Coventry, she is allowed the handsomest woman in England; as she is so young, she may find as great a match and a younger lover—but she never can find another Lord Waldegrave!

"Yesterday, when her brother-in-law, the Bishop of Exeter, came hither to acquaint her with the will, and we were endeavouring to stop the torrent of her tears, by observing how satisfactory it must be to her to find what confidence her lord had placed in her sense and conduct, she said, charmingly, 'Oh! I wish he had ever done one thing I could find fault with!' The trial is great and dismal. She is not above three months gone with child, and is to pass seven more in melancholy anxiety, to have a labour without a father, perhaps another girl, or a son, whose chance of life will be a constant anxiety to her.

"The same day that put an end to Lord Waldegrave's life gave a period too to the administration of Lord Bute, his supplanter, whom he did not love, and yet whom he could hardly hate, for aversion was not in his nature; nor did ever any man who had undertaken such a post as governor to a prince with the utmost reluctance, and who could not have been totally void of the ambition which must have attended such a charge when once accepted, feel less resentment at the disappointment; but I will say no more on Lord Waldegrave, for I forget that you never knew him, and have kept you for above two pages in suspense. Ill health, antecedent determination of retirement, and national antipathy to him, are pleaded as the motives to Lord Bute's sudden resignation, which was not known, nay, not suspected, till two days before it happened. Leave out the two first causes, which are undoubtedly false, and call the third by its true name, panic, and you have the whole secret of this extraordinary revolution. It is plain, that if Mr. Pitt had headed the opposition sooner, or that the opposition had had any brains without him, this event would have happened earlier. A single fortnight of clamour and debate on the Cyder Tax, copied from the noise on the Excise in my father's time, and adopted into petitions from the city, frightened this mighty favourite out of all his power and plans, and has reduced Mr. Fox to take almost the same steps, though he, too, has an intended project of retirement to plead; but he keeps his place, takes a peerage, and goes to France. Lord Bute keeps nothing but the King's favour, and that, too, he is not to use. He will be wise to adhere to this measure, now he has taken the other, lest necessity should prescribe instead of option.

"I suppose you by this time conclude, that when Lord Bute quitted the King, he sent the keys of St. James's and Buckingham House to Mr. Pitt. Stay a little—we are to have another episode of a summer administration first, for you find we do not wear the same suits in both seasons. Mr. Grenville is to be First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer; Charles Townshend at the head of the Admiralty, and Lord Shelburne of the Board of Trade. Sir Francis Dashwood, in recompense for the woful incapacity he has shown, goes into the House of Lords, and is to succeed in the great Wardrobe of Lord Gower, who again takes the Privy Seal, as the Duke of Bedford is to be President of the Council. Lord Hertford is named for Paris, and Lord Stormont for Vienna; the Duke of Marlborough gets what he wished, the Master of the Horse; I suppose to leave the Chamberlain's Office vacant for the last incumbent. The Duke of Rutland to be contented with Lord Granby's being Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, where he will finish his life and fortune.

"In this state I left history. All this arrangement may be already overturned. No man, I suppose, is so unwise as to expect any duration to it. It can only mean, time to deal with the opposition, or to divide them; and, considering what numbers and what great names are to be satisfied, it is a chaos into which one cannot foresee. I have seldom been a lucky prophet, and therefore shall not exercise my talent. The poor man who is gone could have been of the utmost consequence at this moment to accomplish some establishment; he had been offered, and had

refused the greatest things—no bad ingredient in reconciling others. In that or any other qualification I know few equal to him. Adieu!"

Another demise, though altogether without sorrow or sentiment.

"Last Sunday was se'nnight Lord Egremont died suddenly, though everybody knew he would die suddenly; he used no exercise, and could not be kept from eating, without which prodigious bleedings did not suffice. A day or two before he died, he said, 'Well, I have but three turtle dinners to come, and if I survive them I shall be immortal.' He was writing, as my lady breakfasted, complained of a violent pain in his head, asked twice if he did not look very particularly, grew speechless, and expired that evening. He has left eighteen thousand pounds a-year, and, they say, an hundred and seventy thousand pounds in money. I hope you have as much philosophy as I have, or you will lose patience at these circumstances, when you are eager to hear the revolution. That week, you may be sure, was passed by the public in asking who was to be Secretary of State? It seemed to lie between your old friend, Lord Sandwich, and Lord Egmont. Lord Shelburne, a young aspirer, who intends the world shall hear more of him, *et qui postule le ministère*, was in the mean time one of the candidates to succeed Lord Egremont. Somebody said, 'It ought to be given to him as you marry boys under age, and then send them to travel till they are ripe.' While this vacancy was the public's only object, behold Mr. Pitt, in his chair, with two servants before it, goes openly, at nine o'clock on Saturday morning, through the Park to Buckingham House. You rub your eyes; so did the mob, and thought they did not see clear. Mr. Pitt, of all men alive, except Lord Temple and Mr. Wilkes, the most proscribed there, Mr. Pitt to Buckingham House! *Oui véritablement!* What! to ask to be Secretary of State? By no means: sent for; desired to accept the administration. Well, but do you know who stared more than the mob or you? the ministers did; for it seems this was the act and deed of Lord Bute, who, though he had given the present administration letters of attorney to act for him, has thought better of it, and retained the sole power himself; the consequence of which was, as it was before, that he grew horridly frightened, and advised this step, which has done him more hurt than all he had done before."

A Guelph at Rome.

"I brought this to town to-day for the Secretary's office, and found yours of October 1st. Marshal Botta's advice of ceding your palace to the Duke of York may be very proper, but his Royal Highness, who is all good-breeding and good-humour, will certainly not suffer it. Yet, I am not averse to your making the offer, if it is still to make. Do you know, my national pride is wonderfully gratified by the Pope's humility and respect for whom we please to have Duke of York. An hundred and fifty years ago an English Protestant dared not own himself for such at Rome; now they invite the very son of a family that has turned out their Stuarts, under the nose of those very Stuarts, nay, when the Stuart Duke of York is even a cardinal. I trust it is not only the Papal chair that has sunk, but the crown of England that has risen. Think of the mighty Elizabeth excommunicated by Sixtus V., and the brother of George III. invited to Rome by Clement XIII.! If the honours I have told you Mr. Garrick has received in France do not obtain him a chair in a Florentine *conversazione*, I think you must threaten them with the thunder of the Vatican, which you see we have at command; but to be serious, I would not have you get into a squabble about him: he is not worth that."

And here the diplomatist shines out in a *sealed* letter.

"You will soon see at Florence the son of Madame de Boufflers, to whom I have been desired to give a letter. As I conclude the new French minister, who is much connected with his mother, will be at Florence before his arrival, he will not have great occasion for your civilities However, for once I will beg you rather to exceed in them, for particular reasons. His mother is the mistress, and very desirous of being the wife, of the Prince of Conti. She is a *sçavante, philosophe,* author, *bel esprit,* what you please, and has been twice in England, where she has some great admirers. She was very civil to me at Paris, and at the same time very unpleasant, for, being a protectress of Rousseau, she was extremely angry, and made the Prince of Conti so, at the letter I wrote to him in the name of the King of Prussia. It was made up, but I believe not at all forgiven, for it is unpardonable to be too quick-sighted, and to detect anybody's idol. Rousseau has answered all I thought and said of him, by a most weak and passionate answer to my letter, which showed I had touched his true sore; and since, by the most abominable and ungrateful abuse of Mr. Hume, the second idol of Madame de Boufflers to whom she had consigned the first. This new behaviour of Rousseau will not justify me in her eyes, because it makes me more in the right; therefore I should wish, as the only proper return to a woman, to be of use to her son. Adieu!"

Its *unsealed* counterpart.

"The Comte de Boufflers, who does me the honour of carrying this letter, is the gentleman for whom I have already told you I interest myself so much. His birth and his rank, added to the uncommon merits and talents of the countess, his mother, will everywhere procure him the proper distinctions. If Madame de Boufflers has done me the honour of asking what she is pleased to call a recommendatory letter of her son to you, you may be sure I had not the vanity of accepting such an honour with any other view than to procure you so agreeable an acquaintance. You are too just to merit of all nations to estimate it by countries; and yet, if you can find a way of being more civil than ordinary, I must beg that art may be employed for the amusement and service of Monsieur de Boufflers while he 's at Florence. Madame de Boufflers has done so much honour to England and Englishmen, that you will be a very bad representative of both if you do not endeavour to pay some of our debts to her son. Adieu! my dear sir."

Again the enemy ill health, and the doctors.

"When I told you in my last that I was ill, I did not think it would prove so very serious as it has done. It turned to an attack on my stomach, bowels, and back, with continued vomitings for four days. You will ask what it was? So I did. The physician, for Lord Hertford and Mr. Conway sent for one whether I would or not, pronounced it the gout; and because he had pronounced so, was determined it should be so, and plied me with fire, gunpowder, and all the artillery of the college, till, like a true general, he had almost reduced the place to a heap of ashes.

This made me resolve to die in my own way, that is coolly. I refused to take a drop more of his prescriptions; have mended ever since; and am really now quite well, and quite convinced that it was no more the gout than the small-pox, but a violent disorder in my stomach. This was my first physician, and shall be my last. How dear one pays for health and justice; and how seldom one obtains them even for buying!

"I am going to the Bath, with more opinion of the journey and change of air, than of the waters, for even water may be too hot for me. 'Tis a sort of complaisance too; and all these trials, when one is no longer young, I regard but as taking pains to be well against one dies. I am pretty indifferent when that may be, but not so patient under the appendixes of illness; the advice everybody gives one, their infallible remedies, and, what is worse, being confined, and thereby exposed to every idle body's visit, and every interested body's flattery that expects a legacy. I had a relation the other day with me, whom I very seldom see, and who begged I would excuse, as I was so ill, her not being able to help laughing very violently at some very trifling thing I said. I will leave her a certain cure for that laugh; that is, nothing.

"Would you believe that such a granary as England has been in as much danger as your mountains? not of famine, but of riots. The demands for corn have occasioned so much to be exported, that our farmers went on raising the price of wheat till the poor could not buy bread; indeed, they will eat none but the best. Insurrections have happened in several counties, and worse were apprehended. Yesterday the king, by the unanimous advice of his council, took upon him to lay an embargo, which was never done before in time of peace. It will make much clamour, among the interested, both in interest and politics; but in general will be popular. The dearness of everything is enormous and intolerable, for the country is so rich that it makes everybody poor. The luxury of tradesmen passes all belief. They would forfeit their characters with their own profession if they exercised an economy that would be thought but prudent in a man of quality in any other country. Unless the mob will turn reformers and rise, or my Lord Clive sends over diamonds enough for current coin, I do not see how one shall be able soon to purchase necessaries.

"Count Schoualloff, the favourite of the late Czarina—pray mind, not of this tigress—is here. I knew him at Paris, and when he was here before, and love him much, as one of the most humane, amiable beings upon earth. He is wandering about Europe till this tyranny be overpast, and talks of going to Italy. Pray be acquainted with him: your two natures were made for one another. He is very ill paired with Rasomoufski, the late Hetman of the Tartars, who was forced into the conspiracy, as they say, against the murdered Czar. The woman he served has displaced him, but given him a pension of twelve thousand pounds sterling a-year. He is a noble figure, of the Tartar mould; but I do not advise you to cultivate *him*. I have refused to be acquainted with him, though Schoualloff desired to bring him to me. He is not a Brutus to my mind. Adieu!"

Mr. Wilkes:

"As Wednesday last was the great day of expectation when Mr. Wilkes was to, and did, make his appearance in the King's Bench, I ought to have told you the event by Friday's post; but, my dear sir, I could tell you no event; nor was I in my life ever so puzzled to translate law into so much sense as would form a narrative. Would not one think that on so common an event as an outlawry and surrender, it must be as well known in Westminster Hall what is to be done, as a schoolboy knows he is to be whipt if he plays truant? No such matter! All the great lawyers in England are now disputing in barbarous Latin and half English, whether Wilkes is Wilkes, whether he can surrender himself when he does surrender, with twenty more questions equally absurd, with which they have puzzled themselves, and, by consequence, all England, and, by consequence, all Europe. There are, at least, two dozen French

now writing from London to Paris, that the *capias ut legatum* was not taken out as it should have been, and that the *fiat* should have been issued, &c. Well, patience! Let us come to facts, if we cannot get at meaning.

"On Wednesday, all precautions were taken to prevent riots. Westminster Hall was garrisoned by constables, and horse and foot guards were ready to support them.

"Wilkes had applied to the Attorney-General for a writ of error against his outlawry, which the attorney had promised, as they say; but the night before had been overpersuaded by the Master of the Rolls not to sign the *fiat*. Wilkes appeared according to promise. The Attorney-General moves to commit him. Lord Mansfield and the judges of the King's Bench tell him the *capias ut legatum* should have been taken out, and, not having been, there was no such person as Mr. Wilkes before them; nay, that there was no such person, for, Mr. Wilkes, being an outlaw, an *utlegatus* does not exist in the eye of the law. However, this nonentity made a long speech, and abused the chief justice to his face, though, they say, with great trembling—and then—why then, one or too hallooed, and nobody answered, and Mr. Wilkes walked away, and the judges went home to dinner, and a great crowd, for there was a vast crowd, though no mobbing, retired.

"This passed on Wednesday; it is now Saturday night. Several *capias* issued, and the Lord Mayor has turned out some of the Sheriff's officers for not apprehending Wilkes. In short, some are afraid; more want to shift the unpopularity from their own shoulders to those of others; Wilkes does not resist, but rather shifts his quarters, not being impatient to have his cause tried when he is on the wrong side of a prison. The people are disposed to be angry, but do not know wherefore, and the Court had rather provocation was given than give it; and so it is a kind of defensive war, that I believe will end with little bloodshed, At least, hitherto, it is so uninteresting, that I should not have studied it so much, but to try to explain it to you, as at such a distance you might think it more considerable. As I shall be in town to-morrow, and my letter cannot go away till Tuesday, I will tell you if I hear any more, though I am heartily tired of the subject, and very indifferent about the hero."

"I am not a jot wiser than I was. Wilkes has certainly played at hide and seek, and is heartily sick of his personage, and would fain make his peace, having the sense to see that he must fall at last. There was a great crowd at Westminster to-day, expecting his appearance, but I do not know whether he came or not, for I have not been abroad, nor seen anybody that could tell. *Ex quovis ligno fit Mercurius*, but not a Cromwell. Adieu!"

* * * * * * * * *

"Wilkes, on the 27th of last month, was committed to the King's Bench. The mob would not suffer him to be carried thither, but took off the horses of his hackney-coach and drove him through the city to Cornhill. He there persuaded them to disperse, and then stole to the prison and surrendered himself. Last Saturday his cause was to be heard, but his Counsel pleading against the vitality of the outlawry, Lord Mansfield took time to consider, and adjourned the hearing till the beginning of next term, which is in June.

"The day before yesterday the Parliament met. There have been constant crowds and mobbing at the prison, but, on Tuesday, they insisted on taking Wilkes out of prison and carrying him to Parliament. The tumult increased so fast, that the Riot-Act was read, the soldiers fired, and a young man was shot. The mob bore the body about the streets to excite more rage, and at night it went so far that four or five more per-

sons were killed; and the uproar quashed, though they fired on the soldiers from the windows of houses. The partisans of Wilkes say the young man was running away, was pursued and killed; and the jury have brought it in wilful murder against the officer and men; so they must take their trials; and it makes their case very hard, and lays Government under great difficulties. On the other side, the young man is said to have been very riotous, and marked as such by the guards. But this is not all. We have independent mobs, that have nothing to do with Wilkes, and who only take advantage of so favourable a season. The dearness of provisions incites, the hope of increase of wages allures, and drink puts them in motion. The coal-heavers began, and it is well it is not a hard frost, for they have stopped all coals coming to town. The sawyers rose too, and at last the sailors, who have committed great outrages in merchant ships, and prevented them from sailing. I just touch the heads, which would make a great figure if dilated in Baker's Chronicle among the calamities at the end of a reign. The last mob, however, took an extraordinary turn; for many thousand sailors came to petition the Parliament yesterday, but in the most respectful and peaceable manner; desired only to have their grievances examined; if reasonable, redressed; if not reasonable, they would be satisfied. Being told that their flags and colours with which they paraded were illegal, they cast them away. Nor was this all: they declared for the King and Parliament, and beat and drove away Wilkes's mob."

---

## SONNET.

### MAY.

BY W. H. FISK.

Once more fair Nature smiles, and from the hand
Of icy Winter bursts in varied hues
The long bound prisoner—in balmy dews
Bathing the flowers, that o'er the verdant land
In glowing beauty spring, so fair, so frail,
That 'neath the midnight breeze they shrink with fear,
And in the morning drop the glistening tear,
That gathers o'er them, as they crouching trail
Over their mossy beds. How every tree,
Field, flower and bank, in new-clad beauty glows,
Breathing sweet perfume; and each breath, a lay
To gentle Spring; so soft, so light, so free,
That on the merry air it swiftly flows,
A joyful pæan to the birth of May!

THE

# METROPOLITAN.

MAY, 1843.

## LITERATURE.

### NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

*Magic and Mesmerism; an Episode of the Eighteenth Century; and Other Tales.*

"*Magic and Mesmerism!*" Do the words belong to the real or the ideal? Are they used in belief or unbelief? Belong they to faith or to mockery? Is our author a disciple or a scoffer? Has he written under the influence of strong persuasion, or merely used these names "to point a moral and adorn a tale?" Be it as it may, the title of this work at once catches the attention and arouses the curiosity, and our business is to inquire to what extent the work keeps the promise of the title.

"*Magic and Mesmerism!*" The words seem to revive around us every form of superstition to which every race and every country has been more or less prone since the creation. The most illiterate and the most intellectual have alike been subjected to its subtle influences. Individually, men of the loftiest and most piercing faculties, as well as those whose minds are but as narrow prisons to their souls, have submitted to that innate impulsion which seems but a form of intuitive faith in that immaterial world by which we are surrounded. The fact may be obscured by our own opacity of vision; we may lose sight of the incorporeal by constantly gazing on the corporeal, but every now and then we are startled by glimpses which the mind's eye takes in of the *unseen*, and are made sensibly to feel that our world is but as one of the provinces of the vast universe. And it is not individually only, but often collectively, that this, the faith of sight, is forced upon us. Not the lone student in his chamber, poring over the mouldy record;

not the secluded hermit in his cell, studying the way to another world; not the astrologer on the mountain, holding converse with the stars—these undoubtedly have revelations of intelligence not coming within the grasp of the mind, or the scope of the visible—we speak not now of these, but of the impression on the mind of nations at certain periods, the impulses of spirit and science pressing forward in the manifestation of the temper of the times, like the surging of some mighty ocean towards the line of demarcation which divides matter from immensity—the line on which is written, "Thus far shalt thou come, but no farther;" and then, since it is not permitted for man to remain stationary, and since beyond this line he may not pass, the waves of thought sway back again, and men lose sight of that illimitable expanse on which, during their momentary standing on that boundary line, they had been permitted to expatiate.

There is nothing visionary in all this. Both ancient and modern history prove that there is an ebb and a flow in the tide of human intellect; man being himself a mystery, what wonder if mysteries surround him!

We would not be misunderstood. We are no believers in Mesmerism. But, on the other hand, who shall tell where the doctrine of *sympathy* may end?—and this is but a higher name for Magic and Mesmerism.

The work before us has led us into these reflections. It is, indeed, no common work, nor the product of any common mind, but a startling and exciting narrative. Evidently a believer to the fullest extent in the creed of Mesmerism, the author attests his faith by the air of undoubting, unhesitating truthfulness with which he approaches his subject. We are struck by the opposite and yet enhancing coolness with which he advocates and illustrates the cause of enthusiasm. The manner is so composed, the matter so exciting. Seemingly as if aware that the charge of extravagance might lie against him, he assumes the character of a cool-headed unimpressionable man, whilst pleading a cause that may be counted that of the wildest visionary; and nothing can be more effective than the contrast.

The observations which this work has drawn from us, will at once show that we consider it one of no everyday interest and importance; and it is, indeed, refreshing to us to meet a work of imagination so widely and indeed startlingly different from the ordinary race. Traits of gentle feeling may delight the heart, noble triumphs may elevate the mind, but the *originality* of this powerful production at once fastens upon our thoughts with a new charm. The talent distinguishable throughout is not that of a hackneyed imagination. There is an ample plot, in which the incidents all hinge upon the feelings, and the actions result from the peculiar characters of the actors. This fitness between the doer and the thing done, this link of parentage between the intent and the performance, and the consequent continuity of incident, are the undoubted marks of that mastery of mind which a really capable author ought ever to manifest over his mental material; and this is powerfully apparent in the work before us. We feel at once that nothing is unmeaning or desultory, and that the whole matter lies easily within his grasp.

As a work of interest to the general reader, we can say that we scarcely remember to have perused a tale so free from puerile sentiment, and yet so strong in passionate power. There is great skill in he plan which our author has adopted. It is most true, that the heart can never feel a *like* and *equal* interest in the fate of two individuals, and thus a plurality of heroines is generally fatal to a work of imagination; but here we have two distinct and separate sensations cultivated, which being dissimilar, enhance and support, instead of militating against each other. The real heroine is alone in her originality: we know not her like in literature; and being herself an embodied theory, if we may use the term, there is an interest of the mind, as if prosecuting a curious speculation, attached to her most minute action, whilst the strange mystery that surrounds her rivets the fancy, and her sufferings the feelings, from the opening to the closing page. But as the over tension of these feelings might possibly have strung them into pain, the author has most wisely awakened an interest of a different kind. He has presented us with the contrast of the beautiful visionary in the semblance of a woman as she should be—generous, truthful, and sincere; and on this amiable being the feelings repose, after their powerful excitement, in a sort of peaceful satisfaction—the haven after the storm.

We need not recommend this work. Innate curiosity will impel to its perusal. We may cavil and dispute, we may utterly repudiate its purpose, but the public will certainly devour its contents.

The ensuing scene is between the excited heroine and her sober-minded friend.

" ' I will obey you,' said Catherine in a calmer tone, whilst a sudden and striking change came over her features, which had assumed a more languid expression as Eleonore's manner softened. ' Suffer your hand to rest on my brow, as you did before, nothing clears my ideas better—so—that's right—my other hand in yours. Oh! had you never left me, Eleonore, it had perhaps fared better with me. I see you are impatient that I should proceed, and yet I scarcely know how to do so; all is confusion in my brain—discord in my heart. Sometimes I think Father Girard the best, the most holy of men, and myself a wretch to doubt him; at other times, I see in him but the vilest and worst of mankind. It has ever been thus with me, since I first knew him. I have lost all power of discrimination—I had almost said of thought; but, no, that is my misfortune; I still think, and that, too, differently from him; but this is only when he is away. When he is present, I am his slave—enthralled by his will, even when it is most opposed to mine. I sometimes cannot help fancying that he has bound me by some powerful, unhallowed spell, which I vainly struggle to break,—at others, I again believe him sent to me by Heaven, on a special mission of grace; and my sufferings, whether in body or mind, a most signal favour. Then I accuse myself of faint-heartedness in not being able to bear up against them, and weep over my own frailty of purpose, and the weakness that makes me rebel against the will of Heaven and unworthy of the trials which are awarded me.'

" ' But of what trials are you speaking?' inquired Eleonore, with some curiosity. ' Do you mean the regret you feel, at having permitted a comparative stranger to exercise an undue influence over your mind, and

cause an estrangement between you and those who most cherished you? That, indeed, has been a trial to others as well as to you!'

"'That, it is true, has cost me many a sleepless night—many a tearful day,' said Catherine. 'The struggle between the impulses of my heart and what I conceived to be a duty was a severe one. *He* bade me discard you from my thoughts, but this I could not do, and when left to myself, loved you as much as ever. Thus has it been with almost every object of former affection or preference—nay, even with every matter of opinion—until all my notions of right and wrong are confused—and sometimes I feel exalted in my own opinion, and the next instant humbled to the very dust; for he has taught me the holiness of self-abasement—the necessity of sinning in order to repent—of yielding in all things to the will of Heaven, blindly, darkly, with the heart, not with the understanding."

"'And *he*, I suppose,' said Eleonore, with a flashing eye and contracted brow—'he is the oracle of that will?'

"'Not he alone, he merely expounds it—it is revealed to me in visions, in ecstacies, and the palpable signs of these supernatural communions remain with me!'

"'The palpable signs?—I don't understand you!' said the amazed listener.

"'Yes, I can shew them to you as I have to my mother and brothers. Look here!' and, removing the hair that clustered over her brow and neck, she exposed to view some rather severe and but recently-healed wounds.

"Eleonore was mute with surprise.

"'Yes,' continued Catherine, 'these are the inflictions, with which the devils are permitted to visit me, during my trances; but do not look so shocked, there is more fear than pain attending them—my soul alone is conscious at such times, my body lies in a state of torpor that deadens feeling.'

"'This is passing strange,' said Mademoiselle Raymond as she closely examined the marks thus subjected to her observation. 'These are but too real, and cannot well have been self-inflicted, even in the worst fit of —of——'

"'Insanity, you would say,' added Catherine, with a mournful smile; 'I am not insane—but, oh! I often dread becoming so!'

"'Do these fits—these trances, come over you by day or by night?'

"'Both; they sometimes rouse me from my sleep, but, strange to say, it is but to another sort of slumber—a numbness steals over my frame whilst my mind wakens to activity.'

"'You describe but the state of dreaming, which is common to all,' remarked Eleonore.

"'Ay,' resumed her companion; 'but dreams do not extend to the waking moments. This phenomenon overtakes me when I least expect it—whilst talking or walking—even at meals.'

"'I have read of people being drugged into a forced sleep,' said Eleonore, thoughtfully.

"'But Father Girard gives me nothing, nor is he always present at such times. When he is, my slumber is more peaceful, and I feel more tranquil on waking. In his absence, the fits are torture, and on their leaving me I am totally exhausted.'

"'If you do not attribute these accidents to Father Girard, how do you account for them unto yourself and others?' demanded Eleonore, who was desirous to sift the matter to the bottom, and to probe her friend's feelings to the uttermost, before venturing on advice, or even on conclusions.

"'Why, I have already told you, I sometimes fancy he has charmed me; but am more often inclined to think myself, like Saint Theresa, one

of those elected to suffer and to love, and unto whom mysteries are revealed in visions — through whom and upon whom miracles are wrought.'

"'This is a most extraordinary delusion,' observed Eleonore, carried away by the feeling of the moment beyond the reserve which it was her desire to maintain until the close of the conference.

"'It is, perhaps, natural you should think so, to whom nothing has been revealed,' said her friend, with a slight shade of hauteur. 'But from earliest childhood I was unlike others, and I believe was destined to higher things: and I cannot but believe that Father Girard has been especially appointed to guide me in the path which I should tread.'

"'Fatal error!' burst involuntarily from Eleonore's lips. 'And bethink you, Catherine, if it *be* an error, it may cost you dear——'

"'If it be an error! ay, indeed, Eleonore! the thought were madness—but no! it cannot be—I will not believe it. Listen to facts: I know nothing else will have any weight with you; but surely to them you must yield belief, even whilst they, perhaps, exceed your comprehension. Led away by your views and opinions, and those of my ordinary associates, I was beginning to yield to them in all things; my yearnings after higher things gradually diminished—my fervour of piety was cooling, and my soul became more alive to earthly objects.' As she spoke these words, a slight flush crimsoned her cheek. 'At this juncture, Father Girard appeared on the scene. You cannot but remember the mysteriou circumstances that first attracted me more particularly towards him?'

"A mournful expression pervaded the features of Eleonore, but she carefully abstained from breaking the thread of her friend's narrative."

---

*A Journal of the Disasters in Affghanistan*, 1841-2. By LADY SALE.

LADY SALE is undoubtedly the heroine of modern days. Her name has been on every lip, her adventures the theme of every tongue, and anxiety for her safety in every heart. The public papers have recorded her doings, and the world at large sympathized with her sorrows and her sufferings. Perhaps no tenderly nurtured woman ever survived through greater hardships, or breasted toil and the horrors of warfare with a braver spirit. True it is, that the dangers which do not overcome the mind ever strengthen it; and this has been eminently verified in the case of Lady Sale. Her courage seems never to have forsaken her, but to have augmented in every emergency. Rallying her own spirit for the sake of supporting others, instead of the helpless woman, we behold the energetic, clear-headed, strong-minded, and unquailing heroine; and this through scenes in which the mind and the body of stoutest manhood might well have been abased and humiliated.

These long-expected papers which have been, since their announcement, looked for with some impatience, are comprised in one rather swollen volume. They have undergone no polishing, no sublimating process, having been neither re-arranged nor re-written, but being now presented to the public in their original unstudied garb. So did Lady Sale deem best, and in this judgment we coincide. Remoulding the rough material would have been easy, and graces of style and diction not difficult of introduction; but in this way we should have lost the stamp of genuine head-quartership authority which they now

conspicuously bear. This journal is published as it was written, carelessly, perhaps inelegantly, but with the energy of existing feeling and uncompromising veracity. These are not the pennings of after recollections, in which associated facts have become interwoven in the mind, and the memory seeks in vain to disentangle them, but finds it impossible to resume its own incertitude in the various progressive stages of the transactions it is recording; they are the notes penned from day to day, sometimes even hourly, of the events which were continuously transpiring, whilst yet the spectacle had not faded from the eye, or the word spoken died away upon the ear: events which were being transacted around whilst the writer herself was exposed to the full brunt of excited passions, the din and tumult of anarchy, and the deep hypocrisy of dissimulation.

The time,—the events, impressions, fears, and feelings of which are here recorded,—divides itself naturally into three eras: the first of these takes in the time spent in cantonment at Cabul—a time of progressive anxiety, perplexity, and doubt; of suspected treachery ripening into unmistakeable hostility, of deep duplicity gradually throwing off its mask, and displaying all the ferocity of murderous intent, of national animosity breaking out like smothered fire; of the manifestation of rancorous hate daily and hourly bursting through its weakening restrictions: in this condition was the contingent of our army lying in cantonment at Cabul. In itself divided into factions, without unanimity in its councils, without organization in its plans; weak, vacillating, uncertain, veering, at once insufficient in its means, and those means negatived by division and subdivision. In a season of great emergency requiring the coolest heads and the firmest hearts, and the most strictly compacted and united efforts, the British camp presented nothing but unsettled purposes, a vision that could scarcely see further than the moment, and mere pigmy efforts. And thus the darkness thickened until the storm burst. The cantonments were no longer tenable, and the harassed and distracted fraction of our army entered on that fatal "Retreat" which forms the second division of Lady Sale's journal, and which was marked at every footstep by the sacrifice of some gallant life, by a butchery of humanity, a deluging of human blood, making a very shambles of the mountain defile, with such a sad expenditure of lives for which no compensation could be found, as throws into the shade every other instance of modern warfare. The fearful horrors endured by Lady Sale and her companions during this fatal "Retreat" were extreme both to heart and body. With deluged and frozen garments, with little or no protection from the extreme cold which terminated the lives of many, and every possible species of the body's discomfiture, they had the yet deeper anguish of losing on this march their best earthly supporter, Lady Sale's energetic and enterprising son-in-law, the gallant officer Sturt, who, after having undergone toil and suffering with unflinching resolution, received a wound on this "Retreat" which, after some hours of anguished torture, terminated his earthly career, his wife and mother-in-law the while enduring all the agony of witnessing sufferings which they could neither remove nor ameliorate. The result of this unhappily notorious retreat was the "Captivity," which Lady Sale

has made the third division of her work, which comprises the detail of that time in which these ladies were considered "honoured guests" by their captors, but in which they felt themselves no other than incarcerated and unhappy prisoners.

Such is the arrangement into which Lady Sale's journal has naturally divided itself. It must of course be felt that much of its interest depends upon that which we attach to its subject. Others as well as Lady Sale kept journals of the disastrous circumstances in which they were involved, but it appears that her ladyship's alone was preserved through the rapine and ravages of flight and warfare, and this owing to the circumstance of her having reserved it from her luggage for the sake of making some additions, and afterwards appending it round her waist; whilst others, less fortunate in this respect, placed their papers in the midst of luggage, of which they were for ever disencumbered, for the "Retreat" left them with nothing but life, a change of garments being a luxury of which they felt the deprivation. There is much of character impressed on this hastily written journal, but it is almost remarkable that Lady Sale has avoided every expression of feeling that must not seldom have amounted to agony. Her vigorous spirit is discernible enough; the emotions of the heart are sometimes too deep for expression, and Lady Sale is evidently one of those who has learnt to endure without either complaint or the craving for sympathy.

We choose our extract from that portion of the book which presents Lady Sale and her companions in their "Captivity."

"The late newspapers have not a little amused me. They show that the editors catch at every expression used in any letters they have read; or on any comments they hear on news from Affghanistan. A regular controversy has arisen between one, who asserts that Lady Sale in her letters evinces a strong prepossession in favour of Mahommed Akbar Khan, and another, who thinks Lady Sale wrote as she did because she was a prisoner; to which the other rejoins, that he does not think Lady S. would, under any circumstances, write that which was false. There he is right; but I would not have written on the subject at all unless I wrote as I thought: if people misunderstand, it is their own fault, and not mine. Again, they say it were better I had never written at all. Perhaps so: but it seems that details were wanting; my letters to Sale gave those; and he thought them of sufficient consequence to send them to the Governor-General and the Commander-in-Chief. They were afterwards sent to England by the former, and, if the papers tell truth, excited some attention in the highest circles. As to my "great prepossession" in favour of Akbar, my greatest is, that General Nott's force should march up to Ghuznee, release the prisoners there, and then that a simultaneous movement should take place of Nott's and Pollock's forces upon Cabul. Once again in power here, I would place Akbar, Mahommed Shah, and Sultan Jan *hors de combat;* befriend those who befriend us, and let the Affghans have the Ameer Dost Mahommed Khan back, if they like. He and his family are only an expense to us in India; we can restore them, and make friends with him. Let us first show the Affghans that we can both conquer and revenge the foul murder of our troops; but do not let us dishonour the British name by sneaking out of the country, like whipped Pariah dogs. Affghanistan will become a by-word among the nations. Had we retreated, as poor Sturt proposed, without baggage, with celerity, (forced marches to get through the snow,) and had

the men stood by us, (a doubtful point,—they were so worn out and dispirited,) we might have figured in history, and have cut out Xenophon's account of the retreat of the 10,000.

"As to the justice of dethroning the Ameer Dost Mahommed, and seting up Shah Shoojah, I have nothing to say regarding it; nor regarding our policy in attempting to keep possession of a country of uncivilised people, so far from our own; whence all supplies of ammunition, money, &c. must be obtained. Let our governors-general and commanders-in-chief look to that; whilst I knit socks for my grand-children: but I have been a soldier's wife too long to sit down tamely, whilst our honour is tarnished in the sight and opinion of savages. Had our army been cut to pieces by an avowed enemy, whether in the field or the passes—let them have used what stratagems they pleased,—all had been fair. Akbar had shone as another William Tell; he had been the deliverer of his country from a hateful yoke imposed on it by Kaffirs: but here he stands, by his own avowal freely made, the assassin of the envoy;—not by proxy, but by his own hand. I do believe, he only meant to make him prisoner; for the purpose of obtaining better terms and more money; but he is a man of ungovernable passions; and his temper when thwarted is ferocious. He afterwards professed to be our friend;—we treated with him:—great was the credulity of those who placed confidence in him: still they blindly did so;—even after the letter was received from Conolly, at Bhoodkhat, confirming the previous warnings of his intentions towards us. He followed us with his blood-thirsty Ghilzyes. Mahommed Shah Khan, his principal adviser, I might almost say his master, is the most inveterate of our enemies. Akbar is a jovial, smooth-tongued man, full of compliments and good fellowship; and has the knack of talking over both kaffirs and true believers.

"To our cost, he did talk our chiefs over; and persuaded them of his friendship; but said those sugs (dogs) of Ghilzyes were intent on murder and plunder, and totally unmanageable. In this way he hovered on our flanks and rear; and when our people were massacred, and his blood-hounds in human shape were tolerably glutted with their human blood, the scene was changed; although it was constantly reacted. In the distance a group of horsemen invariably appeared; they were beckoned to; questioned as to what chief was present;—it was invariably Akbar, who always pretended good faith, said his three hundred horsemen were too few to protect us from the Ghilzyes, &c.; and then the following day witnessed a repetition of the slaughter, and pretended friendship; for that this friendship was a mere pretence, was acknowledged by him when he said, 'I was the man who killed your envoy with my own hand; I destroyed your army; I threw aside all ties of family, deserted everything for the faith of Islam; and now I am left to bear the opprobrium heaped on me by the Feringhees, whilst no one supports me: but were I in power, I would make the chiefs remember it!' and then uttered maledictions on their heads. He kept his word; has been a bitter enemy to all who have shown the slightest kindness to us; and grinds their money out of them by threats and torture.

"A woman's vengeance is said to be fearful; but nothing can satisfy mine against Akbar, Sultan Jan, and Mahommed Shah Khan. Still I say that Akbar, having, for his own political purposes, done as he said he would do—that is, destroyed our army,—letting only one man escape to tell the tale, as Dr. Brydon did,—and having got the families into his possession;—I say, having done this, he has ever since we have been in his hands treated us well:—that is, honour has been respected. It is true that we have not common comforts; but what we denominate such are unknown to Affghan females; they always sleep on the floor, sit on the floor, &c.—hardships to us. We have bought common chanpoys at two rupees each; that is, a bed formed by four poles and ropes tied across and

across them. Had we tables and chairs, we have not space for them; so many inhabit the same apartment. Individually I have no right to complain on this subject, as Lady Macnaghten, Mrs. Mainwaring, Mrs. Boyd, Mrs. Sturt, and I, occupy the same apartment. Captain Boyd makes his bed on the landing-place of the stairs, or on the roof of the house; so that we have no *man*-kind amongst us, except the Boyds' two little boys, and Mrs. Mainwaring's baby. This little fellow was born just before the insurrection broke out in Cabul, in October: his father had gone with Sale's brigade; and we always call him Jung-i-Bahadur.

"After so long enduring the misery of having gentlemen night and day associated with us, we have found this a great relief.

"The Wuzeer gives us rations of meat, rice, ottah, ghee, and oil; and lately fruit: but first our food was dressed for us; but it was so greasy and disgusting, that we asked leave to cook for ourselves. That again was a matter of taste; one person likes what another does not. By us a strong cup of coffee is considered a luxury; whilst an Affghan the other day, who had some given to him, (he had never tasted any before,) pronounced it detestable.

"It is true, we have been taken about the country; exposed to heat, cold, rain, &c.; but so were their own women. It was, and is, very disagreeable: but still we are, *de facto*, prisoners; notwithstanding Akbar still persists in calling us—honoured guests: and as captives, I say we are well treated. He has given us common coarse chintz, and coarse longcloth, too, wherewith to clothe ourselves;—I must not use the word dress: and making up these articles has given us occupation: increased by having to work with raw cotton, which we have to twist into thread for ourselves. We suffered more from uncleanliness than anything else."

---

## *The South of Ireland and her Poor.*

There cannot, there does not, exist a subject more engrossing to the heart of humanity or to the soul of patriotism, than the condition of Ireland. If national sins have any weight upon a national conscience, then may England indeed put on sackcloth and ashes for her misgovernment of a country which the Creator has invested with all the material for happiness. No fairer land lies under the smile of Heaven, and yet what clouds interpose between the country and that joy-giving light! What ardour and what energy fit her sons to make light of toil, and yet where lies the produce of their labour? What ports more nobly fitted for the merchant's vessel, and yet where exists her commerce? What soil at once more fruitful and more barren? And what people better fitted to enjoy life, and yet so wretched? The beneficent Maker of all never intended the material for happiness to lie waste. He hath given the land and the seed, but leaves man to find the husbandry. Richly as Ireland is endowed, why is she so barren and so destitute? Let England answer the question.

Much has been said and much has been written on Ireland, but not enough, so long as her sufferings remain unmitigated, her wants unremedied. England has taken upon herself the parental character, and should care lovingly, and not coldly, for the welfare of her children. The heart of the Christian should never rest, the thoughts of the legislator never slumber, until the wants and woes of this great portion of our United Kingdom have been supplied and redeemed.

Verbosity may run to waste like ungathered waters, projects dissipate like empty vapour, without meeting or satisfying the existing requirements. The nerve of sound thought, the sinew of powerful action, are needed. Christianity and nationality should unite their forces, and with such an alliance, what might not be hoped for! What would be too great to attain? Certainly not national prosperity, which would be no more than a great end to a great mean. And meanwhile, be it remembered, that if the voice of Ireland ascend not to Heaven in accents of praise, it will in accents of imprecation. Feeling thus the vast importance which hangs around Ireland in its present unhappy state, we hail with deep interest the opinions of enlightened men on its condition, and among them the author of the work before us deserves most especial attention. Every one interested in the condition of the country ought to possess this pamphlet. The clearness of the views developed in it are admirable. Nothing Quixotic, nothing enthusiastic, is mooted; a steady, cool-headed, clear-visioned, investigation of the state of the South of Ireland and her Poor is vigorously entered upon and lucidly laid before us. We like to see such statements brought before the English public. Let them on every hand see true and faithful accounts of the condition of Ireland—accounts rather below than above the veritable aspect of facts since men delight to shelter themselves under some slight exaggeration for the sake of repudiating all: let them see the actual condition of the Irish peasantry, the actual price of their labour, the actual extent of the produce of her land, her actual destitution, her actual capabilities, and if these urge not our legislators on to find remedial measures for grievances certainly not of nature's imposing, but of man's inflicting, why then we will say that human hearts have ceased to vibrate with the emotions of their own humanity.

Strongly recommending our readers to possess this valuable production, we yet make space to add publicity to some of its contents with the truest pleasure.

"There can be no doubt that party feeling has tended materially to retard the improvement of Ireland, and continues to prevent that cordial co-operation of all parties so much to be desired; still it can be proved that the present position of the country is to be attributed mainly to the causes on which no difference of opinion exists, and that party reasons still operate, by keeping up a continual state of excitement, and by making each meeting, no matter for what purpose convened, an arena for political discussion and bad feeling—the object of calling it being very often totally lost sight of. *Over-population—low wages, on the side of the working classes—want of capital, high rents, on the other*—will be found to be the chief sources of the misfortunes of Ireland. These are not to be attributed to party; they operate universally, and equally. Let us trace their origin *seriatim*: that done, one remedy will be suggested; should it not altogether succeed, it will at least do much to assuage the wounds of the country, if we have virtue and forethought enough to adopt it voluntarily."

"When we turn our attention to the first cause—'over-population,' and recollect that at no late period has there been sufficient employment for the multitude in this country, we might think that the great principle which regulates the production of people has been violated—'a supply

for demand.' Population increases by great facility of supporting being furnished the labourer; population has increased, but *the real reward of labour has been always falling*, and is now considerably lower than at the commencement of the eighteenth century."

"Having now endeavoured to trace the origin of the first great cause of poverty in Ireland—'over-population,' let us look a little into what is partly the consequence of it—'low wages.' No doubt it would be a difficult matter to find employment for so great a multitude, and even were it obtained, there is a reason peculiar to the present state of the country, which would prevent, for a long time, the good effects of employment being as generally discernible as elsewhere.

"Ireland will start with a population already very redundant; and therefore, unless a positive diminution of people took place, the market price of labour need not of necessity rise for some years sufficient to afford means of great amelioration. With the improvements in machinery, no amount of capital could employ all the hands now idle; besides, there would *always be* a multitude either supported by charity and decreasing slowly, or that could be spared from the land; all of whom might be thrown on the market, and keep down the wages of those employed on manufactures.

"I would call particular attention to the very low reward of labour in Ireland, as compared with past times; money wages are higher than formerly, yet the labourer is in a much worse position. Most persons imagine that, because the labourer of the present day receives a greater money reward than formerly, he must of necessity be more at his ease; it may, therefore, not be unnecessary to show the fallacy of this notion.

"Originally, all that a labourer produced, belonged to himself; as society advances, and capital arises, the labourer, instead of manufacturing himself each article of which he may stand in need, is willing to employ himself at one occupation, of whatever he excels, and receives from the capitalist wages in exchange for his work, with which he purchases what he may need. This reward, called *his real one*, consists in a certain quantity of food and necessaries sufficient for his own support, and to keep up a family; the greater *the gradual increase* of capital in the country, the greater will be the quantity given him. (The money reward of labour is the wages the labourer receives.) As long as there is a steady increasing demand and a steady supply, things will be thus in any one country. The quantity of food a labourer consumes in all countries is much alike; the quality varies, necessaries vary also, with climate and custom: thus the natural reward of labour between countries varies, as quality of food and necessaries, and is *one cause* of the difference of *money* wages. This will account in part for their being much lower *naturally* in Ireland than in England. There is also another circumstance which regulates the price of labour—supply and demand. As a country advances, the supply of labourers will increase faster than the demand for them, and therefore, the market becoming ultimately redundant, the wages of labour, from competition, will have a tendency to fall."

"Now let us look to Ireland: when manufactures were first established in Ireland, the English who came over found the poor Irish nearly savage, without any idea of comfort, and living on potatoes. Primate Boulter, writing to the Duke of Newcastle, says, '*The poor have consumed their potatoes.*' With such food in plenty in the country, it is not likely that the employers of labour would give wages for an entire wheat diet, such as the English had been accustomed to; nor was it likely they gave much reward of any kind to the Irish whom they employed; provisions were very cheap, and comforts the Irish were totally ignorant of.

"Before 1799, the price of potatoes, on an average, did not exceed 2*d.* the stone. A writer on Ireland (Mr. Newenham) says, 'It is not forty years since the price of that article of food was as low as 1½*d*;' and Mr.

Young says in his 'Tour through Ireland,' 'If any one doubts the comparative plenty that attends the board of a poor native, let him attend at his meals;' though wages were low the price of food was less. Let us examine the position of a labourer of those days.' Mr. Grattan, speaking of labour, says, 'Men ground down to the earth, receiving 5*d.* a day, and potatoes at starvation price 3*d.* a weight.'"

"Potatoes, on an average of years, through the South of Ireland, are 4*d.* a weight; milk is taken at the same price as formerly, but it is much dearer; and coal is mostly used—when there is turf, it is much dearer than formerly. To put a labourer now on a par with one before 1799, it would take 11*d.* a week, in addition to his present wages.

"Labour has been proved not to be excessive; the mental faculties of the labourer are adequate, his physical strength is not so, in consequence of his being badly fed from low wages. Whence these low wages?—Surely not from a wish on the part of the farmers who employ labourers? it is, that they are not able to afford to give more. Supposing this wrongly deduced, the farmers, being killed by paying labourers, and unable to accumulate on that account, will apply to those only who employ labour, and they are on a very limited number. Where is the cottier? Until this reasoning can be disproved, the charge stands good, and one or two exceptions of bad, unimproving tenants, will not 'make a case.'

"Some landlords will now say, 'Here finishes the examination of our misfortunes. You have endeavoured to prove that landlords are to blame for the great increase of population; that rents are too high, that wages are too low, and that the constitution of society appears such, that unless a radical change takes place, there will not be any amelioration of the state of Ireland. You say that our forming societies do little good but to ourselves, and you discourage the building of good houses, and making improvements for the labourer.'—'What are we to do? What is to be legislated for next?' The answer is, every thing has been legislated for but labour; and to regulate by law the price of that would be impossible, with any safety to the country. *Raise voluntarily its standard through Ireland, and give the labourer a fair share of those blessings, and that abundance which he is the human means of producing.*"

---

*Charles XII. An Incapacitated Poem, on one of the Newdigate-Prize Subjects: with (erpletively) sundry Metrical Puerilities.* By an Undergraduate of Oxford.

It being just possible that a few of our readers may not understand the term "Incapacitated," we may as well premise our notice of this work with informing them that the word is attached to essays which are the productions of candidates who have exceeded a certain term of university residence, and are therefore ineligible in the way of prizes. In any other sense, the word would be most grievously misapplied, for most certainly the volume is not "incapacitated" for public favour, is not "incapacitated" for general welcome and acceptance, were it so intended, which we observe it is not, for it bears on its title the words "For Private Circulation." At all events, it is the work of a scholar and a gentleman, sprinkled with no small share of attic wit.

Charles XII. is eminently a subject for a poem. The ardour and chivalry of his character, his impassioned spirit, and his headlong impetuosity, fitted him for a poet's hero. Voltaire said of Charles, "*Dans son enfance, avec le mot de gloire on obtenait tout de lui;*" and

this passion, which must indeed have been innate, ruled dominantly over him throughout his whole life. From the cradle to the grave, from babyhood to the scene of his last warfare, glory was his engrossing desire. Glory was the toy of his childhood, the idol of his manhood; glory was the lullaby of his infancy, the war-cry of his meridian age. In other men, the passions often reign successively—Charles never dethroned his divinity. The existence of the one seemed to be bound up in the existence of the other.

The life of such a man furnishes a fine field for poetry: its very choice marks the taste of the author. The successive scenes are but as articulated pictures, forming in the whole life's wondrous panorama. The opening of the poem displays to us a sweet scene of peace, in which

> " Deep in the gorgeous west the light of day,
> In floods of crimson, ebbs itself away;
> And, slowly as the lucid tide recedes,
> In rich'ning glory bathes the purpled meads,
> Pours on each height which breaks its living fire,
> And plays refracted from yond' glittering spire
> That peers, an index, o'er the sylvan scene,
> Of hamlet sunk in shadowy depths of green—
> Precincts of peace! in guardian foliage shrined,
> Where Sol falls faintly through the shades combined,
> With Nature's tresses twines His tangled rays,
> And clings, enamoured, in the trembling maze;
> For nought in all His long career of air,
> Beheld that wand'ring orb more calm, more fair,
> Nor, all reluctant, at his fading flight
> Yielded aught lovelier to th' embrace of Night.
>
> " Yes, tranquil as the worldling's dream thou wert,
> Refuge of Peace, far fortress of the heart;
> The briary bank, whose sole encircling mound—
> Thy fosse—the streamlet, babbling all around;
> Girt by no gloom of towers, but not the less
> Secure, for Mercy walls defencelessness—
> Tranquil as though earth's weary ones of care,
> From cities scared, had found oblivion there;
> There couched secure from the wide world's alarms,
> Where lawny verdure spreads her ample charms;
> Where smiling flow'rets, innocently gay,
> Beguile the passing stranger of his way;
> And ivy, mantling round the holy tower,
> Like Faith, clings trusting to its church for power.
> Each quiet feature, every murmur teems
> With joy; and there, in mirror'd glow, it beams,
> Embrowned in health upon each rustic brow,
> Th' ensign of a MIND at peace—our heav'n here below."

From this scene of sweetly-drawn contentment the author turns to a fearfully-drawn contrast. War, with its train of myriad horrors, starts upon the scene.

> " Ha! whence those glaring flames in distance rise,
> Fire the red vault, and stream along the skies?
> Whence that low murmur of confused sound
> That booms, portentous, through the calm around?

Tis from afar the wild note of alarm—
The mournful wail of warning on the storm;
It is—the din, the roar of reckless men—
Destruction's howlings o'er its shatter'd den.
Distinct and nearer, hark! a measured tread,
As though approaching masses onward sped,
Grows on the anxious sense—till, sharp and clear,
The clank of arms rings on the startled ear.
A long deep pause succeeds—the mustering stand
Of columns forming at the low command;
And now the trumpets bray the note of doom,
The flaunting banners mock the midnight gloom;
While brandish'd high, in many a blood-stain'd hand,
Refracted lightnings, flings the flashing brand,
Caught from the smoky torches' lurid light,
With horrors bursting the still dream of night;
While blend the frantic shriek and quivering cry,
With Triumph's scoff, insulting agony!
In vain the voice of Mercy's piercing prayer,
To hearts, stone-cased, that never knew to spare:
Blood of the guiltless dyes the reeking sod—
A damning witness in the courts of God!"

These are powerful and forcibly contrasted scenes, and finely usher in the Swedish king, considerations of his character, his early tastes, his aversion to inactive pleasures, his military ardour, the developing of his character, his warlike and energetic habits, his brilliant career, his indomitable courage, his firmness in adversity,—and, in short, an accompanying view of the changing phases of his whole meteor-like existence, until its final close, a close the fitter for poetry, since involved in some degree of mystery; our author entirely rejecting the version of a shot being the messenger for Charles the Twelfth's long though sudden journey.

We have dwelt the longer on this, the major poem of the work, because it lays claim to higher dignity, both of style and subject, than the miscellaneous poems which complete the selection; but these latter show a versatility of talent peculiarly enhancing the merit of the whole. A sort of tasteful fancy, and a certain degree of the caprice of talent, impart a charm to the assemblage, by blending vivacity with its other merits. We give a sample of this vivacity, for the sake of showing the opposite powers of our author, and of the beauties of which we have but furnished a sample.

On being requested by a certain pretty person to write "something" in her album.

"Howbeit uncouth the hand that dares to stray,
In mystic mazes, through this milky way,—
Howbeit unskill'd to spread the liquid lace,
Weave the sad veil, and cloud the thoughtless face—
With finest art to lead the hair-drawn link,—
The penman's pride,—the poetry of ink.
Yet, all ungifted by the murky muse,
I'd risk a blot before I'd *thee* refuse;—
Thou saidst, 'A rhyme—one line—'twas all the same,
Write something—anything—at least thy name!'

Ah! lady, were that gentle 'hand' but mine,
In *such* light links e'en my poor self I'd twine.
'My name?'—with joy!—ah! would I might impart
The trifle, too, where I've enroll'd my heart!"

---

*Tales of Jewish History*, by the Misses C. and M. Moss, Authoresses of "Early Efforts," "The Romance of Jewish History," &c.

That the nation of the Jews exhibits a spectacle to all the world, remaining an untiring wonder from generation to generation, needs not a word to prove, because the eyes of all men behold it for themselves. It is, in fact, an increasing, instead of being a diminishing marvel, since time and usage, exercising a sort of atmospheric granulation on everything material and immaterial, joined to the influence of a familiarized contemplation, might well have subdued our amazement at any moral marvel. But here, on the contrary, time, instead of diminishing, adds daily to the still increasing miracle. No amalgamation, no assimilation, no naturalization, associates the Separate People with the denizens of the lands among whom they sojourn; but to all countries, and in all climes, they stand the graven yet living testimony of Scripture verity throughout the world.

Waving the enhancing interest of Christianity, this exhibition of a continuous miracle must be deeply interesting to all nations; but to a Christian people the feeling deepens into intensity. We not only read in living lines an attestation of the divine truth, but see before us a still honoured, though abased, a still preserved, though disinherited, elder brother. One, too, originally so peculiarly favoured by the parental love, that the most minute detail of his ceremonial and ever typical existence was invested with the dignity of divine appointment. The very life of the Jew was prefigurative; even his domestic observances were the shadows of coming glory; and from this circumstance it is that we linger with such deep interest among the traces of their traditions, and pause over the minute details of their daily life with such real and vital interest.

And here lies the peculiar value of the works of these sister authoresses. Themselves of the race whose legends and traditions form the staple of their writings, we allow them an authority which no alien in the field might dare to claim. The most industrious stranger can never explore the chinks and crannies of a new land, learn what originated this custom, or what perpetuated that, trace the interminable detail, or discover the ever successive minutiæ, one thousandth part so well as the son born in the paternal mansion, and imbibing its lore with his daily bread. In vain may the antiquary labour, in vain the explorer search among the accumulations of ages: what he acquires with toil and trouble, and at best but scant measure, the home-bred know by habit and intuition. Thus it is that these ladies, impregnated with Hebrew lore, and familiarized with the usages of their father-tribes by the embodiment of pleasing and feeling fiction, have been enabled to present us with more copious details of the habits and customs of their people than any graver form of work might have found compatible with its restrictions; and we again say

that in this point of view we find the highest degree of value in their writings.

We would not, however, be understood, in thus marking what appears to us the strongest merit, or at least the most prominent one to general appreciation, to imply that these tales are deficient in other ways. On the contrary, they are most agreeable narratives, romances in which Jewish heroes and heroines, rich in that personal beauty not yet debased by lives of care and cunning, induced by the struggle for daily bread among people holding them, and held by them, in contempt if not abhorrence, and while yet the measure of guilt remained unfilled to its after overflowing by the shedding of that blood which was evermore to be on them and their children, bringing upon them the doom of walking the earth crouching and crushed under the curse—we say, while yet the ancient Jews retained some beams of the sunshine of happier times, and much of their primeval beauty of form and fire of spirit, our authoresses have well chosen them as fitting personages for these romances. Love and war are the staple materials, and they are very prettily embellished with taste and sentiment. As might have been expected from feminine pens, the former of these has the pre-eminence. It is, in fact, the theme in which women are most at home, its choice being usually as much the selection of their feelings as the result of a more felt competency; for what man, after all, armed with whatever of laborious study he may think meet, can unwind the tangled web of the affections, feel the electricity of their faintest vibration, or dissect the anatomy of the human heart, with half the minuteness that a woman, by the mere strength of her own intuitive perceptions, sees, almost whether she will or not? Therefore it is that tales of the affections are best in the hands of women, and therefore it is that we think the Misses Moss have made a wise as well as an agreeable choice in their subject matter. It is true these tales bear the impress of youthful minds, but that is only to say that they are the more strongly marked by taste and feeling. Had the scenes of their descriptions been among more modern and familiar things, we might have objected to the frequency of descriptions of costume; but, as the matter stands, we find in this but accumulated pictures of Hebrew life. We consider, too, that the present work of conjoint sister-authorship is an advance on the previous publications of these ladies, marked by more mellowness of style, and a more systematic arrangement of ideas. We have been throughout occasionally reminded of the Arabian Nights—the same rich gorgeousness, though, perhaps, not accompanied with the same amusing familiarity; but we might almost say that the concluding tale, but for its title, "A Legend of the Sephardim," might right worthily be bound up with the far-famed "Thousand and One."

---

*Retribution, Loyal Lyrics, and Fugitive Pieces. Completing the Series of "Woburn Park," and "Conscience."*

The plan of this little work possesses a moral value which ought to entitle it to the esteem and respectful consideration of every thinking mind. To trace the retributive economy of the just Governor of the

world, to follow out his judicial dealings with man, to prove that even in this life the harvest of our deeds shall be gathered in, that "whatever a man soweth that shall he reap," that "he that soweth the wind shall reap the whirlwind,"—this, one of the most important of the truths of revelation, has our author endeavoured to establish and confirm by references made to the experience of the world, to the experience of history, that book of reference open to every thinking mind. Perhaps of all the doctrines of theology available to the regulation of our conduct as sentient beings, this, the doctrine of retribution in the present life, may be found most efficacious in restraining men's passions, since it is the one which brings to bear upon us the reprisals of time previous to the judgment of eternity, thus drawing into a certain present what men are too apt to refer to an uncertain future, uniting what they would fain hope should be disunited, and connecting an action with its result with the same mathematical certainty as a cause and its effect. To prove this most important and sin-restraining doctrine, the poet has opened the page of history, and examined into the circumstances which attended the fate of our eighth Henry. Up to the time of Henry's repudiation of Katharine, he was a prosperous monarch, honoured and beloved; but from the moment of his subjugation to his own passions, crime followed crime, and judgment judgment. Anne Boleyn also, who was a consenting party to the injury inflicted on her own amiable mistress, received herself the same bitter cup of retribution when she bared her slender throat for the executioner's axe; and, following on this chain of reasoning, our author amply justifies his theory from the historic page.

This world of ours is a vast pulpit from which many voices sound. Experience takes the solemn post, and points her finger to the records of the past. Retribution takes the same stand, and measures the future; but both, in their high officiality, confirm the poet's truth, that "whatever a man soweth that shall he reap."

Retribution then being a fitting subject for a poet's pen, it remains for us only to see whether the worthy task has been worthily executed; and here we can scarcely speak too highly of the fairness, the gentleness, the tenderness, which has withheld our author from treading too roughly over the graves of the dead. The work is distinguished by amiability of spirit, by warmth of feeling, and by a power of connective process of reasoning. There is a singular exemption from every endeavour to embellish with meretricious ornament, or by a straining after fanciful imagery, which, however judiciously they may be made to embellish fanciful subjects, would, with one of this dignity, be wholly misplaced. The earnest and simple eloquence which prevails throughout was fitted best to advance the argument which they best adorn.

Before closing our notice, we must just advert to the Loyal Lyrics, which follow in the wake of "Retribution." We know of no more efficient means of nursing loyalty in society than by tinging the gush of song with patriotic feeling. The influence of a musical verse, the melody of whose sound seems still to ring upon the ear after its breathing, and to recur with or without permission, in season or out of season, to the thoughts, thus reminding us of a loyal sentiment by

the force of its association with a sweet sound, whether we will or not —this, we say, is a more able teacher and fosterer of love and patriotism than all the teachings and preachings in the world; and this is what, to a certain extent, our author has done in appending these few "Loyal Lyrics" to his volume.

We regret that our limits do not allow of extract, but instead of this, we recommend our readers to make this little volume their own.

---

### *The Banished Lord. A Tragedy. In Five Acts.*

The power of suggesting ideas, and the power of embodying them, are not always co-existent. One author conceives a subject, sketches its outline, fills in its parts, goes on finishing, and still finishing with even elaborate minuteness and a miniature-like touch, until he has worked up a faithful *portrait* of his *thought*; another impresses but a few lines on paper; he is himself dissatisfied with their insufficiency; he compares them with the bright ideas of which they are the faint reflection; with the powerful imagery of which he has but been able to impress a trace; and while his own mind fills in something of a whole, he feels that another, who has not in himself the parent thought, has not looked upon the mental original, will gather but a faint idea of the beauty, the power, or the vigour which has impressed his own spirit, and which he would so fain have portraitured. He knows his own performance to be far below his own conception, and dreads lest others should utterly miss what he has failed to embody. The result of the different powers of these two labourers in literature is marked: they belong to classes of readers as different as themselves. The first is sure of general appreciation; the faculty of sight is all that is required, and few fail of that: the second requires a counterpart imagination in the reader; the author has suggested the idea—the reader completes—nay, in some cases it may be—outstrips the original intention. In short, to recur again to our outset, the one suggests, the other embodies ideas.

We have been led into these thoughts by the suggestive power of the author of "The Banished Lord." The old noble, whose title of misfortune supplies this tragedy with its name, is, as he ought to be, the leading personage, and is invested with an interest by the side of which all others fade and become subordinate. Pride is the one engrossing passion of his nature; the pride of high estate, of a lordly line, of ancestral honours, of kingly favour, of large-handed liberality; and from all that was alienable in these he has been degraded: as a Banished Lord, his poverty and his pride are all that remain, and these embitter his existence, poison the springs of life, and sap away the vitality both of intellect and being.

The author in his preface has justly called this a domestic tragedy. The old lord is presented to us in his house, surrounded by loving hearts, a faithful wife, a gallant son, a gentle daughter, devoted retainers. With these materials for the heart's happiness, it might well be supposed that content should still be his portion; but pride rears his dominant head, and where can peace be found when pride

hath sway? In the city of his abode there dwells a rich merchant, who, springing from the people, aspires to associate with princes. This man would fain be received into fellowship with the high-born though humiliated Lord, who rejecting reiterated offers of services and advances of kindness that might well have brought a return of gratitude, spurns the rich merchant and his dunghill gold. The enmity of this man is provoked to a degree of almost unwarrantable supposition, and he becomes the deadly enemy of the "Banished Lord." It chances also that the daughter of the high-born and the son of the low-born have dared to love each other—another portion in the bitter cup, into which drop after drop is poured in, until it is brimmed to overflowing. Degradation, poverty, insult, injury, an infuriated creditor, an alienated child, an only son incarcerated for an attack upon the son of his enemy, and for that condemned to death—all these work up the climax of a wretchedness which ends in a ruined intellect, insanity, and death.

We have dwelt only on the leading character of this tragedy, because it has evidently engrossed the chief portion of the author's creative powers; because the study is a fine one, and because the surrounding personages are but subordinates and auxiliaries.

---

*The Philosophical Works of John Locke; with a Preliminary Discourse and Notes.* By J. A. St. John, Esq., author of "The istory of the Manners, Customs, Arts, &c. of Ancient Greece."

This is a very handsome edition of a work which long has been, and long will be a standard in our literature; a work, without which, every library would be incomplete, and every book shelf unfurnished. This edition is comprised in one comprehensive volume, very neatly got up, with a type neither large enough to cause copiousness, nor small enough to be fatiguing to the vision; the paper good, and the whole appearance just what it ought to be.

---

*Elements of Universal History, on a New and Systematic Plan; from the Earliest Times to the Treaty of Vienna. To which is added, a summary of the leading events since that period. For the Use of Schools and Private Students.* By R. H. White, B.A., Trinity College, Cambridge.

Mr. White has here made a most useful endeavour to render his learning available for educational purposes. His volume contains a sort of summary of the principal events comprised in the history of the world. With a view of facilitating the researches of the student, he has adopted the novel plan of a division into centuries; thus enabling the reader to comprehend, at a glance, the assemblage of the principal occurrences transacted within a given portion of time. The work is ably managed, and will be found highly useful both to schools and private students. As a reading book and a reference, it will prove most valuable.

*The Gardener and Practical Florist.* First Volume. 1848.

In the vast assemblage of sublime and beautiful things with which a benign Creator has endowed our world, nothing commends itself more universally and more worthily to the taste and feelings than Flowers. Floriculture, then, necessarily takes an almost paramount interest with us, being a matter of heart, and that peculiar trait of taste which is almost to us like a household god—a truth which may be traced in every little plot of ground which surrounds the houses of those who enjoy a breath of country air, and emulated by those who with some dwindling and sickly shrub in a flower-pot, place it on a window-sill in the hope of putting it in the way of a gleam of the glad sunshine. This native in-born taste deserves a fostering care; and therefore it is that we welcome warmly such a work as the one before us, designed as it is to encourage the purest and most innocent of all our pleasures, and to rear around us these beautiful children of Nature and Nature's God, making them our ever sweet companions, and learning from them a never-tiring lesson that "the hand that made them is divine." This first volume of "the Practical Florist" is admirably well-fitted to meet the wants of every one who has, and deserves to enjoy, his little garden. The editor himself is a practical man, and he has not disdained to call into his aid the assistance of numerous most capable coadjutors. Modern gardening has carried to a great extent the taste for improving upon nature, if we may be allowed the expression, in the cultivation of flowers, so that ultimately their primary formation seems almost lost sight of to a degree of divisibility between the scion and its progenitor that almost seems to mark a different race; many amongst us know little of the distinctions which appear to mark the noble and ignoble of the vegetable world, to the eye of a *connoisseur* in the floral kingdom: this work will not only cultivate their taste by offering them descriptions and pictorial illustrations of what excellence is supposed to consist in, but will also show them the best means of endeavouring to attain it. We cordially recommend this work to every lover of his own home-garden.

---

*Fallacies of the Faculty; with the Principles of the Chrono-Thermal System of Medicine. In a Series of Lectures, originally delivered in* 1840, *at the Egyptian-Hall, Piccadilly; now Enlarged and Improved.* By SAMUEL DICKSON, M.D., late a Medical Officer on the Staff. People's Edition.

As the title-page announces, this is intended as an edition for the people. For our own part, we are apt to think that "the people" would be wise to leave such works alone. Medical science is better left as a sealed book to the general reader, since it is most emphatically true that with reference to it "a little learning is a dangerous thing." Perhaps, however, these "Fallacies of the Faculty" do not come strictly within the pale of our warning. They have rather been intended as popular lectures, delivered to a mixed audience, designed for general perusal, and perhaps put forth with the latent purpose of

bringing their author into a more intimate acquaintanceship with the world, than for any other purpose. We do not, however, enter into the merits of the work; we merely announce its publication in its present shape.

---

*Klauer's Miniature German Grammar, in Ten Synoptical Tables.*

*Klauer's German Exercises for Beginners. A new Method by which the Student may, in a short time, acquire the art of translating from English into German with Facility and Correctness.*

The study of the German language is now so prevalent, that correspondent educational facilities are daily becoming more and more requisite; among these, none will be found more capable, more facile, or better fitted to meet the student's requirements than those of the author before us. His ten Synoptical Tables will prove eminently useful; their simple and condensed form being exceedingly well calculated to make them available for daily reference. The Exercises offer a new and happy method of facilitating the study of the language. As elementary works, these publications deserve the highest credit.

---

## PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS.

*History of British India.* By EDWARD THORNTON, Esq.—This valuable work has now entered into its fifth volume, bringing down its history to the appointment of Lord Amherst; his entrance on his official duties, and the involvement of the government of British India in the Burmese war. The same lucidness of statement and impartiality of feeling which we have nearly always recognized in this gentleman's writings as are distinguishable as ever, and every succeeding number of his work does but the more establish his right to the title of a dignified and faithful historian.

*China, in a Series of Views,* by THOMAS ALLOM, Esq. *With Historical and Descriptive Notices,* by the Rev. G. N. Wright, M.A.—Most pleasing and characteristic illustrations of this extraordinary people, with whose name we have of late been so much associated; accompanied by an agreeable and readable portion of letter-press by a capable man. Altogether, a most attractive work.

*Knight's London.*—This happy thought continues to be as worthily carried out as ever. The articles as well selected and as interesting. "The Old Bailey," "Public Refreshment," "New St. Pauls," "The Inns of Court," "The Reading Room of the British Museum," "Doctor's Commons," "The Temple Church," "Advertisements," and "The East India House," are all subjects of wide and general interest. No plan could have been devised which could so well have represented our great metropolis as it was and as it is, as this of Mr. Knight, whose talents and industry as an editor deserve the highest appreciation.

*Pictorial History of England.*—The last number of this really com-

prehensive history brings us into the present century, and presents us with Napoleon in his ambitious rivalry of Alexander in India; but it is chiefly occupied by a laborious and comprehensive dissertation on "National Industry," which is not only sound and able, but full of interest. The work manifests a most untiring research.

*Harry Mowbray.* By CAPTAIN KNOX, "Author of Hardness," &c. &c. *With Illustrations by* WEGALL.—Four numbers of this work, purporting to be a third of the whole, are now before us. Captain Knox is undoubtedly a man of talent, eccentric, ardent and versatile, and these qualities impregnate his writings. He details familiar scenes with spirit; but he has also the higher capability of marking the darker features of our nature in his pages. He possesses not so much sentiment as intensity; and he is generally either ludicrous in his mirth or direful in his passion. These, however, are the elements of powerful writing, and "Harry Mowbray" will be read with deep interest. The work possesses one striking feature of originality, which is ennobled by a most philanthropic motive. Captain Knox appends to every number a paper on the physical and sanatory condition of the poor, in the hope of aiding "in diffusing such information as may guide the exertions of the charitable in the direction of the *remediable* hardships of their less fortunate brethren." We cannot pass over a motive so humane without marking it with our own humble quota of approbation.

*Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland. Canadian Scenery.*—We can only repeat our former commendation of these twin works. The same taste and talent still render them worthy of the same high favour the public has so continuously accorded them. The late numbers are replete with beauty.

*The Artist's and Amateur's Magazine; a Work devoted to the Interests of the Arts of Design and the Cultivation of Taste.* Edited by E. V. RIPPINGILLE.—It is a fact that forces itself upon us at every turn, that "Taste" is a neglected talent in England. The bystander at an exhibition of pictures is surrounded by a host of witnesses as to this truth, whilst he listens to the thousand low conceits and ignorant criticisms of the works of art which hang around himself and the spectators. Now, if we believe that Taste be innate, we know that, like Genius, it requires cultivation; for we are fully persuaded that we possess not a single faculty that is available to any worthy end, without being seconded by industry. Impulses can only be effective when they are assisted by previous habits of application; for the freedom which leaves Genius the enfranchisement of motion, can only be the result of industry in its own way. To suppose that any degree of refinement in Taste is to be discovered without some previous training of the faculty, is to suppose the miracle of the adult man without his previous progressive developements. When we follow on this chain of reasoning, and contemplate the amount of refined and intellectual pleasure which the cultivation of our highest faculties procures us, and remember that Taste is precisely that power by the aid of which we estimate, and become susceptible of, all the charms of the world of nature and of art, the desirableness of such a school of intellectuality

as may advance the education of taste, becomes instantly apparent. The "Artist's and Amateur's Magazine" promises to aid this purpose. The public required some such guide and schoolmaster as this. Beauty must not only exist, but our eyes must be opened that we may behold it. Mr. Rippingille, being himself an artist, is the better qualified to influence the public taste. His Magazine is designed for this object. It is proposed, with the help of a variety of material, to cultivate the faculty of Taste. As far as we can judge from this number, the endeavour is in capable hands. We sincerely hope that Mr. Rippingille may find the public teachably disposed, though we somewhat fear that the world, as a noun of multitude, is somewhat too physical to be willing to become metaphysical.

*The Topographer and Genealogist. Part I. March*, 1843. To be continued quarterly.—This work promises to be a sort of archive of antiquarian matters, when it shall have enjoyed an existence long enough to have hived its store. Judging from the source from whence it emanates, as well as from the sample of its material which the present part presents, we should say that it will merit the highest dependence on its capability and research. The present day is one in which not only mighty progression is making, but in which all the past is ransacked to illustrate the present; and among these, the granaries of information, if we may use the term, which the industry of the times is labouring to build, this Magazine will, we doubt not, be found to contain no common store of knowledge.

*The Local Historian's Table-Book.* By M. A. Richardson.—These northern counties appear inexhaustible in traditions, lays, and legends, and the industry of their collector seems also inexhaustible. The measure of his materials seemed to us long ago upheaped and pouring over, and yet still as great a plenitude appears to remain. Doubtless these northern neighbourhoods must dwell on this monthly issue with unfailing interest, and equally true it is that the work may often throw most valuable light on history. We note that the date has now travelled down to 1808.

---

## NEW MUSIC.

"Give me pen and paper, and I will write a book." Such words combined make an easy sentence—query, when put together, can the book-maker carry out the design? To write is one thing, to propound common sense another. We have two books before us, the first, "*Musical Truths, or an Analysis of Music*," by Olivia Dussek Buckley, the fifty-odd pages of which solve themselves into one entire anathema against the genus "Musical Governess." There is as much an essay upon music contained in this volume as we should find in reading the Lessons for the Sabbath, or in opening the leaves of Walker's Dictionary. We know not what could have occasioned so much bitterness in Mrs. Dussek's essay against her own sex—unless it arises from a negligence on the part of the private governesses in not teaching the fantasias composed expressly for the juvenile mem-

bers of the royal family, by the authoress of the work under our notice. If such be really the fact, we cannot opine the discretionary power vested in the musical governess in prohibiting such arrant foolery from entering the precincts of the nursery study. Had "Musical Truths" been penned by a man, we might have expected a little bitterness against the music mistresses termed governesses, but that Mrs. Dussek Buckley should so inveigh against her own sex is neither becoming the artiste nor the woman. That some there are who *pretend* to teach music in both sexes we cannot for a moment contradict; but because some tares have reared themselves in the harvest of *Time*, is it charitable to condemn a whole body—nay, the praiseworthy of the land—a class who, by their own individual talents, by their industry, by their perseverance, in very many instances, are smoothing down the declivities of misfortune, and helping a gray-haired father in peace to the tomb? Is it just that such a daughter should be condemned? Perish the heart that would instil such a feeling, and honour, reward, and success attend the child who, by personal attainments, shall earn her own livelihood, and contribute to the maintenance of the author of her being.

Mrs. Dussek Buckley opens her preface with the following:—

"Who is the traveller that would follow an ignis fatuus in preference to the lamps on the road-side?"

And concludes with

"When the grate is choaked with ashes, the fire must burn badly; but rake them out, and place good fuel in their stead, and the flame will burn as brightly as ever."

Again,

"Then let me once more repeat that the soil is fertile, but the cultivator bad."

Daughters of England! *Ye*, on whose praiseworthy exertions many a helpless family look forward to for support—*ye*, whose honest labours have elevated you beyond the power of venomous, splenetic calumniators, unfurl your banner to the winds of heaven—honest worth, and modest perseverance, will ever command a station; to stem the current is impossible, as well attempt to "dam up the ocean!" Integrity marches over every obstacle; and what power shall stop maiden modesty and filial affection?—Nothing.

As a literary production, the authoress asserts, "I do not presume upon the privilege of authorship, therefore need not make any apology for whatever literary faults may occur in the following pages."—Thus far the assumption of a covert diffidence is borne out; but the book is evidently more a *literary* than a *musical* work, and bears as much affinity to the title, "An Analysis of Music," as a lecture on "laughing gas," or Berlin wool.

We cannot conclude our notice without making one more extract, which will satisfy our readers of the value of the book, and of its contents, conforming to the principles of justice and common sense—"As we before stated, to *write* is one thing," &c.

"To lay the foundation of good taste, it is absolutely necessary to sup-

ply the learner with profitable books to form the mind; and all inharmonious or vulgar trash ought to be placed out of hearing or reach, as carefully as a worthless book; for nothing can be more unprofitable to the mind than bad music, or bad books, both being out of the pale of common sense, consequently injurious to the student."

Who, to read *this* extract, would think for a moment that the writer was the authoress of the "*Royal Infant Operas?*" Are *we*, (to copy her own words, "Bad music, or books, are out of the pale of common sense, and injurious to the young mind")—are we, by this argument, to be painfully taught and believe, that any compilation of imbecility will serve to form the mind of the royal family; but *not* so in the case of the population at large; there, and with them, everything must be classical; and "the poor *deserving victim* of praise," the musical governess, excommunicated.

Horatio! What a falling off is here!'

Our second, an essay on the works of Frederic Chopin. Of all the twenty pages of hyperbolical, unintelligible, fulsome jargon, that ever disgraced paper, or came under a reviewer's notice, certain are we, the present as far outstrips the wonders and absurdities of the nursery tale, "Baron Munchausen," as the magnitude of the elephant to the dormouse. To make extracts and enlarge upon the mysticism contained in the few pages, would require the whole space of our magazine; besides the thing is so complete in itself, that, like Sheridan's "School for Scandal," to detach its beauties scene by scene, would be to lose the charm of the whole; and to make extracts from this burlesque—doubly burlesque—would be to defraud the jester of half his right, and the reader of that merry half hour which its perusal will afford. Nothing that Tom Hood or Peake ever penned, ever came within a thousand leagues of this mirth-stirring, laughable essay. O that the shades of Johnson, Goldsmith, Sterne, &c. could but rise from their ashes and gaze upon these undivinable, fathomless pages of absurdity, a compilation of crudities and obsolete words, the result of a semi-maniac's lucubration, as utterly useless to the present subject as the hieroglyphics on Belzoni's tomb. But to make a pamphlet of twenty pages was the order, and having no subject upon which such a quantity of matter could be used, a Todd's Johnson, a Bailey, a Walker, and a Knowles, was applied to, and having carefully divested these authorities of all the cabalistic words long since disused in the language, these, in conjunction with sentences rampant with madness—purporting to be poetic flights of imagery, compose the essay before us—and we candidly admit, throughout the whole of our editorial experience, we never read two essays so wholly foreign to the purpose for which they were intended—"Musical Truths," and "An Essay on the Works of Chopin."

---

We have the operas of "Sappho," "Tancredi," and "Semiramide," as now performing at the different theatres, Anglicized.—Enough of this music is already known, and all we could again say would not enhance the deserved popularity of the father of the Italian school,

(Rossini.) The less we say of the composer of "Sappho" the better, excepting that he has availed himself of all preconceived ideas, and most studiously followed their bent. We cannot trace an individual thought, most affectionate of composers, that could so magnanimously reproduce his brother compeer's writings as his own. How unlike the musicians of the present day! Here is an entire opera compiled from Italian writers by an Italian, while in England a British musician cannot obtain a hearing for love or money,—no, not *even for sixteen bars*, though it proved his own legitimate creation.

---

"*Happy days gone by.*" Ballad by Cronin. Published by D'Almaine.

Another of those unassuming elegant morceaux so peculiar to the writings of this rising young artiste. It is in every way worthy his talent, and the notice of the cantatrice to whom it is dedicated—a compliment (by the way) often bestowed on many of our leading vocalists who never appreciate or do justice to the dedicator. If we have a fault to find, it is in the last twelve bars, which though evidently intended as a coda, bear the marked feature of another subject foreign to the design. Perhaps this might have been less observable had the composer maintained his original accompaniment throughout; but as a composition it is highly creditable, and augurs much that is good to come.

---

*The Chinese Exhibition.*—This interesting Collection of highly curious objects from the distant East, continues to attract the attention of the British public, as it may well do. We do not know where the numerous visitors of London at this season can find so gratifying an assemblage. The Collection itself does great credit to the taste and enterprise of the gentleman by whom it has been formed, and will be found well to repay the prolonged and attentive consideration of all those who would acquire a correct idea of the most singular and populous nation on the earth's surface.

---

## DEATH OF THE DUKE OF SUSSEX, AND BIRTH OF AN INFANT PRINCESS.

It has pleased the All-wise Disposer of events to recall from this probationary state His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, whose decease took place at Kensington Palace, at twelve o'clock on Friday, the 21st instant. Thus another of the princely sons who surrounded the parental throne of George the Third is called from time into eternity, and but two of the royal brotherhood, once so numerous, remain in the courts of earthly sovereignty. We presume not to speak in language of hyperbolic eulogium of the character of a prince whose infancy and age, being alike spent among us, it would be insensibility not to lament; but, since the awful majesty of death already overshadows his memory, there seems a sort of profanation in praise, and we best speak our regret by reverential silence. The epitaph of a dead prince is most expressive when graven on the hearts of a living people.

Yet, while recording this national bereavement, it is our pleasant office also to announce that the Great Giver of Life, as well as Judge of Death,

has been pleased to bestow upon the country an infant Princess, as if to present consolation for the loss. On Monday, the 24th of April, a fresh branch was grafted on the House of Hanover. Most ardently do we hope that a happy existence may be the gift of Him who thus "putteth down one, and setteth up another."

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Ragland Castle, a Tale of the Great Rebellion. By Mrs. Thomson. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*

The Man of the People. By C. G. Rosenberg. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*

A Voyage of Discovery to the North Pole. By Captain F. W. Beechey, R. N., 8vo. 14*s.*

Excursions to the Principal Mineral Waters of England. By James Johnson, M.D., 8vo. 5*s.*

The Early History of Rhode Island, an Historical Discourse. By J. Callender, M. A. With Memoir of the Author. By R. Elton. 8vo, 6*s.* 6*d.*

Lady Sale's Journal. Post 8vo. 12*s.*

Letters from Madras. By a Lady. Post 8vo. 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Memoirs of a Brahmin. By the Author of Pandurang-Hari. 2 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

The Man-o'Wars Man. By Bill Tuck. 12mo. 6*s.*

The Last of the O'Mahonys, and other Historical Tales of the English Settlers in Munster. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*

The Pastor Chief, or the Escape of the Vaudois. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*

The King's Son. A Romance of English History. Edited by Mrs. Hofland. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*

The Baroness. A Tale. Post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Legends, Lyrics, and other Poems. By Simmons. 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Historical Record of the First Madras European Regiment. 8vo. 18*s.*

Past and Present. By Thomas Carlyle. Post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Two Kingdoms, an Allegory. Imp. 18mo. 2*s.*

The Rambles of the Emperor Ching Tih in Këang Nan. A Chinese Tale. Translated by Tsin Shen. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21*s.*

The Home, or Family Joys and Family Cares. Translated by Mrs. Howitt. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21*s.*

Eva St. Clair, and other collected Tales. By G. P. R. James, Esq. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21*s.*

The French Governess, or the Embroidered Handkerchief. By J. Fenimore Cooper. 1 vol. post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Coombe Abbey, an Historical Tale of the Reign of James I. By Selina Bunbury, 8vo. 14*s.*

## LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Lady Chatterton's new work, "THE PYRENEES, WITH EXCURSIONS INTO SPAIN," is now published.

A new edition of Sir E. L. Bulwer's admirable papers entitled "THE STUDENT," is just published, in a neat pocket volume, to which we have much pleasure in directing the attention of our readers.

The Third Volume of Mr. James's "LIFE AND TIMES OF RICHARD CŒUR DE LION" is nearly ready for delivery. The continuation of this interesting and valuable work has been looked forward to with an expectation which we are persuaded will be fully gratified.

The new work, "MAGIC AND MESMERISM," is now published; also an interesting little work entitled "AUNT MARTHA."

A Memoir of the Rev. Dr. Cartwright, the inventor of the Power-Loom, is in the press, and will shortly be published. The contents of this work will be highly interesting to the public generally, and especially to our mechanical and scientific readers.

The new edition of "THE COURT GUIDE," corrected to April, is now ready; also the corrected edition of "MR. LODGE'S PEERAGE."

Early in May will appear "Letters written during a Journey to Switzerland in the Autumn of 1841." By Mrs. Ashton Yates.

## THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

WE rejoice to be able to remark on an improvement in the aspect of trade since our last. A considerable amount of unoccupied capital has been thrown into our Manchester manufactures, with the happy result of occupying the labour of a portion of the working classes in that district. The arrivals of English wheat in Mark Lane have been on the increase, and of superior quality, while in foreign there has been a fair quantity offered, but the sales rather dull. In Mincing Lane the sales effected have been brisk, and prices sustained, although large arrivals are expected. In Tea prices are firm and full. In Sugar there has been an advance, notwithstanding that the supplies from both the East and West Indies are this year expected to be more than usually abundant. In coffee, although a large business has not been done, yet the quotation has been supported. In other things we do not note any material alteration.

### PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Wednesday, 27th of April.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 180 one half.—India Stock, 268.—Consols, 96 one fourth.—Consols for Account, 96 one half.—Three per Cents. Reduced, 95 five-eighths.—New Three and a Half per Cents. 101 three fourths.—Exchequer Bills 2*d.* 66 67 pr.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Dutch Two and Half per Cent., 56 three eighths.—Spanish Three per Cent. 32 five eighths.—Spanish Five per Cents. 22 five eighths. Mexican Stock, 30 seven eighths.—Brazilian Bonds, 75 one half.

MONEY MARKET.—The improved state of the Revenue, manifest from the quarterly report, has had the natural effect of inducing greater confidence in the holders of Stock, and of keeping up firmness in the market. The issue of the compensating Exchequer Bills, distinguished by the name of New Bills, bearing the date of the third of April, not being an even date with the others in circulation, a correspondence has ensued between Messrs. Hichins and Horrison, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the supposition that they might be exempt from the current regulation, but they have been duly declared to stand on the same par. There is a manifest reduction in the value of Railway Shares, owing to the circumstance of capitalists having withdrawn money from this investment, and thrown it into manufacturing interests to some considerable extent.

### BANKRUPTS.

FROM MARCH 21 TO APRIL 14, 1843, INCLUSIVE.

*March* 21.—E. Messum, Portsea, county of Southampton, brewer.—J. Faiers, Colchester, Essex, hair-dresser.—W. Hopkins, Farringdon-street, butcher.—B. Gray, Acton-place, Kingsland, flour factor.—H. Jolley, Castle Hedingham, Essex, tailor.—C. S. Masterman, Croydon, grocer.—T. Durrant and G. Banks, Wilmington, Kent, bakers.—G. Herring, Rochdale, iron-founder.—P. T. B. Hembrough, Wakefield, worsted manufacturer.—J. W. Cullis, Clun, Salop, chemist.—J. T. Bradley and W. Bradley, Leeds, ironmongers.—T. Brownlow, jun., Marton Port, Lincolnshire, maltster.—T. Booth, Guisborough, Yorkshire, innkeeper.

*March* 24.—T. Hawkins, St. John-street, Smithfield, carrier.—R. Turmaine, Canterbury, porter and ale merchant.—J. Kirby, Brooksby-street, Islington, victualler.—J. Gibbs, Jermyn-street, Westminster, scrivener.—J. C. Hawdon, Aldermanbury, commission agent.—J. Chard, Taunton, St. Mary Magdalen, corn factor.—S. Tucker, Exeter, carrier.—T. Fletcher, Loscoe, Derbyshire, grocer.—J. Meadows, Wavertree, Lancashire, miller.—J. Lacy, jun., Liverpool, tailor.—S. Danks, Wednesbury, Staffordshire, nail manufacturer.—J. Heslop, Morpeth, Northumberland, grocer.—J. Anderson, Aigburth, Lancashire, plumber.

*March* 28.—T. E. Rowley, Oxford-street, draper.—I. Wilson, Tillingham, Essex, draper. E. Perkins, Bishopsgate-street Without, corn dealer.—C. Gilby, Greenwich, wine merchant. J. H. Glover, Bermondsey-street.—R. Combeere and E. Butler, jun., Birmingham, woollen drapers.—J. Pym, Belper, Derbyshire, cabinet maker.—S. Teague, Birmingham, builder.—J. Tattersall, Old Lyons, Lancashire, coal dealer.—M. Seary, Swndwr, Flintshire, maister.—S. Thomas, York, victualler.—J. Pleasance, Wath-upon-Dearne, Yorkshire, builder.—R. and J. Blackburn, Morley, Yorkshire, cloth manufacturers.—J. Bowman, Carlisle, woollen-draper. J. Henderson, Greenside, Durham, wood merchant.—J. Fletcher, Maryport, Cumberland, boiler manufacturer.—H. Yeatman, Leachlade, Gloucestershire, chemist.—J. Dudfield, Tewkesbury, druggist.

*March* 31.—E. Harle, St. John-street-road, chemist and druggist.—R. Miles, Bridge-house-place, Newington-causeway, leather seller.—J. Whiting, Beckford-street, Clerkenwell, builder.—T. Hutchins, Andover, common carrier.—T. Maggs, Cheshunt, upholsterer.—J. Stanford, Cranborne, grocer.—G. Eshelby, Gate-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields, currier.—T. W. Coleman, John-street, Pentonville, coach proprietor.—H. Kay, Chiswell-street, victualler.—G. M. Hutton, Ringwood, Hants, coach proprietor.—W. Southam, Walsall, miller.—E. F. Smith and R. M. Bryant, Bristol, carpenters.—J. Clapham, Leeds, licensed victualler.—R. Smith, Worcester, attorney.—R. Youngbusband, Cheltenham, brickmaker.—T. H. Thompson, Liverpool, merchant.

*April* 4.—H. Wood, Fleet-street, bookseller.—W. Burton, Cambridge, draper.—J. Hutton, Ringwood, Hampshire, draper.—J. R. Hitchcock, New Sarum, Wiltshire, hosier.—J. Nye, Bridge House-place, Borough, surgical instrument maker.—J. Howe, Sheffield, table knife manufacturer.—H. Morris, Stourbridge, grocer.—E. Wheeler, Birmingham, corn-dealer.—T. Eardley, Newcastle-under-Lyme, hat-manufacturer.—J. Higham, Kearsley, Lancashire, victualler.—J. Travell, Sheffield, tailor.—G. Ratcliffe, Sheffield, fender manufacturer.—T. Brook, Longwood, Yorkshire, woollen cloth merchant.—J. E. Pearson, Sheffield, wine merchant.—J. Evans, Liverpool, coal dealer.

*April* 7.—J. Shaw, Seymour-place, Camden-town, builder.—B. Vines, Poole, grocer.—D. Redmund and J. Gollop, Charles-street, City-road, hinge manufacturers.—J. C. Waine, Stowmarket, hop merchant.—C. Williamer, Tillingham, Essex, draper.—J. George, Bread-street, Cheapside, silk manufacturer.—T. Rolph, New Bridge-street, merchant.—J. H. Fuller, Flixton, Lancashire, logwood grinder.—T. M. Whitely, Liverpool, hatter.—J. Whitaker, New Church, Lancashire, woollen manufacturer.—B. Lewis, Haverfordwest, upholsterer.—E. Dickin, Longdon, Salop, draper.—J. Norman, Wadebridge, Cornwall, grocer.

*April* 11.—W. Mott, Regent-street, laceman.—J. Bowie, Shoe-lane, grocer.—F. Roberts, New Bond-street, coal merchant.—J. Cumming, Tottenham-court-road, furrier.—J. Hawkings, Lisson-grove, upholsterer.—J. Ivory, Meppershall, Bedfordshire, farmer.—M. R. Jenkins, Greenwich, tavern keeper.—F. Jenkyns and J. H. Hardyman, Love-lane, Eastcheap, merchants.—W. Bates, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square, auctioneer.—H. Bentlif, Maidstone, linendraper.—J. Stretch and R. Wharton, Nottingham, engineers.—J. Harrington and W. Pattinson, Woodbank, St Cuthbert, Cumberland, calico printers.—B. Sayle and T. Booth, Sheffield, iron masters.

*April* 14.—J. Wilson, Lindfield, Sussex, cowkeeper.—J. Whitefield, Tooley-street, Southwark, grocer.—W. Hitch, Kingsland, grocer.—T. Pottinger, H. Howell, and A. Oswald, Austin-friars, merchants.—E. White and E. Leith, Worksop, Nottinghamshire, machine-makers.—E. Smith, Sheffield, victualler.—G. Ratcliffe, Sheffield, fender manufacturer.—W. G. Pitt, Cheltenham, banker.—R. Bigge, Bath, chemist and druggist.—C. J. Gaussen and J. Gaussen, Liverpool, corn factors.—J. E. Robinson, Liverpool, wine merchant.—A. Merga, Nantwich, Chester, watch maker.—W. Jones, Wolverhampton, mercer and draper.—J. Johnston, Manchester, banker.—K. M'Leod and J. B. Wood, Liverpool, ship chandlers.—H. Savage, Cosley, Gloucestershire, spade manufacturers.—C. J. Morley, Liverpool, flour dealer.—J. Green, Oldbury, Shropshire, licensed victualler.

## NEW PATENTS.

J. Heathcoat and A. Brewin, of Tiverton, Devon, Lace Manufacturers, for certain improvements in the manufacture of ornamented net or lace. Feb. 28th, 6 months.

G. Boccius, of New Road, Shepherd's Bush, Gentleman, for certain improved arrangements and apparatus for the production and distribution of light. Feb. 28th, 6 months.

G. Bell, of Dublin, Merchant, for certain improvements in machines for drying wheat, malt, corn, and seeds, and for bolting, dressing, and separating flour, meal, and other like substances. March 1st, 6 months.

J. Frearson, of Birmingham, Machinist, for improvements in fastenings for wearing apparel. March 2nd, 6 months.

T. Simpson, of Birmingham, Manufacturer, for certain improvements in buckles. March 2nd, 6 months.

M. J. Cooke, of Gray's Inn Square, Solicitor, for certain improvements in the manufacture of artificial fuel. March 2nd, 6 months.

J. Keely, the younger, of Nottingham, Dyer, and A. Alliott, of Lenton, Bleacher, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for drying or freeing from liquid or moisture, woollen, cotton, silk, and different fibrous materials, and other substances, and also for stretching certain fibrous materials. March 2nd, 6 months. Communicated.

W. Walker, of George Yard, Crown Street, Soho, Coach Smith, for certain improvements in the manufacture of springs and axles for carriages. March 2nd, 6 months.

C. White, of Noel-street, Islington, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery for raising and forcing fluids. March 2nd, 6 months.

R. S. Newall, of Gateshead, Durham, Wire Rope Manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of wire ropes, and in the apparatus and arrangements for the manufacture of the same. March 6th, 6 months.

W. Newton, of Chancery-lane, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for making pins. March 7th, 6 months. Communicated.

J. Pilbrow, of Tottenham, Engineer, for certain improvements in the application of steam, air, and other vapours and gaseous agents, to the production of motive power, and in the machinery and apparatus by which the same are affected. March 7th, 6 months.

W. Betts, of Ashford, Kent, Railway Contractor, and W. Taylor, of the same place, Plumber, for improvements in the manufacture of bricks and tiles. March 18th, 6 months.

W. Kenworthy, of Blackburn, Cotton-spinner, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus, called beaming or warping-machines. March 11th, 6 months.

C. Chilton, of Gloucester-street, Curtain-road, and F. Braithwaite, of the New-road, Engineer, for improvements in machinery for cutting or splitting wood for fuel and other purposes. March 16th, 6 months.

A. C. Tupper, of New Burlington-street, Gentleman, for improvements in the means of applying carpets, and other coverings, to stairs and steps, and in the construction of stairs and steps. March 16th, 6 months.

Alexander Angus Croll, Superintendent of the Gas Works, Brick-lane, and William Richards, of the same place, Mechanical Inspector, for improvements in the manufacture of gas for the purposes of illumination, and in apparatus used when transmitting and measuring gas or other fluids. March 16th, 6 months.

Angier March Perkins, of Great Coram-street, Engineer, for improvements in the manufacture and melting of iron, which improvements are applicable for evaporating fluids and disinfecting oils. March 16th, 6 months.

John Thomas Betts, of Smithfield-bars, Gentleman, for improvements in the manufacture of metal covers for bottles and certain other vessels, and in the manufacture of sheet metal for such purposes. March 16th, 6 months. Communicated.

Frederick Cooke Hatchett, of Birmingham, Manufacturer, for certain improvements in the manufacture of hinges. March 16th, 6 months.

Martin John Roberts, of Brynycaern, Carmarthen, Gentleman, for improvements in the composition of ink, blacking, and black paint. March 16th, 6 months.

James Malam, of Huntingdon, Gas-Engineer, for improvements in the manufacture of gas retorts, and in the modes of setting gas retorts. March 16th, 6 months.

William Laycock, of Liverpool, Merchant, for improvements in constructing houses and such-like buildings. March 16th, 6 months.

Wakefield Pim, of the Borough of Kingston-upon-Hull, Engineer, for certain improvements in the construction or formation of buoys or other water-marks. March 18th, 6 months.

Alexander Simon Wolcott, of City-terrace, City-road, Machinist, for improvements in photography and in the application of the same to the arts. March 18th, 6 months.

W. Barker, of Manchester, Millwright, for certain improvements in the construction of metallic pistons. March 20th, 6 months.

S. Robinson, of Dudley, Worcester, Roll Turner, for certain improvements in the manufacture of shot. March 20th, 6 months.

J. N. Taylor, of Chelsea, Captain in Her Majesty's Navy, and W. H. Smith, of 33, Fitzroy Square, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in breakwaters, beacons, and sound alarms, also in landing or transmitting persons and goods over or through strata or obstructions of any nature, all of which may be used either separately or in combination. March 21st, 6 months.

A. Barclay, Engineer and Brassfounder, Kilmarnock, Scotland, for certain improvements in lustres, chandeliers, pendants, and apparatus connected therewith, to be used with gas, oil, and other substances, which invention is also applicable to other purposes. March 24th, 6 months.

G. S. Walters, of Coleman Street, Merchant, for improvements in the manufacture of chlorine and chlorides, and in obtaining the oxides and peroxides of manganese in the residuary liquids of such manufacture. March 24th, 6 months. Communicated.

A. H. Nevill, of Chichester Place, Gray's-inn-road, Corn Dealer, for improvements in preparing lentils and other matters for food. March 24th, 6 months.

N. H. J. F. Comte de Crouy, of the Edgeware Road, for certain improvements in rotary pumps and rotary steam-engines. March 25th, 6 months.

R. Faraday, of Wardour Street, Soho, Gas Fitter, for improvements in ventilating gas burners and burners for consuming oil, tallow, or other matters. March 25th, 6 months. Communicated.

## HISTORICAL REGISTER.

House of Lords.—March 18.—No House.

March 20.—On the motion of Lord Redesdale, the Copyhold Commutation Act was read a first time. The Coroner's Inquest Bill went through Committee.

March 21.—Nothing of importance.

March 22.—No House.

March 23.—Several Bills were brought up from the Commons, and read a first time, and others advanced a stage.

March 24.—The Coroner's Inquest Bill was read a third time, and passed. Lord Campbell laid on the table of the House a Bill to lessen the expense incurred in the conveyance of freehold property, which was read a first time.

March 25.—No House.

March 27.—The Consolidated Fund Bill was read a second time. The Mutiny Bill and the Marine Mutiny Bill went through Committee.

March 28.—The Mutiny Bill and the Marine Mutiny Bill were read a third time and passed. The Dogs Bill was read a first time.

March 29.—No House.

March 30.—Nothing of importance.

March 31.—The Indemnity Bill was read a third time and passed.

April 1.—No House.

April 3.—The royal assent was given by commission to the Consolidated Fund, the Lords' Oaths, the Mutiny, the Marine Mutiny, the Indemnity, the Transported Convicts, and the Justice of the Peace Bills.

April 4.—Nothing of importance.

April 5.—No House.

April 6.—The Bills for carrying the slave trade treaties with the republics of Bolivia, Texas, and Uruquay, passed through committee, and were reported. The Earl of Wicklow moved for the returns connected with the amount of taxes paid on Irish property, and Lord Monteagle moved for certain returns relating to the articles of cotton and wool, for the purpose of obtaining a reduction of the tariff on those articles, both of which were ordered.

April 7.—Lord Brougham brought forward his motion for a vote of thanks to Lord Ashburton, for the satisfactory manner in which the treaty of Washington had been negotiated. After a very long debate the motion was agreed to.

April 8.—No House.

April 10.—The Copyhold and Customary Tenure Bill was read a second time.

April 11.—The royal assent was given by commission to the Punishment of Death, the Coast of Africa Settlements Government, the Slave Trade Abolition, Bolivia, Uruquay, and Texas, the Sudbury Disfranchisement Witnesses Bills. The Registration of Voters' Bill was read a first time. Lord Brougham brought forward a Bill for the more effectual prevention of the slave trade upon the coast of Africa, which was read a first time, and the House adjourned until the 25th of April.

House of Commons.—March 20.—Mr. Trelawny took the oaths and his seat for Tavistock. The following Bills were read a second time:—The Edinburgh and Glasgow Union Canal Bill; the Glasgow and Three-mile-house Road Bill; the Glasgow, Paisley, and Greenock Railway Bill; the St. Helen's Waterworks Bill; the Leeds Gas Bill; the Northampton Improvement Bill; the Newport Gas Bill; and the Hungerford and Lambeth Suspension Foot-bridge Bill. The House went into Committee of Supply, a vote was taken for 18,000,000*l*, to meet Exchequer bills. Sir G. Clerk moved the vote of 191,045*l*. for the Commissariat, in which there was a saving this year of 10,000*l*.; also the sum of 47,945*l*. for the half-pay, which were both agreed to. The Indemnity Bill was read a second time. The Consolidated Fund Bill passed through committee. The Sudbury Disfranchisement Bill was read a third time, and passed.

March 21.—Lord Palmerston brought forward the American boundary treaty en-

tered into with the United States by Lord Ashburton. After a long discussion, the debate was adjourned.

March 22.—Mr. Smith, the Attorney-general for Ireland, took his seat for Ripon. The debate on Lord Palmerston's motion was resumed, but the House being counted out, it could not be entertained.

March 23.—The Oxford Railway Bill was read a third time and passed. The South Eastern and London and Croydon Railways Bill was read a second time. The Manchester Corporation Bill was also read a second time.—Mr. Hogg brought up the Report of the Committee of the Nottingham Election Petition, which was, that John Walters, Esq., was not duly elected a burgess to serve in the present Parliament for the Borough of Nottingham; that the last election for the said borough was a void election; that the Committee had come to the following resolution:—That John Walter, Esq., was, through his agents, guilty of bribery, and treating at the last election for the borough of Nottingham, but that it was not proved that such bribery was committed with the knowledge or consent of the said John Walter, Esq.

March 24.—The Aerial Transit Bill was read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time.—The Factory Bill went through a second reading.

March 25.—No House.

March 27.—Mr. F. Kelly took the oaths and his seat for Cambridge.—The Liverpool Docks Bill, the Anderton Carrying Company Bill, the Aberdeen Harbour Bill, the Bercot and Oxford Navigation Bill, the Berwick-upon-Tweed Corporation Bill, and the Schoolmasters' Widows' Fund (Scotland) Bill, were all read a second time, and ordered to be committed.—The House then went into a Committee of Supply.

March 28.—Mr. T. Duncombe moved for a select Committee, to inquire into, and report upon the petitions of several Chartists to that House, which gave rise to a long debate ending in a division, when there appeared against the motion, 196; for it, 32.

March 29.—No House.

March 30.—The Berkenhead Cemetery Bill, the Berkenhead Improvement Bill, the Grafton Inclosure Bill, the Carmarthen Markets Bill, the Sheffield Ashton-Under-Lyne, and Manchester Railway Bill, the Chepstow Water-works Bill, were all read a third time and passed.—Mr. Elphinstone brought forward his measure for establishing a court for marriage and divorce, which was read a first time.

March 31.—The House went into Committee of Supply—The Bankrupt (Ireland) Bill and the Attorneys and Solicitors Bill were both read a second time.

April 3.—The Ipswich Dock Bill was passed.—On the motion for the recommitment of the Registration of Voters Bill, Lord John Russell objected to the new clauses proposed by Sir J. Graham; the House went into Committee on the Bill, and after several divisions all the clauses were agreed to, and the bill ordered to be reported.

April 4.—Lord Ashley brought forward his motion on the opium trade, which caused a long discussion, ending in the withdrawal of the Bill.

April 5.—The Players of Interludes Bill was read a second time.—The Admiralty Lands Bill was also read a second time.—The Sudbury disfranchisement Bill was read a third time and passed.

April 6.—The Northern and Eastern Railway Bill was read a third time and passed.

April 7.—Viscount Dungannon took the oaths and his seat for the city of Durham. The Bill to amend the Irish Poor Relief Act was read a first time. The House went into a Committee of Supply.

April 8.—No House.

April 10.—Mr. Gisborne took the oaths and his seat for Nottingham.—Mr. Collett took the oaths and his seat for the Borough of Athlone.—The Ecclesiastical Court Bill was read a second time. The Registration of Voters Bill was read a third time and passed.

THE

# METROPOLITAN.

JUNE, 1843.

## LITERATURE.

### NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

*A History of the Life of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, King of England.* By G. P. R. James, Esq., author of "The History of Charlemagne," "Life of Edward the Black Prince," "Life of Louis XIV.," &c. &c. Vol. III.

The third volume of this erudite and interesting work will be received with the warmest satisfaction by every one capable of appreciating the labours of an author as much distinguished for taste and fancy as for scholar-like acumen and deep research; powers and faculties which could have no higher field of developement than in the history of the life of Richard Cœur-de-Lion: a prince whose chivalric character conjured up around him such a dazzle of confusing splendour, so bewildering tradition with its glare, that, while the presence of imagination in his historian is eminently needed to receive and to transmit the meteoric lustre, the soundest accompanying judgment is equally all-important to correct the ideal; and these rare and opposite qualities Mr. James possesses in an almost singular degree. The riches of his fertile fancy have been abundantly proved by the stores which his genius has added to our imaginative literature, and his powers as an historiographer are equally established by those grave works which have deservedly taken their stand among the highest productions of history: and thus, both on the grounds of genius and learning, Mr. James has abundantly evidenced the right of fitness to become the historian of the chivalric Cœur-de-Lion.

This fitness of sympathy, perception, and assimilation between an

author and his subject, is the highest guarantee for an elevated production. The historian's mind must not only be capable of faithfully transcribing and recording certain events which are to find a place within his pages, but he must be competent to embrace a host instead of a solitary action; he must comprehend remotest bearings, watch the operations of secret influences, combine contingencies, and connect the links of the most broken and entangled chains of events. His eye must not rest upon a point—it must take in a space. It is not enough that he tells honestly what he does see, but he must survey to the widest and most remote extent of possible vision. In history, more perhaps than in any other province, the paradox of truth contradicting itself may be most verified, since telling an unconnected fact may be the readiest mode of making a false impression. Again: the mind of the historian must not only possess this extensiveness, this expansiveness, but he must command that rare and really intuitive insight into motives which, instead of looking at them without light, if we may be allowed the expression, and which is strictly fact in ordinary men and ordinary cases, places them in the blaze of truth, at once dissects with a glance, and penetrates the labyrinth and the subtleties of the heart, tracing the action to the parent motive, and, in short, of unravelling the mysteries of that greatest of all mysteries—man.

And thus it is that Nature must do her part, and that the largest part, in the production of one worthy to be ranked as a true and dignified historian; but when she has thus furnished her part, he must do something—much, for himself: he must have industry—industry, without which every other faculty must run to waste, like weeds in an uncultivated wilderness, where the very abundance of the soil produces but a wilder disorder—industry, which is precisely that one thing left in a man's own power—that sort of freewill of the mind, by which his faculties are made available, and his efforts valuable to some given end.

That these are qualities which Mr. James most eminently possesses it would now be as needless to advance as it would be idle to deny, since the numerous volumes which adorn our shelves from his pen attest at once his varied powers and his industry, while the two preceding volumes of the very work before us have made the present one more anxiously expected.

And, in truth, the life of Cœur-de-Lion partakes so much of the nature of a glowing romance, that, in other hands, the splendour of its colouring might have been dimmed and tarnished in the handling. Undoubtedly, the world is as much undergoing a change of character as individuals. At one time it is pastoral, at another warlike, at another poetical, at another religious, at another scientific, utilitarian, and scholastic. Sometimes, too, it is occupied by great passions, torn by great convulsions, insane with the frenzy of wild desires. In short, we might almost look upon the history of the world as that of some stupendous sentient creature, agitated at intervals by some fresh spirit of desire. In the days of Cœur-de-Lion, the Holy Wars were the moving frenzy, and perhaps, nay, certainly, religious enthusiasm is just that passion which most stimulates the spirit of man, taking the form of celestial inspiration to stimulate the passions of

hell! Most mighty motive on the one hand to energise the most mighty power on the other! Had this fearful stimulant operated only on the mind of one party, its intensity might have overwhelmed its opponent, but, instead of this, it was met by its counterpart. On the one hand, to win back the sepulchre of the Saviour from the polluting grasp of the Infidel took the form of the holiest Christian zeal, and, to do this, the land where his meek and merciful footsteps trod was deluged with the blood of the creatures for whom he had died: on the other, Islamism promised paradise to the true believer who should die with his sword in his hand; and thus enthusiasm waged war upon enthusiasm, and such a fire of zeal raged on the plains of Palestine as the world never witnessed in intensity, because the passion on either hand was that of religious enthusiasm. Into this field of war, waged under the banners of chivalry and religion, the present volume of "The Life of Richard Cœur-de-Lion" carries us. It will, of course, be seen that here is a noble, a brilliant field for the exercise of Mr. James's genius, and the pages of this portion of his work are chiefly devoted to Palestine. Divested of all enthusiasm, we cannot, even in thought, tread the birthplace of the Redeemer without emotion. We cannot see the banners of war unfurled and reeking with blood over Gaza, Ascalon, and Jerusalem, without thoughts of Him who came to preach peace and good-will, and we cannot look upon the lofty towers of the Holy City without remembering that we behold witnesses alike of His life and death. And it is into these scenes that Mr. James carries us—scenes not only full of the holy awe of sacred associations, but crowded by the world's great actors. All Christendom had poured forth its mightiest and its greatest, stimulated by the war cry of the Church. On the one side hung the banner of the red cross, nay, the very wood of the real crucifix was there, blazing with gold and jewellery, and borne in the hands of apostolic bishops into the midst of the battle, while the insignia of kings and kingdoms floated beneath, with monarchs crowding under them, careless of home crowns, and simply there as soldiers of the Cross; on the other, phalanxes marshalled beneath the waving Crescent, and a turbaned multitude stood zealous for the Impostor Prophet and his heaven of houris. These are the scenes into which Mr. James carries us, with a sort of realizing power that is only second to actual vision.

The volume takes up the history after the battle of Antioch, and follows the course of conquest in the Holy Land throughout the monarchies of Christendom, until, at last, Jerusalem, in the midst of unspeakable horrors, fell into the hands of the victorious Saladin. This period of time is replete with interest which it would be difficult to find surpassed in the history of the world. The arena is that which Divinity had consecrated by bodily presence: the actors are crowned heads, mitred prelates, and the hosts of chivalry. The Cross and the Crescent, stimulating the adverse hosts, alike inspire them with the fire of religious zeal, and thus the greatest conceivable motives issued in the greatest conceivable effects.

But however powerful the leading passion, yet, whilst men are constituted as they are, the mass will ever be susceptible of vacillating

purposes, and swayed by vacillating passions, and Mr. James has had no easy task in following out the effects of these ever-changeful influences, manifesting themselves in endless fluctuations, like the advancing and retiring waves of the sea. Constantly forgetting the great motive of the Crusade, the soldiers of the Cross continually forfeited their allegiance, and fell into all the feuds of partisanship and selfishness, and this with a frequency that neutralized their powers and negatived their purposes, until the very feebleness to which they were reduced forced upon them the necessity of renewed coalition, and a return to their original oneness of purpose. Ambition, avarice, revenge—all the bad passions of the human heart worked their full scope of evil under the Christian banner, and we cannot but express our admiration of the masterly precision of mind with which Mr. James has traced out the operation of these dissensions and divisions, accurately defining both their causes and their effects, and manifesting as much his clear-sighted penetration as his most extraordinary power of accurate delineation.

The life of Richard Cœur-de-Lion offered many most brilliant phases to his historian, and this third volume presents us with a deeply interesting aspect: and yet, it is not so strictly the life of Cœur-de-Lion himself that we have been perusing as that opening of the vista of his times into which we have been allowed to gaze. Without it we could not have understood the position of the English monarch; and while it both gratifies, dazzles, and instructs the mind, it fitly opens out those scenes in the Holy Land in which Cœur-de-Lion so greatly signalized himself. Highly gratified as we are with the present volume, it has only made us look for another with increased interest; and we are bold to say, that when this work shall have reached its conclusion, it will take its stand not only as one of the most interesting portions of the world's history, but as one of the most powerful, truthful, and comprehensive of its records, whilst Mr. James's justly-earned fame must be enhanced as a faithful, a lucid, and a brilliant historian.

We regret that we can only make room for a part of Mr. James's powerful description of the capture of Jerusalem under the victorious arm of Saladin.

"At the time when the defeat of Tiberiad became known in the Holy City, it contained few, if any, military defenders, and no leader of renown. But Balian of Ibelin, whose wife had taken refuge there, hastened from Tyre to convey her to a place of security, having obtained a safe conduct from Saladin for that purpose. He had given his promise, it would seem, not to remain in Jerusalem above one night, but the people of the city, rejoicing in the presence of so famous a commander, would not permit him to execute his engagement. The patriarch absolved him from his vow, and the citizens watched him so closely that it was impossible for him to quit the place. His high and chivalrous qualities had excited the admiration and won the friendship of Saladin, and when the Christian Knight sent messengers to the Sultan, then under the walls of Ascalon, to explain his situation, and to entreat that his wife and children might be permitted to pass in safety to Tripoli, while he remained to defend Jerusalem, the Syrian monarch received his excuses as valid, and sent an emir with a party of cavalry to escort the lady and her family to a place of safety.

"The difficult task of holding out the city against the arms of Saladin was now confided to Balian of Ibelin, and the presence of a considerable party of Templars and Hospitallars encouraged the people, and gave them hope of successful resistance. As a constant friend and supporter of the Count of Tripoli, however, Balian was not likely to be very popular with the Knights of the Temple or with the patriarch; and unsupported against a powerful faction, having no experienced nobles within the walls on whom he could rely, no knights on whose co-operation and valour he could depend, the Lord of Ibelin had recourse to an act of a very singular and extraordinary character. Choosing out fifty young men, the most promising and distinguished that he could find amongst the class of burghers, he knighted them for the defence of the Holy City. His next step was an endeavour to provide for the multitude of women and children which had taken refuge in the place; but so great were the numbers, that even after all had been done that was possible to lodge them in the houses, many were still obliged to sleep in the streets. The Queen Sybilla, indeed, with her train, received notice from Saladin that she might retire in safety to Naplouse, to which place he had sent her husband, Guy of Lusignan; and she accordingly quitted Jerusalem under a safe conduct from the Sultan; but none of the rest of the unfortunate fugitives dared to show their faces beyond the walls, round which the parties of Arabian horsemen were hovering night and day.

"It is a lamentable, though perhaps not an extraordinary fact, that moments of great difficulty and danger generally bring dissension rather than concord; and such would appear to have been the case in Jerusalem at this time, the only resolution in which all the inhabitants seemed to unite being the determination of resisting to the last. From beneath the walls of Ascalon, Saladin summoned the Holy City to surrender, pointing out to the citizens that every fortress in the realm had fallen with the exception of Tyre and Carac, considered by many the two strongest places in the land. The people of Jerusalem replied that by God's will they would defend it to the last; and Saladin then swore that if they drove him to take the city by storm, he would put the whole of the male inhabitants to the sword, and reduce the women to captivity. The Christians, however, remained undaunted; and as soon as he had obtained possession of Ascalon, the Sultan began his march towards Jerusalem. The mighty army by which he was accompanied, and the complete state of subjection to which he had reduced the neighbouring country, left little probability that a town, crowded with inhabitants, and scantily supplied with provisions, torn with factions, and unsupported by any external allies, would be able to resist his arms. Nevertheless, by some Arabian accounts, we find that Saladin hesitated, and that there were persons who attempted to dissuade him from the enterprise; while, from every statement, we learn that the Christians were full of resolution, if not of confidence. When his determination was once formed, however, the Sultan showed himself immoveable therein, and on being told by an astrologer that he would take the city if he attempted it, but that it would cost him an eye, he replied, 'Were it to cost me both I would take it.'

"Marching on then from Ascalon with the whole force of his mighty army, preceded by clouds of light horsemen, and displaying all the pomp of eastern war, the Sultan commenced his advance on Jerusalem, on Monday, the 21st of September, 1187, having employed less than three months in subjugating the whole country after the battle of Tiberiad. The first day he arrived at Beersheba, the second he paused at Bethlehem, and on the third his vast host looked forward upon Jerusalem from the hills by which it was surrounded. Joy and satisfaction took possession of the Mussulmans, and shouts of gratulation rent the sky as they beheld the city not less holy in their eyes than in the eyes of the Christians. At the same time, from the walls of Jerusalem might be seen the innu-

merable standards of the Mussulman host, yellow, white, and brown, their floating garments, their glittering arms, and their light Arabian chargers, amidst clouds of dust, which, to use the expression of the historian, 'turned the light of the morning into the twilight of night.' But the resolution of the Christians did not give way before the sight. The cry in the city, according to the account of Al Siuti, was, 'Beneath the Sepulchre of our Lord we will die, and on account of the dread of its separation from us will we be strong. From it will we procrastinate the evil day, and towards the relics in the city and the sepulchre will we hasten. Wherefore shall we not fight? Wherefore not do battle in this quarrel?'"

---

*Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and the other British Provinces in North America; with a Plan of National Colonization.* By JAMES S. BUCKINGHAM.

Of all Mr. Buckingham's writings we consider this last his best. His progress through the British Provinces of North America seems to have been less hurried than his previous journey through the United States; at all events, his writing is less rapid, and his narrative consequently more satisfactory as well as more interesting. Something also may be owing to the different tone of feeling which prevails; for Canada, alternately under the subjection of France and England, differs essentially in both its political and domestic aspects from the republican land on the other side of her boundary line. The prevalence of an established creed, more especially that of the Church of Rome, manifests itself throughout the ramifications of society, and, we must acknowledge, with an improving influence. The tendencies of religion are so fine, so subtile, so almost impalpable, that a general observer may easily altogether overlook them; and yet if the eye be once turned inquiringly upon the subject, it will be found that its almost unrecognised and unchallenged operations, like those of nature beneath the surface of the earth, which from a thousand roots is evermore propelling those buds and blossoms which clothe her bosom with verdure and beauty, are manifest in the production of every social grace and virtue which adorns society. Those who repudiate religion little estimate how much the disposition of a country is affected by its silent influences, and thus we think that Canada, less torn into the diversified shreds of multiplied sectarianism, presents a fairer surface of society than the harsher featured communities of the United States. Such, at least, are the impressions which a perusal of this work has left upon us. Aspects in themselves more amiable seemed naturally to win fairer delineation, and thus, both inherently and from their transcription, to possess a higher value.

In truth, Mr. Buckingham is much more leisurely in his descriptions here than in his former work on America. He does not suffer his pen to travel with so much railroad speed, but pauses to paint with nicer care and gentler touch. Departing from the United States, Mr. Buckingham embarked at Queenstown, crossed Lake Ontario, and arrived at Toronto, which he amply and happily describes; from thence passing to Kingston, visiting its Penitentiary, and noticing the working of its silent system; from thence again to Montreal, through

a most interesting line of land and water travel; afterwards on to Quebec, visiting the Falls of Montmorenci and Chaudière; again journeying on to Halifax, Fredericton, Woodstock; again recrossed the boundary line, and by the route of Worcester, Norwich, and New London, arrived at New York. Such was the line of travel, and not passed along unobservingly. Whatever partisanship on either side may say to Mr. Buckingham as a politician, both must allow him to be an enterprising traveller, not easily discouraged, but energetic and indefatigable. He undoubtedly chose the most efficient mode of pursuing his inquiries into the condition of the country by taking up his residence in these various localities, and pausing long enough to become familiarized with their features, and to gather up the current information; and we are bound to say that he has adhered to an equable line of impartiality in his general views, which is not only honourable to himself, but will have the effect of confirming the confidence of his readers. During these sojourns Mr. Buckingham gave lectures in all the principal towns, and held temperance meetings, strongly advocating the abstinence principle, and supporting it right zealously with argument and persuasion. The work is indeed valuable on many grounds: fairness and capability are the highest, but in addition to these, the recentness of their exercise ought not to be overlooked. The latest accounts of interesting subjects must ever naturally have a superseding interest over those which have gone before however worthy, inasmuch as the newness of information must always be of primary importance where there exists either necessity or desire to perfect our knowledge on any given subject. The surface of the world being always changing, it is necessary that there should be a continual issuing of observation on its progressive stages; and thus it follows that however valuable the old may be, there still will ever be something new to be desired. Mr. Buckingham has met this requisition in his work on North America, which, in addition to all its other merits, has the great one of bringing down our information to the most recent period, and is likewise a really clever, sterling, instructive, and interesting book.

We are thus put into possession of Mr. Buckingham's complete views on America; his former two volumes being devoted to the United States, his present one to Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick; and we are happy thus to express our favourable opinion of them as a collective work.

Our extract introduces some of the native Indians, and may, to some of our readers at least, recal the memory of an old acquaintance.

"During our stay at Toronto, I received a visit from the celebrated Indian Kah-ke-wa-quon-a-bee, or 'the rapidly flying feather,' who had embraced Christianity, and become himself a missionary to the Indian tribes, under the name of Peter Jones. He was dressed in the European costume, as a Methodist minister, and spoke English perfectly well. He had visited England some years since, and there married an English lady, whom we also saw, and recognized in her a former acquaintance in London. She had returned home once since her marriage, in company with her husband, but had come back again to Canada with him, and professed herself to be perfectly happy in her present position. She had with her a fine little boy, whom the tribe had named 'Wa-weya-kuy-megoo,' or,

the 'Round World.' The body of Indians over whom Mr. Jones presides are a portion of the great tribe of the Chippewas, settled on the banks of the river Credit, seventeen miles to the westward of Toronto, and numbering about 250 souls. These are all Christians, and the elder portion of them are said to be truly devout. They have portions of the Scriptures and hymns in the Chippewa tongue, and speak both it and the English well; though the sermons and prayers are most acceptable to them in their native language. The chief had attended my lectures on Egypt, and expressed himself so pleased with them, that he sent up to the settlement to request as many of the Indians as could be spared from their labours to come down and attend with him the lectures on Palestine; this being the first occasion at which any Indians had ever been assembled for such a purpose in Canada.

"To our inquiries respecting the progress of Christianity among the Indians, and the influence of the new faith on their lives and actions, he replied, that the work of conversion from the pagan superstitions of the adults was very difficult, and its progress accordingly extremely slow; and that their chief hope lay in the education of the children. The Credit settlement was supported entirely by agriculture, at which all the Indians laboured with industry; though in the winter they indulged themselves with the pleasures of the chase, and supplied themselves with venison from the deer of the woods, for the remainder of the year. The men adopt the European dress, but the women retain the Indian robe or blanket. The stream along the banks of which they live, is called by the Chippewa name of 'Muhze-nuhega-zeebe,' which means 'The river where credit is given,' commemorating this feature of its history: in the early days of the province, when the only men that ever visited it were the fur traders, this was the place of their meeting with the red men; and as articles were sometimes supplied to them above the value of the furs they had in hand, and payment of these was deferred till their meeting in the same place in the following year, the stream was called by the name mentioned, which it is always likely to retain.

"Among the pagan Indians that inhabit the northern and western borders of Upper Canada, Peter Jones had sometimes gone for the purpose of persuading them to embrace Christianity, but hitherto he had met with no success; nor did he think it likely that any of the men who had passed the middle period of life would ever be prevailed upon to change their religion. On the last occasion of his preaching to such a tribe, he was listened to with silence and respect—this being an attention which Indians always pay to any discourse, however opposite to their own views those of the speaker may be—a courtesy well worthy the imitation of their more civilized white brethren in Europe. At the close of the sermon, however, one of the chiefs rose, and addressed the missionary to the following effect. He said that he had no doubt the religion of Christ was a good religion, but it was made for the white man—though he did not seem to regulate his conduct very much by its precepts. But, he added, God has made another religion for the red man, which is much better for him to follow. In proof of this, he related the fact of one of the Indians of another tribe, who had embraced Christianity, dying, and remaining dead for three days. When they were about to bury him, however, he recovered, and awoke again to life; after which he related that during the last three days he had been in the heaven of the Christians, where he was very happy; but God at length observing him among the white men, asked him how he came there? to which he replied, that having embraced Christianity, and died in that faith, he came naturally to the Christian's heaven. God then told him he was entirely mistaken, as the Christian religion and the Christian heaven were for white men only. He bade him, therefore, instantly to leave the place—go back to earth again—and follow the religion of his fathers; when, at his death, he would be admitted into the heaven of the

red men, and there enjoy with them the pleasures of the hunting-ground and the wigwam, with plenty of game. The Indian accordingly renounced the new religion, and went back to the old, lived a long while afterwards, and died happily in a good old age. 'After this,' said the chief,' 'I cannot think of leaving the religion of the red man for the religion of the white; for, like the Indian whose history I have recounted to you, I might be turned out of the white man's heaven by the Almighty, as having no right to be there; and the opportunity might not be afforded *me* of returning again to the earth, to win the red man's heaven by a return to my own proper religion, and thus I might risk the loss of both.' This speech, said Mr. Jones, made such an impression on the pagan hearers of the tribe, that it was in vain to address them further on the subject."

---

*The Perils of the Nation. An Appeal to the Clergy, and the Higher and Middle Classes.*

We would willingly open our notice of this work with the feeling with which we closed the work itself—that of the highest respect for the humanity, the mind, and the religion which have influenced the pen of the author. The only drawback to our satisfaction is, that we are obliged to pay this tribute of esteem to an anonymous writer. We think that a work of this grave character ought to have come before the world with the credential of a signature—it would have honoured any name, and ought to have been honoured by one. Nevertheless, it may well rest upon its own honest integrity, and we are content to receive it at its intrinsic value, without seeking a guaranteeing responsibility. After all, the signature of a bankbill is only the promise for so much gold, and the precious metal is here presented instead of the intermedial responsibility.

The work is written on a strong and clear perception of the highest moral responsibility, and desiring as we do in all fairness to look upon it on equable grounds, we are willing at once to discard from our minds the trammels of partisanship, the feuds of faction, the discord of clashing politics, and every species of political rivalship. The author takes, indeed, the highest stand from which philosophy can look—the eminence of Christianity;—Christianity, the alone principle from which the vast fields of human sorrows and human grievances may be fairly contemplated, and in the strong light of which the truth of man's position struggling in the wide arena of the world's warfare can at all be estimated. It is in vain that men, pent up in the narrow dungeons of their own prejudices and passions, gazing from the narrow loopholes, and that too into the thick darkness of blind ignorance, fancy that they can estimate the miseries and devise remedial measures for wants and woes as numberless as the grains of sand on the seashore;—nay, this is but an idle numbering, since the sufferers are themselves as numerous, and their individual necessities as multiplied as their numbers.

Certain it is, that where the politician is not also the Christian, his vison is curtailed of anything like scope and comprehensiveness. He

legislates for a speck of time, while he ought to be legislating for eternity, and that because he sees but the present, and does not connect it with the future: and this dividing the *now* from the *hereafter* is nothing less than severing man from his Maker. It amounts to no less than the blinding man to his own liability, whilst every moment of time is only increasing the responsibility which is to be discharged in eternity. Human legislation, however, makes enactments only for the present; and hence the miserable doctrine of expediency with which the ailments of the constitution are so pitifully temporized.

It seems to us, and we believe to most thinking men, that this panacea is at length worn out; that mollifications have lost their soothing potency; and that the nation on whose vast empire it has been so often proudly said that the sun never sets, has arrived at a political crisis that none of the measures of expediency can meet. The cry of hungry beggary rings through the land, that cry which our honest and right-minded forefathers never heard in the smiling fields and happy cities of England, but which has in our own day swelled into a wailing chorus. For a while it broke low and faint upon the ear, but was partially stifled by some measures of expediency: again it broke forth, strengthened into the lamentation of a multitude, and the humanity of the country sought to ameliorate by almsgiving the stern necessities of their afflicted fellow-subjects: but now, even this stage of temporized misery has gone, the resources of benevolence approach exhaustion, and the cry of starvation echoes through our own prosperous, hospitable, and once happy England. The evil has been gradually advancing: partial benevolence might postpone but could not avert it: and, in truth, the dolings out even of the most liberal charity have not been suited to the necessities of honest Englishmen. It is in some sense injury to give men alms who ask but for the interchange of fair remuneration for honest labour. If the legislature of a state degrade the honourable working classes into paupers, is it to be wondered if the mind as well as the body assimilate with the debasement, and still less is it matter of surprise that the canker misery, thus ever in the process of reproduction, should at least corrode the very vitality of the country?

If England, then, despite her vast dominion, her armaments, and her uncountable treasures, and her dominancy among nations, have at her core the rottenness of pauperism so fast consuming her strength that day by day something is sapped from her real stability, and that ere long her stately fabric will prove but a hollow and an empty shell, ready to crumble on the first rude touch into ruin and decay,—if we say this be so, high time indeed is it to look the enemy in the face, and take measures to stay the plague while yet it may be possible. But still there exists a blindness on the side of influence, an incredulity as to our actual condition, which must eventually check and deaden all salutary measures; and this it is that the work before us is so admirably and so eminently calculated to dispel and to remove.

"The Perils of the Nation" is a just and clear-sighted exposition of the condition of the country. The author has held the mirror to society, and stamped the reflected image. He is most especially the

Champion of the Poor, and we hold that to be an honoured title. He has investigated their condition with scrupulous attention, and assembled into this collective focus the strongest facts which bear upon the state of their various classes, carefully guarding against statements which might be deemed apocryphal, and for the most part resting on the official documents of the Parliamentary Commissions. The state of those employed in the manufactories, and of those still more oppressed and injured beings who labour in our coal mines, the vestiges of their humanity almost lost sight of in their assimilation to beasts of burden, putting to shame our boasted humanity for the swarthy race of Africa abroad in the deep-dyed infamy of our home inhumanity,—these he has presented to us in the atrocity of simple fact. From these he has passed on to the condition of the commercial and agricultural poor, exemplified the prevailing principle of selfishness, investigated the necessity of salutary regulations, inquired into what he considers the popular errors of the day, searched into pauperism, speculated on education, advocated the necessity of the subdivision of parishes for more effectual pastoral care, spoken of the necessity of parliamentary interference, with numberless minor divisions of his subject. From these he passes to a solemn address to the ministers of the crown, founded on a recognition of their great responsibilities; to the bishops of the church, on the sacredness of their obligations; to the clergy, on the mighty importance of the due performance of their sacred functions; to the magistrates, on their not only being faithful in arbitration, but on using their influence in supporting and protecting truth and virtue: from these he proceeds to a consideration of the high qualities that ought to characterize the legal and the medical professions, and to mark the sphere of Christian usefulness open to their several members; and then adverting to the large sphere of female usefulness, concludes with some more general remarks upon a few of the many objectionable aspects of society. Of the following we can only say, can these things be!

"So far, the removable causes of fatal disease are external to the habitations of the poor: we must now look into their dwellings. These, of course, vary in different places, but generally they may be said to consist of tenements two or three stories high: the first, or keeping room, opening into the street, with a bedroom over it, and another above that. Sometimes the houses are double; and sometimes they rise to a greater height; but in most cases, where the nature of the soil will admit of it, they have a cellar, unconnected with the interior of the house, entered from the street by a flight of steps—which also affords the only mode of ingress for light and air—rented out, either by the landlord or the occupier of the dwelling, to some family, a grade lower in destitution. From this abode of misery there constantly arises a steam of exhalations—of coal and tobacco-smoke, the fumes of spirituous liquor, and every description of animal effluvia. Very rarely are these dens paved; the ground in its natural state is their floor; and soaking up innumerable liquids thrown upon it, sends them back in fœtid damps to saturate the bedding, hang upon the walls, and slowly struggle out at the narrow opening which, at night, necessarily incloses, as in a box, the heterogeneous contents of the cellar; including fever and asthma; consumption, measles and small pox; the lying-in woman and the drunken man, just as chance may order the assemblage for the night. These cellars are mostly always open to tem-

porary lodgers, the price demanded varying from twopence a night to fourpence; and it is a common thing to find as many as twelve or fourteen human beings, generally strangers to each other, stowed in three or four wretched beds, or on trusses of straw; and not unfrequently a corpse among them. The rooms above certainly enjoy an advantage in point of ventilation, such as it is; but they receive, as well through the broken flooring as by the door and window, a full share of all that ascends from the subterranean apartment. The intense heat engendered by the crowding together of so many human beings, together with the process of cooking for them, as in summer it tends to produce the worst kind of fevers, so in winter it renders the abrupt transition of the half-clad lodgers, from such a temperature into the cold rain or biting frost of the streets, the prolific source of ague, of rheumatic affections, and consumption. Be it also remembered, that it is no matter of choice to the wayfaring man, whether he will take up his temporary abode in such pesthouses; or if there be an alternative, it lies between this and the open air, where he would be seized as a vagrant: for it is made penal to prefer the clear vault of heaven to the low ceiling of a crowded cellar. The poor wretch who has not the means of paying for better accommodation, must avail himself of this; and very often, amongst the most necessitous of all poor, the Irish, a shelter is gratuitously afforded to him who has not wherewith to pay. The penniless stranger, who would not be permitted to rest for a moment on the step of a rich man's door, is received by those whose daily bread depends on what they can get for their wretched accommodations, invited to share the scanty meal, and to repose, rent-free, in the corner that a more profitable tenant might otherwise occupy. Munificence like this is frequently practised, in the dreariest dens of misery: and often does the poor traveller communicate to, or bear away from the hospitable cellar, the seeds of some contagious disease, to ravage many a home ere its deadly progress be stayed. We saw the Asiatic Cholera introduced into a healthy rural district, through the gratuitous harbouring, in a very humble cottage, by some of his own country-people, of a poor creature who had slept the preceding night in an infected cellar. He died in a few hours, and the neighbourhood lay for some weeks under the visitation, with great loss of life.

"Another constant generator of disease in the houses of the labouring poor is their bedding. Any thing better than a straw palliasse is rarely met with, and this is a luxury. Loose straw, damp, mouldy, decomposed and swarming with vermin, is the general substitute for a bed, with very rarely a blanket to hold it together; for blankets are convertible into money, and many wants more urgent than that of a warm covering at night press for its sacrifice. It has been ascertained that multitudes make the ground their bed, with nothing under them or over them except the clothing worn throughout the day, which is not laid aside at night. We are no levellers; we would guard with jealous care the distinction of ranks that God has evidently established: we would not take from the man of property his lands, tenements, or possessions of any kind; but we must say, that after dwelling for a while on this faint picture of realities that we have often contemplated in the centre of London, and in many towns and villages of the land, we regard as somewhat worse than mere wanton luxuries, the down beds, the damask hangings, the gilded cornices, the sparkling lustres, the costly services, and jewelled apparel of another class. The impartial eye of God looks down on both: at the same moment lie open before Him—the crowded saloon of the noble, the luxurious board of the wealthy citizen, the expensive elegancies of more retired life,—and the loathsome dens where unchecked vice riots in all its grossness, unalleviated disease gnaws the gaunt frame of poverty, and starvation itself looks out from the straining eyeballs of those who, either on a happy or a horrible equality, must be throughout eternity the companions of their now unapproachable brethren. He sees it all!"

As we said at the commencement of our notice, all party feeling should be laid aside, and the author met on the broad basis of humanity. We know that from neither hand will there rise a dissentient voice, when alleviation of misery and the succour of necessity are the objects proposed. Men may differ as to the means: they can never divide as to the end. We welcome this work, because it is a powerful seconder of the clamorous cry that something must be done: that a starving people may no longer be neglected: that undirected energies may—must—rush to evil: that *force*, unguided by *mind*, may do a tempest's work of fearful devastation: that now *expediency*, the much abused word, as well as justice and humanity, require vigorous measures; and that without them the throne of England itself may totter, shake—nay, fall.

For the sake of its pure piety, and its sound sense, we would gladly see this book in the hands of every influential person in England.

---

### *Aunt Martha; or, the Spinster.*

Full of amiable feeling and domestic loveableness, this slight sketch of true worth in the character of a gentle, kind, and benevolent woman, is full of the force of honourable example. The author seems to us to have had a double motive in the delineation of "Aunt Martha:" the first to mark the injustice of the vulgar prejudice against spinstership, and to show the state sometimes to be one of voluntary choice; and the second, to display how truly amiable and useful a woman in this position of life may prove, dispensing blessings to all around her, the solace of the old, the playmate of the young, the sympathiser with all: ready to fulfil everybody's duties without leaving one of her own neglected. At once gentle and generous to the poor, and neither envious nor censorious against the rich: in short, full of those charities and courtesies which elevate the character of woman beyond all praise, and entitle her to virtue's best payment—the hearts' affections of all who can estimate her worth. Such is Aunt Martha, a beautiful exemplar of goodness, truth, and piety; and though the lines which trace her character are meant but to form a sketch, yet it is one which we can all easily fill in with the thousand touching kindnesses which make up its harmony. Happy are the families who have an "Aunt Martha" in their bosom. How much of true happiness comes within her bestowal; how much of usefulness within her performance! The occasion of happiness in others, she is consequently happy herself; and after a life spent in acts of love and benevolence, she teaches, as life passes on, that great secret so difficult to learn, the art of growing old gracefully. The ties of the vanities of life tighten not upon her in age with their powerfully contracting ligaments, because in youth they held no hold upon her heart; and well may it be said of many and every Aunt Martha, that the morning of their youth being unclouded by the storms of passion, the sunset grows richer and gladder still, until their sun of life sets to rise again in brighter glory. We give the close of this little work as describing such a decline of virtuous existence.

" Only of Aunt Martha I mean to speak;—she is now, indeed, in the winter of her age. Life to her has been, as it is to all mankind, a varied scene,—pain and pleasure, joy and sorrow, have mingled in her cup. For all the comforts and blessings in her lot, she has, by word and deed, showed her thankfulness. Adversity was met with resignation, and served but to bring forth those virtues which might otherwise not have been perceived. Truly may she be said to have followed Seed's advice; for her piety did not break out in sudden, short, interrupted flashes—but it shone on in one continued steady daylight. She had not just religion enough to make her uneasy, but enough to give her solid satisfaction, and a well-grounded assurance of future happiness. She gave to religion all she could—her heart. She did not content herself with thinking how holy and charitable she would be if she had such a fortune, or were in such a situation; but she was never easy till she was as holy and charitable as it was possible for her to be, in the station in which she was placed. Silently went she on her way;—hers was not outward, but inward religion, running through her every action. Ostentation she condemned; and no one fully knows the good she has done. Softly and gently is she descending the vale of years; her cheerfulness is uninterrupted—she is still the cherished one of those of her own circle left to her,—the honoured " Aunt Martha" of her younger friends,—the kind considerate mistress of her humble dependents,—the affectionate adviser of rich or poor, who need her advice. Yes! there she sits—the perfect picture of a contented, happy old age; her silver spectacles glistening by her hoary locks. Her eyes are still bright, and she can yet ply her needles;—her step is feeble, but still she can yet enjoy the sunshine of a summer's day, supported by those friendly hands who assist her with so much readiness; and around the winter fire she still gathers a circle, who delight to have a seat near her, to listen to Aunt Martha's tales of the olden time; to catch the approving smile, and treasure it as the heart's delight. Can we doubt her happiness, who has been the comforter of so many in this world of trial—who has entered so fully into all their joys? All who have known, and do know, " Aunt Martha," must surely love " The Spinster."

---

*Letters written during a Journey to Switzerland in the Autumn of* 1841. By Mrs. Ashton Yates.

In olden times writing a book and taking a journey were considered as Herculean exertions, either of the twain being deemed a most stupendous undertaking. The first of these labours seemed to have entitled its worker to a sort of wondering honour; the second was the incurring of such peril that making a will and bidding adieu to family and friends was a needful preparation for some hundred or so miles progress. Later days have, however, brought up newer fashions: a trip to Constantinople is but a *bagatelle*—and writing a book, instead of labour, is now nothing but play. Nay, so facile have ancient difficulties become in modern days, that a tour and a tome have become a very twinship of relationship, the one and the other being inseparably connected; and so far from seeing anything objectionable in this species of partnership, we rather find in it a large amount of profit to the world, for thus our information respecting the state of other countries, and our knowledge of the condition of society, is not only revived and renewed, but the progression of change, whether in decay or improve-

ment, marked and kept constantly before us. Undoubtedly works of this nature, being but the passing impression of passing scenes, will, to a certain extent, be passing also; but they possess a positive amount of value in thus keeping up our information, while they supply a species of recreation to the mind perhaps only second to personal beholding. Authors who have the power of lively delineation, bring to the mind's eye what the bodily eye has seen: they see for others, and thus a single individual may reflect on the many what the one only has beheld. The material of such works may not be very solid, but they may be fresh and vigorous, and present a brisk succession of truthful and lively images: they have their own value; they belong to the fashion of the day, and we are very far from quarrelling with its taste—in this matter at least.

A quick perception and an easy fluency are the chief merits in this species of writing, and therefore it is that we think women shine most in works of this class; for so numerous has it become, that we may well call it a class. The impressions made by new scenes, either of society or country, are lively and rapid on the feminine mind, and the outpouring of language, so far from requiring effort, is but the natural vent of new thoughts and feelings. The lady-tourist who ascends a mountain may not be a geologist, breaking off fragments of the rock and inquiring into strata, but she paints its landscape, pourtrays its peasantry, and collects its legends: she may not give us statistics, but she presents us with manners: in short, she may not be profound, but she is graceful and amusing; and it is apparent that the sterling must often give place to the agreeable.

Now, whilst making these observations, which certainly belong to a class, we have undoubtedly had this production of Mrs. Ashton Yates more especially in view. Without being solid, she is entertaining; and in passing along a very interesting line of travel, she has gathered up a pleasing collection of illustrative facts, historical recollections, and existing associations, which all combine to render her work well worthy of favourable reception. Perhaps the prominent feature on which Mrs. Yates has expended most attention is the historical: with very slight alteration of plan, her Autumn Journey might have been transformed into a history of the Cantons of Switzerland, and in this shape perhaps deserved a higher appreciation: as it is, her work is a pleasing record of a pleasant tour.

Mrs. Ashton Yates followed illustrious footsteps in her ascent of Le Montanvert.

"The guide, a very intelligent man, amused us by his conversation, and beguiled me of my fears by telling of the remarkable persons he had conducted on this same expedition: amongst others were the two ex-empresses of France,—Josephine in 1810, and Marie Louise in 1814.

"There being no royal road over the Montanvert to the Mer-de-Grace, I was astonished at their encountering such difficulties as I was experiencing whilst listening to the account of their exploits. 'Josephine,' he said, 'was much the handsomer, although the older lady; "et le plus gracieuse, quoiqu'elle fut triste."'

"Marie Louise scarcely spoke at all; and he often observed her weeping. Had she shown more firmness of purpose and moral courage, in

defending the crown entrusted to her keeping, perhaps she would have to shed fewer tears for its loss.—' To be weak, is to be miserable, doing or suffering.'

" I must believe the account of our guide (an elderly, respectable man) to be true, and that he did conduct over the Montanvert, as he related, those two illustrious ladies, in some points so similarly circumstanced,—each just unseated from the throne of France;—her husband the wonder of his age. It certainly was remarkable that they should visit, at so short a distance of time, the same place, with no doubt the same object—to divert their thoughts from their lost greatness, or happiness, as it might be, by turning them to the sublime works of Nature, which here ' expand the spirit, not appal.' "

---

*Gathered Leaves.* By JAMES A. PAGE, Undergraduate of Trinity College, Dublin.

We always look upon the productions of poetry like the blossomings of the earth:—the one adorns the spiritual, as the other does the material world. Neither may be requisite to our necessities, but ah! how much do they solace, embalm, and delight the heart! The sweetness of a sentiment breathes through graceful verse like the odour exhaling from flowers, and both enable us to go on our way rejoicing.

And thus it is that we ever welcome these tasteful tributes which hang like enwreathed garlands over the sterner and more rugged paths of literature, and should no more think of dissecting them with the destructive knife of criticism than we should dream of pulling a rose to pieces for the sake of admiring its physiology. And, in truth, the "Gathered Leaves" of which we are now speaking are so really sweet and tasteful, with so much tenderness of sentiment, purity of morality, and piety of feeling, that it would be sin to seek to disipate their gentle charm. We have perused them with pleasure, and our readers will do the same.

---

*The Emigrant's Hand-Book of Facts, concerning Canada, New Zealand, Australia, Cape of Good Hope, &c.; with the Relative Advantages each of the Colonies offers for Emigration, and Practical Advice to intending Emigrants.* By SAMUEL BUTLER, Esq.

Perhaps there is no class of persons towards whom the sympathies of society so strongly turn as the class of emigrants; and most justly; for they are chiefly those whom sorrows and necessities drive to seek a new sphere of existence, in which they may escape from the accumulation of anxieties which crush them down into the dust in the land of their birth: and we know how heavy must be the load which a man will not bear at home before he breaks through all those binding ties which hold him so strongly to it, and seek emancipation in freer and more fruitful climes abroad. The love of country is a natural emotion, and it is long before the weary and heavy-laden can resolve to barter the old feeling for new hopes; and when at length necessity

drives him to the measure, it is not till destitution has driven him to extremity, and his resources are all but exhausted. In this condition, he is least capable of discriminating to his own advantage, or of deciding upon the eligibilities of his future career, and too often rushes blindly from the certain evils of present endurance into others more afflicting, and even less remediable.

Humanity, then, as well as common prudence, makes it necessary that some wiser counsel than any he can have data to form should be offered to him by those whose less distracted heads and more commanding opportunities enable them to shape such, teaching the intended emigrant where, most hopeful of success, he may fix his locality, and how best he may husband his scanty resources; and we think that this little Hand-Book really, to a fair extent, meets the case. We consider it honest and impartial, without any ulterior view, and simply aiming to supply the best amount of information concerning colonial emigration that could fairly be hoped for from authorized sources. The relative advantages of the colonies are stated without leaning or prejudice, and good, sound, practical, business-like advice laid down. The book is got up without show, and simply for working utility; and we think that the proposed emigrant will do well for himself in fairly considering its contents before he makes a decision on which so much of the comfort and happiness of himself and his family must essentially depend.

---

*The Botanist's Manual, and Woodland Companion; containing a Familiar Introduction to the Science of Botany, and Vegetable Physiology; with the Natural History and various uses of British Forest Trees. The whole intended to awaken a taste for Rural Scenery, and pave the way to a sound and accurate knowledge of Botany. Designed for the use of Young People.*

The three great kingdoms of nature, the animal, the mineral, and the vegetable, have all their peculiar features of power, wonder, and interest, rendering them attractive to different tastes and grades of mind; but of these we should more especially consider the vegetable to be that most generally engaging the attention of the young. The clothing of this fair and beautiful world produces so much that is so exquisite in loveliness, so rich in adornments, so pleasing to the eye, so grateful to the smell, so tasteful to the palate, and so full of utility in ministering to our convenience, seeming in all its many multiplied departments to meet our requirements both for pleasure and profit, that we think it must needs be the one most attractive to the taste of the young student. Undoubtedly the study of Botany, like that of every other science, demands some labour on its entrance; it is the price which we must pay for every acquisition; but the conquering of a difficulty, and our own disinclination at the same time, furnishes us with a double pleasure at the very outset; and, when this is passed, the vegetable kingdom opens out new fields of enjoyment, enlarged expansiveness of our views of the power and goodness of Nature's God, and an increasing relish of the pure pleasures of their contemplation.

The little work which has given rise to these observations, seems to us well calculated to promote its end. There is in it a great deal both of direct instruction and incidental information; and it is admirably well calculated to be put into the hands of a novice. Being divested of all useless technicalities, the task is made comparatively easy, and the outlines of the science readily and without much effort mastered. We consider the part of this little work devoted to Structural Botany to be peculiarly clear and lucid, and well fitted to fix definite ideas upon the mind. The concluding section, on British Forest Trees, has also a value of its own, fitted for a far more extensive class than mere juvenile students: it supplies a kind of information not to be met with in works easy of reference to the many, who, while they are constantly speculating on the names of such beautiful trees as may be constantly or occasionally meeting their eye and exciting their curiosity, are yet without the means of learning how to designate what they so much admire. This little work, by supplying them with a clear description, may enable them to form a nomenclature; whilst to those who may be planting a pleasure-ground, or dotting a lawn with little clumps of trees, the descriptions of the various characters of form, of tint, of foliage, will prove an invaluable help in assisting them to make an harmonious and yet contrasting selection.

---

*Models of Juvenile French Conversation; consisting of New and Familiar Dialogues, in French and English. Arranged in an Order of Progressive Difficulty, and turning upon such Topics as are best calculated to interest Young Persons. Preceded by an Introduction to the Principles of French Pronunciation, with Illustrative Reading Exercises. The whole prepared expressly for the Use of Private Families and Schools.* By M. DE LA CLAVERIE, Corresponding Member of the Grammatical Academy of Paris, Author of several popular Works on Education, Professor of the French and Italian Languages in Liverpool, and late Teacher in the University of Oxford.

A work exceedingly well calculated for children, being composed of dialogues on just those subjects on which the youngest juveniles of the nursery may be supposed to feel interested, and in this respect differing from, we believe, every other book of instruction in the French language designed for English learners. These dialogues are, of course, progressive, being intended to surmount the difficulties step by step, but all are such as a child in polished life might be supposed to utter; and this is a point of merit that ought not to be passed over, since it is of the first moment that in learning a foreign tongue the student should not unconsciously imbibe either vulgarism or inelegance. In this little work of M. de la Claverie, every passage, however simple, is polished, and just what would be met with in the higher classes of French society. The idea of forming these childish conversations is undoubtedly good as well as new: they will better assist the learner, because they will interest, more than any or all of the adult dialogues that we now possess for educational purposes; and we cordially recom-

mend it on the ground of its own merit, as well as on that of its author's previous reputation, both to schools and private families, where it will be found a very able help in the office of instruction.

---

***A Course of Lectures to Young Men: on Science, Literature, and Religion.*** Delivered in Glasgow, by Ministers of various denominations.

The plan for the religious, mental, and moral instruction of young men, as carried out in Glasgow, which gave rise to the publication of the present volume of Lectures, is so essentially sound and praiseworthy, that we cannot but rejoice to see its appreciation evidenced by this edition of a second course passing into a second thousand. The subjects which form the series are all as wisely selected as they are ably executed; and the names of their authors, most of them favourably known to the world, sufficiently guarantee the ability of their respective subject matter. We cannot too warmly express our approbation of this plan—a selection of instructive subjects, and a requisition of competent men to discourse upon them. This succession of lecturer after lecturer, by bringing fresh mind to bear upon fresh matter, is admirably well calculated to energise a system so full of ability, and we should be glad to see the plan carried out much more extensively throughout the country. As it is, both plan and execution have our cordial commendation. The words "second thousand," on the title-page, while they prove the estimation in which the work is held, also discharge us from the duty of entering more particularly into its merits.

---

## NEW MUSIC.

### *Dramatic and Musical Review.*

This little periodical, so ably commenced, still continues to hold its ground against the slanderous and illiberal articles of the more pretending but infinitely less meritorious. We are pleased to see this, for, of all things, a *just* "Musical Review" is what has been so long in requisition in this country, where a professor's abilities are bought and sold for a glass of brandy and water. In no country save England has the press (by the press we mean the hired reviewers,) the license of ruining a man's prospects; like unto those to whom the part of censorship is entrusted, they are mere mechanics, swayed whichever way a *sovereign* remedy would dictate, or the fumes of hot punch inflame. Honesty of criticism has long slept in the tomb of the Capulets; as regards the merits of the musical professor, public performer, writer, or teacher, the whole is a matter of barter, as truly commercial as that our leading merchants meet on Change. Under such a disgraceful system, is it to be supposed that a poor friendless Englishman (for friendless he is in this particular point unless he pay well,) can be admitted as a rising artiste, a talented man? No! the *fee* of an interested party could wholly swamp whatever claims he

might have to public favour, and the richly deserving and praiseworthy candidate for professional honours be cast in oblivion, and finally doomed to pine over his days and his blighted prospects in some lone garret, while a meretricious coxcomb, with the necessary weight of *purse* will carry the *public press*, nay, everything, before him! So much for honesty and worth. That a musical review is demanded for the rights of our countrymen—the Englishman—who will gainsay? that we have no such legitimate work, wholly divested of party feeling and interests who can contradict? We had pictured in our sanguine minds that such had sallied forth under the title of the work now under notice, and which, if it *had*, regardless of consequences, upheld the honour, the character, and position of an honest review, would have challenged the world, and taken the musical profession by storm. Every contributor of sweet sounds would joyously have held himself compromised if not supporting such an editor and such a work; but, as the poet writes,

"Love and Hope were born to change,"

and, as all our anticipations have been frustrated, we can only regret that so talented an editor should desecrate his Review by puffs disgustingly at variance with common sense, and wholly inimical to the steady progress of his periodical. We write not thus in anger, but with an aching heart, for the hope of our wishes is blighted—we are bankrupts again; that which could have done, and held the reins of power in its own hand, has ceased to do, and all again is chaos.

The adage says, "Truth must not be spoken at all times." With honest independence and conscious integrity, we fearlessly assert it may, it can, it will, it shall be spoken! When the soldier at the bayonet's point finds his progress impeded, he asks not, "shall I run or maintain my ground?" The honour of his country, and the dauntless bravery of his nation, alike fire his imagination for glory, conquest, and victory. So should fearlessly stand an editor, his opinions uncompromised, and his integrity unimpeachable. As a fellow-labourer with the editor of the "Musical Review" we say—spare not thy praise where merit is due, and lavish not where common sense stands in open armament against you.

---

*The National Psalmist, consisting of Original and Standard Psalm and Hymn Tunes, Chants, Responses, and Anthems. Harmonized and arranged for the Organ and Piano-forte, by* CHARLES DANVERS HACKETT. *Under the distinguished patronage of His Royal Highness Prince Albert.*

This is a great work, and worthily executed. We congratulate the public and Mr. Hackett on its completion. We have seldom seen a production of the kind ushered into the world with so large and respectable a list of subscribers: this augurs well for its general adoption. In the address prefixed, Mr. Hackett points out the desirableness of music forming part of the education of the clergy, and quotes the following from Dr. Vincent:—"It is manifestly the design of our ancestors to have diffused a more general knowledge of music amongst the clergy, and by their means to have communicated it to the people.

The statutes of the Colleges in both Universities require a proficiency in the science of music from those who sought to be ordained; and it is probably owing to their not having been rigidly enforced, that cathedral and parochial music has fallen into decay and contempt." Mr. Hackett's work is well calculated to promote a pure taste in our sacred music. There is a grandeur and solemnity pervading the pieces he has selected, which will, we have no doubt, give to his labours the character of a standard work. There is an admirable preface by the Rev. Mr. Havergal, containing a very able sketch of Psalmody, which, together with the whole work, we cordially recommend to the attention of our readers.

---

*The True Enjoyment of Angling.* By HENRY PHILLIPS (the singer.)

As a literary work, (we know not how far Mr. Phillips's pretensions may aspire,) the volume before us is not very extraordinary. It contains some excellent advice to the angler as regards his choice of flies for the different months; and, upon the whole, is redolent with feelings of gratitude to the Giver of all, for the worldly blessings conferred upon the author,—a more fortunate, at the same time, a more deserving member of the profession, the legion does not contain. We have carefully perused his pages, and not without considerable pleasure played over his contributions of song. We particularly admire the month of April, and subjoin a specimen of the poetry.

> "Let those who joy not in our sport,
> Go waste their time in Fashion's court,
> Wed foul device—not Nature pure—
> For Fashion, Nature can't endure:
> Long toilsome nights and dull spent days
> Are hours that wait on courtiers' ways;
> *We* bask in joys not framed by art,
> Own but *one monarch*—that's *the heart.*"

The Song of June is a bold, nerve-stirring lay, and in every way worthy the varied talents of the gifted author. Our space will not admit of making extracts from *all*, nor can we in justice omit drawing attention to the conclusion of the present song.

> "But, under bounteous Heav'n, do we pass our happy days,
> Admiring Nature's various laws, and following in her ways;
> And now, uncover'd, let us thank, in this right merry tune,
> That gracious Pow'r which sent on earth this glorious month of June."

From the foregoing the thinking reader may readily conceive the style of the volume; there is nothing that even the most fastidious could carp at, and much that all would admire. Every credit is due to the author, as it clearly bespeaks a mind differently tuned to the common run of our public characters, and augurs well for the man, the father, and the Christian. We shall hope ere long to see Mr. Phillips in another style, and doubt not the same good principle which dictated the present will augment his future praiseworthy endeavours. He has our best wishes for prosperity and success. We would suggest a more perspicuous revisal in future of his musical contributions, many

of the songs losing their just effect by this oversight, more especially in the hands of private individuals, for whom the book has evidently been written.

---

*Paccini's Opera of "Sappho."*

We drew attention to this in our last number, and regret to say our opinion, as far as regards the merits of the composer, are still unchanged. There is nothing but what we have heard before, the subjects are worn out, and in many instances so flimsily treated as to warrant our utmost censure; but for the singing public, it is just such a compilation of other men's ideas as would please the million. Mr. Hatton has done *all* that could be done for such a work, nor have the publishers been regardless of bringing the opera out in a form worthy of patronage. We have some clever piano-forte arrangements by Cronin, and everything that could be done to render the subject popular has been performed.

---

*Three Rondino's on American Airs for the Piano-forte.* By CRONIN.

There is very little pretension about these arrangements; the author has evidently designed the melodies for portraiture, and faithfully has he acquitted himself; they are written for beginners, and will be found a desideratum to school teachers.

---

*My Dear Irish Boy.* A Primitive Melody, arranged from the same prolific pen, and by the same publisher.—One of those brilliant gems, uniting all that could be desired; the words are worthy the gifted author, Ryan, and the harmonies and accompaniments bespeak an attention and an invention no less worthy the talents of Mr. Crouch. This song should hold a place in every musician's heart.

---

*Dear Erin.* A Ballad. Words by J. W. CLARKE, the Music by GEORGE CROUCH, professor of music, Hull. D'Almaine.

We have never seen any of (*this*) Mr. Crouch's writings until the present, therefore cannot say whether he be a young writer or not; but from the specimen before us we should say that he possesses qualities of a superior degree, and with perseverance and assiduity may command a similar honourable station to his predecessor and namesake. Erin, Dear Erin, is not without character, but the motivo is uneven, there is a smack of Irish in the treatment; but, upon the whole, it falls far short of our expectations, regarding the title in its national point of feeling. Mr. Crouch has evidently been conscious of this, and modestly christens his lay a *ballad*. This augurs well, and we have nothing to say further, than as a ballad, it is worthy the portfolio of any one; and whoever possesses this unassuming little bijou, will not feel disappointed in playing over its talented pages, although it be not a legitimate Irish song. We shall be glad to be better acquainted with this composer's works.

*The Old English Country Dancers.* By the same.

A compilation of old English tunes, strung together as a musician, and will doubtless be found a welcome present to the holiday folks in the dancing season, when the halls of our fathers are teeming with jocund mirth and merriment, and the schools have sent forth their young charges to join the giddy throng. We picture in our sober quiet hours, those buoyant happy spirits. Alas! how have *we* changed; all our lightness of heart has fled, and sterile waste and age only remains.

---

*Sheela! of Green Innistore.* No. 14 of the same work, by the same author and publisher.—This ballad, by the title, clearly denotes an Irish character; and certain are we, that in this particular description of writing, Mr. Crouch stands unrivalled. He has evidently made the *Irish* his peculiar study; there is a freshness about his melodies unlike those of any other composer; and whatever emanates from his pen is certain of success. Sheela is another evergreen, equal in beauty, originality, and sentiment, to his Kathleen Mavourneen, Dermot Astore, and The Union.

---

*"The Union of Kathleen and Dermot Astore."*

When will this popular theme be completed? First the song, then came the reply, and now the composer has married them. Shall we premise the sequel, gentle reader? why, then, a family of children, the demise of the happy pair, a funeral, and a wake—the *cronan* sung by the disconsolate orphans and friends. We doubt not the composer's ability in treating the subject as he has already done, to the credit of himself and the pleasure of all musical societies; but when next an artist is employed on the work, it would be advisable to acquaint him of this simple fact,—that the hero and heroine are of that class which in Ireland are termed peasants; it therefore still savours of Irishism to find the former class decked out in silks, satins, and brocade. It is seldom we have to find fault with anything coming from the pencil of an artist like Brandard, but he has evidently mistaken the poetess's ideas altogether; he has illustrated the poem literally, and in the wild moment of creative fancy has represented Carolan and Darthula's wedding, instead of Carolan singing to Darthula of *the union* of our two favourites. Be this as it may, it is an oversight, but does not detract from the merits of the song, which is well conceived, and contributes largely to the rising fame of this popular composer. "Many have written *of a day.*" The origin of the work "Echoes of the Lakes" was "Kathleen Mavourneen," and this song, to our own knowledge, has been published upwards of nine years, and in our possession; and to this hour is the leading ballad in every quarter of the four kingdoms. Nothing is more easy than to dispraise, the more especially when the object under censure maintains his position against malicious bickerings. "The Union" is a ballad of peculiar construction, and fully partakes of that mixture of sentiment and gaiety which is the genuine characteristic of all Irish

melody. We have the cronan, the bells, and the full anthem, while quaffing *the mil-fion*, and all these intermixed with a melody possessing much beauty and originality. It is evidently a composition upon which much thought and reflection has been bestowed, and will doubtless follow in that road to popularity which is certain of crowning all the efforts of this young writer. To all who possess the commencement of the play, "Kathleen and Dermot Astore," we commend the third act—"The Union."

---

"*The Maniac.*" *Songs of a Rambler.* F. N. Crouch. Same publisher.

A well-written song, and quite in character of that country which it is intended to represent—"the land which reared a Schubert." There is a nervousness and despair in the accompaniment peculiarly effective, and the originality which pervades the whole, at once bespeaks the attention of this composer in all his writings. Though careless sometimes in grammatical point of view, or want of attention in revising the proofs, we have never had occasion to point out any inaccuracy in the sentiment, false feeling, or wrong conception of the character he wishes to depict; in these qualities he has a gift exclusively his own, and, with study, will hold that station his abilities (various as they are) entitle him to sustain. "The Maniac" is a good concert song for a bass voice, and must become popular.

---

"*Songs of a Rambler*,"—"*Row, Brothers, row*," *a Barcarole for two voices.*

There are some good points in this duet, though by no means easy to sing; the second voice is peculiarly difficult, the intervals being very uneven, a fault not often attributable to the author of "Kathleen Mavourneen," and "Dermot Astore."

"*Shela of Green Inistore*," No. 15 of the same work, is a well-written song, and highly characteristic of the country it is intended to represent. Mr. Crouch has made this style of music his particular study, and few of our English writers have ever attained this distinguishing mark of nationality equal to him and Whittaker.

---

CHARLES CZERNY.—We have before us four new Fantasias of this prolific writer: the first, "*Rule Britannia*," Op. 705, full of that nerve-stirring treatment so peculiar to this arranger. Of all the piano-forte writers, few surpass Czerny: there is a brilliancy in everything he does; his passages are well constructed, and his harmonies always pleasing and effective. This fantasia must become a general favourite, if for the subject only, let alone the treatment.

"*Fantasia Orageuse*," Op. 720, partakes of all the former handling; it is resplendent with beauty and originality from the first page to the last.

SIGISMOND THALBERG.—Two romances for the piano-forte, in every way worthy the musical student, and the high reputation of this artiste.

We have two clever arrangements from Handel, as Duets for the piano-forte, by J. B. Logier. Much has been said, and more written, in condemnation of this clever musician's works: we would it were in our power to say half as much in laudation of the modern writers and teachers, as we *know* to be the just due and conscientious reward of Logier, a man who has written more elementary works than any, and some of the best piano-forte studies ever published. Let any unbiassed musician, who has his profession at heart, and not the circumscribed notions of damning a talented author's writings before they have even cast their venomed eyes over a single page of it; let them (we repeat it again) play over the duets under consideration, and if shame does not mantle their would-be censorian visages, we know nothing of music, or the beauties which make up her ever changeful and ever social green wreath. We commend these duets to all who love their instrument.

## LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

The Third Volume of Mr. James's "Life of Richard Cœur-de-Lion" is now published. The Fourth is intended to appear in December.

An extended Edition of "Poems by Viator" is nearly ready, with Additions.

The Memoir of Dr. Cartwright, the inventor of the Power-Loom, is proceeding. It will be illustrated by Engravings.

An able translation of "The Burgomaster of Berlin," from the German of Haring, the Walter Scott of Germany, has just been committed to the press, which is intended for publication in the autumn.

The valuable Library of the late Duke of Sussex is, we understand, to be offered to the British Museum. We trust this important Collection will be preserved to the public.

We are happy to find that the new regulations for the protection of copyright are likely to be carried into effect energetically. Greater wrongs than those which have been inflicted on authors and publishers it would certainly be difficult to cite.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

History of the Life of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, King of England. By G. P. R. James, Esq. Vol. III. 8vo. 14*s*.
Letters from the Pyrenees. By T. Clifton Paris, B.A. Post 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*.
The Stranger in India, or Three Years in Calcutta. By G. W. Johnson, Esq. 2 vols. post 8vo. 18*s*.
Windsor Castle, an Historical Romance. By W. H. Ainsworth, Esq. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s*. 6*d*.
The False Heir. By G. P. R. James, Esq. 3 vols. post 8vo. 21*s*.
Magic and Mesmerism. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s*. 6*d*.
The Lost Ship, or the Atlantic Steamer. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s*. 6*d*.
The Irish Sketch-Book. By Mr. M. A. Titmarsh. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21*s*.
Godfrey Malvern. By Thomas Miller. 8vo. 14*s*.

The Village Church. A Poem. Post 8vo. 5*s*.
The Bath, a Concise History of Bathing. By H. Mahomed. 8vo. 2*s*. 6*d*.
Excursions along the Banks of the Rhine. By Victor Hugo. Post 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*.
The History of a Ship, from her Cradle to her Grave. By Uncle Ben. Square, 4*s*. 6*d*.
Verses, by Delta. 12mo. 5*s*.
History of the Davalos Family. Post 8vo. 5*s*.
Life and Correspondence of John, Lord Teignmouth. 2 vols. 8vo. 24*s*.
Western Prairies. By Thomas F. Farnham. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21*s*.
The Pyrenees and Excursions in Spain. By Lady Chatterton. 2 vols. 8vo. 31*s*. 6*d*.
Letters written during a Journey to Switzerland in the Autumn of 1841. By Mrs. Ashton Yates. 2 vols. post 8vo. 15*s*.
Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, &c. With Engravings. By J. S. Buckingham. 8vo. 15*s*.
The Life of Joseph Addison. By Lucy Aikin. 2 vols. post 8vo. 18*s*.
The Life and Times of John Reuchlin. By J. Barham, Esq. 18mo. 5*s*.
History of our own Times. By Thomas Campbell, Esq. Vol. I. Post 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*.
Comic Nursery Tales. "Beauty and the Beast." By Albert Smith. With Illustrations by Alfred Crowquill. Square, 2*s*. 6*d*.
The Earl of Essex. A Romance. By Charles Whitehead. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s*. 6*d*.
The Hour and the Man. By Miss Martineau. 12mo. 6*s*.
Deerbrook. By Miss Martineau. 12mo. 6*s*.
Highlands, and other Poems. By the Rev. J. G. Small. Post 8vo. 6*s*. 6*d*.
Twamley's Romance of Nature. 8vo. 1*l*. 11*s*. 6*d*.
One Hundred Romances of Real Life. By Leigh Hunt. Medium 8vo. 3*s*. 6*d*.
No Sense like Common Sense. A Tale. By Mary Howitt. 18mo. 2*s*. 6*d*.
Alice Franklin. A Tale. By Mary Howitt. 18mo. 2*s*. 6*d*.
Ben Bradshaw; the Man without a Head. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l*. 11*s*. 6*d*.

---

## THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

We should be very happy to consider the symptoms of improvement in the aspect of trade as something more than a mere favourable fluctuation; and certain it is, that in some degree the dulness is enlivening, and the confidence increasing. In India, the opening of the river Indus, allowing a free transfer of goods into central Asia, is proving advantageous to the Bombay merchants, and, consequently, to the home country; while at Calcutta the demand is also improving. The orders for the Indian, Colonial, and Chinese markets, are thus effecting favourable influence on our manufacturing interests. Manchester trade is brisk, all the old stock being cleared out, and the manufacturers refusing to take orders for future delivery on the same terms. Heavy cloth is rather dull of sale, but it is finding its way in some degree into foreign markets, though perhaps surreptitiously. A good account of business has been done during the month in the various descriptions of colonial produce. In sugar the demand has been extensive, at somewhat advanced prices. The sales both in coffee and tea have been large, though the market being somewhat overstocked, has had the effect of keeping down the prices. The demand for wheat has ruled firm.

Money Market.—The opening of the Budget, proving beyond further doubt the unsatisfactory state of the public revenue, has cast considerable gloom over the transactions of the Stock Exchange. In anticipation of the unfavourable report, Consols had fallen half per cent.; but the real announcement exceeding the apprehension, produced a yet further depression of upwards of 1 per cent. This dulness in the money market is still further confirmed by the degree of encouragement which holders find for investing capital in manufacturing interests. The wishes of the Committee of the Stock Exchange to prevent transfers of the permanent securities to take place on Saturdays after one o'clock, have been complied with by the Bank Directors, and public transfer days will henceforward be Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays.

## PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

### On Saturday, 27th of May

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 181 one half.—India Stock, 266 one half.—Consols, 95 five eighths.—Consols for Opening, 96.—Three per Cents. Reduced, 94 seven eighths.—New Three and a Half per Cents. 102 one fourth.—Exchequer Bills, 500*l.* 1 three fourths *d.* 53*s*, 55*s*.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Dutch Two and Half per Cent., 56 three fourths. — Spanish Three per Cent. 29 five eighths.—Spanish Five per Cents. Account, 20 five eighths.—Mexican Stock, 29 one half.—Brazilian Bonds, five per Cents. 94 seven eighths.

## MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

**Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.**

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horisontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

| 1843. | Range of Ther. | Range of Barom. | Prevailing Winds. | Rain in Inches | Prevailing Weather. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| April | | | | | |
| 23 | 28-55 | 29,97-30,00 | S.E. | | Generally clear, except the morning. |
| 24 | 28-61 | 29,95-29,96 | N.E. & Eb.S. | | Clear. |
| 25 | 27-51 | 29,72-29,62 | S.E.&W.b.S. | | Except the evening, generally cloudy, with rain. |
| 26 | 34-52 | 29,60-29,65 | S.W. | ,1 | Mng. rainy.; sun at times in the aft.; evng. clear. |
| 27 | 34-55 | 29,74-29,84 | N. & N.E. | ,25 | Morning and evening cloudy, otherwise clear. |
| 28 | 35-49 | 29,75-29,62 | S. by E. & S. | ,025 | Generally cloudy; rain in the afternoon. |
| 29 | 38-56 | 29,62-29,70 | N.E. | | Mng and evng. cloudy; sunshine freqt. abt. noon. |
| 30 | 44 65 | 29,76-29,91 | N.E. | | Clear. |
| May | | | | | |
| 1 | 49-67 | 29,99-30,11 | E. & N.E. | | Do. |
| 2 | 40-67 | 30,10-29,99 | N.E. | | Do. |
| 3 | 39-63 | 29,85-29,80 | N.E.&E.b.S. | | Except the morning, generally clear. |
| 4 | 45 66 | 29,75-29,69 | S.W. | | Do. do. |
| 5 | 45-59 | 29,64-29,65 | S. & S.W. | ,185 | Rain from 5 to 7 A.M., otherwise generally clear. |
| 6 | 49-44 | 29,36-29,55 | N.W.& S.W. | ,93 | Rng. heavily fm. 3 to 8 A.M., and gen. till evng. |
| 7 | 30-51 | 29,61-29 56 | S.W. | | Showery. |
| 8 | 31-49 | 29,55-29,53 | N.E. | ,57 | Raining generally during the day. |
| 9 | 40-53 | 29,55-29,80 | N. & N.E. | ,225 | Rain in the mng., sunshine freqt. during the day. |
| 10 | 43-57 | 29,94-30,08 | N.E. | | Cloudy: intervals of sunshine. |
| 11 | 34-60 | 30,13-30,14 | N.E.&E.b.S. | | Clear about noon, otherwise generally cloudy. |
| 12 | 34-63 | 30-09-29,96 | South. | | Mng. clear, aftn. cloudy; rain in the evening. |
| 13 | 49-63 | 29,86-29,87 | S.W. | | Morning cloudy, afternoon and evening clear. |
| 14 | 39 62 | 29,78-29,56 | S. by E. | ,1 | Cloudy; rain in the evening. |
| 15 | 48-60 | 29,40-stay. | S.W. | ,29 | Showery, with general overcast all day. |
| 16 | 46-62 | 29,40-29,44 | N.E. & S.W. | ,04 | Showery. |
| 17 | 46 53 | 29,44-29,64 | S.b.W.& NE | ,475 | Rainy generally during the day. |
| 18 | 41-55 | 29,76-29,85 | N.E. | ,465 | Generally cloudy. |
| 19 | 44 56 | 29,85-29,86 | N.E. | ,025 | Rain from 5 to 7 A.M., intervals of sunsh. dng. day. |
| 20 | 46-60 | 29,80-29,71 | E.b.N.&E.bS | | Cloudy; intervals of sunshine; rain in the evng. |
| 21 | 48-59 | 29,63-29,60 | S. by E. | ,245 | Showery. |
| 22 | 40 56 | 29,62-29,64 | S.bE.&S.bW | ,1 | Morning showery, afternoon generally fine. |

*Edmonton.* CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

## BANKRUPTS.

### FROM APRIL 25 TO MAY 19, 1843, INCLUSIVE.

*April* 25.—W. Campling, Long Melford, Suffolk, innkeeper.—J. Varty, St. Paul's Churchyard, merchant. — A. Stocken, Halkin-street, Belgrave-square, coachmaker.—W. Hill, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, wine and spirit merchant.—J. Deakin, Dawley, Salop, grocer.—H. Conn, Saint Clement, Truro, Cornwall, arsenic manufacturer.—R. Beck, Tiverton, Devon, cabinetmaker.

*April* 28.—E. Collings, Southampton, perfumer. — J. Reynolds, London-road, Surrey, draper.— W. Gofton, Gilbert-street, Oxford-street, and Farringdon-street, pawnbroker.— W. D. Townsend, Little Russell-street, Covent-garden, pawnbroker.— B. Crussell, Croydon, Surrey, glass-dealer.—G. Hammond, sen., Havant, Hampshire, common brewer.—N. Bromley, Little Bentley, Essex, maltster.—H. Pearson, York, attorney-at-law.—N. Tuite, Liverpool, wholesale poulterer.—W. Carter, Burford, Shropshire, cattle salesman.—J. Fletcher, Evesham, Worcestershire, plumber.— J. Prime, Keele, Staffordshire, maltster.—W. Moses, Ripon, innkeeper.—W. Hussey, Nether Knutsford, Cheshire, baker.—M. Jackson, St. Andrew Auckland, Durham, miller.—J. W. Showell, Birmingham, bookseller.

*May* 2.—A. Holloway, Basingstoke, draper.—R. Griffiths, Nine Elms, coal merchant.—C. Bunyard, Nelson-place, Old Kent-road, grocer.

—J. and F. W. Nichols, Blandford Forum, Dorsetshire, carriers. — J. Crow, North-end, Fulham, licensed victualler.—J. Allan, Dorset-street, Clapham, brewer.—C. M. Nicholson, Mark-lane, corn dealer.—W. Harrington, High-street, Aldgate, linen draper.—S. Bateman, Birmingham, factor.—G. Wulff, Liverpool, baker.

*May* 5.—R. Noyes, New Church-street, Lisson-grove, plumber.—J. Adnum, Derrington-street, Clerkenwell, upholsterer.—A. Stocken and W. Utton, Halken-street, Belgrave-square, coach-makers.—J. Furren, Nine Elms, Surrey, corn dealer.—J. N. Ryalls, Sheffield, vessel owner.—J. T. Nash and J. Tomlinson, Yorkshire, mustard manufacturers.—J. Lewis, Dawley, Salop, grocer.—J. Humble, Trimdon, Durham, iron founder.—R. Almond, Orrell, Lancaster, corn dealer.

*May* 9.—H. Hall, Fulham, pawnbroker.—W. D. Hart, Ballingdon, Essex, tailor.—A. Davis, Tottenham-court-road, dealer in glass.—R. T. Hicks, Cooper's-row, Tower-hill, wine merchant.—J. Rose, Spalding, ironmonger.—J. Burgess, Manchester, licensed victualler.—S. Chapman, Liverpool, sail maker.

*May* 12.—J. Poolly, Maidstone, timber merchant.—J. Stevens, Britwell Salome, Oxfordshire, iron founder.—J. C. Whittenbury, Blackheath-hill, Kent, builder.—E. Binyon, Bell's-buildings, Salisbury-square, Fleet-street, commission agent.—J. Gollop, D. Redmund, and T. Kingsnorth, City-road, iron founders.—R. Ward, Windmill-street, Tottenham-court-road, fringe manufacturer.—J. Scott, Wardle, Lancashire, woollen manufacturer.—J. and H. Goddard, Market Harborough, bankers.—W. Ledbury, Hagley, Worcestershire, coal merchant.—T. Fisher, Selby, Yorkshire, linendraper.—J. Gollop, Bristol, painter and glazier.—W. North, Bath, innkeeper.—H. Thompson, Bristol, saddler.—J. W. May, Bristol, baker.—W. Butler, Bradford, Wiltshire, victualler.

*May* 16.—V. Jay, Southwark-bridge-road, silk hat manufacturer.—T. J. Clark, Billingsgate, victualler.—E. Palfrey, Swaffham, Norfolk, miller and flour dealer.—J. Pool, Morrice-town, near Devonport, brewer and innkeeper.—T. T. Squier, Exeter, brushmaker.—J. Allison, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, grocer.—W. Jones, Llanrwst, Denbigh, druggist.

*May* 19.—W. Stent, Oxford-street, dealer.—H. Cundall, Little Hadham, Hertfordshire, innkeeper.—G. Flowers, Hammersmith, auctioneer.—W. Gordon, Colchester, coach proprietor.—P. Speyer and J. Seubbach, High Holborn, tailors.—J. Furze, Paighton, Devonshire, victualler.—M. Wilkes, Monmouth, innkeeper.—R. Pitt, jun., West Bromwich, Staffordshire, hatter.

---

## NEW PATENTS.

Sir S. Brown, Knight, Commander in Her Majesty's Royal Navy, of Blackheath, for improvements in the construction of breakwaters, and in constructing and erecting light-houses and beacons, fixed and floating, and in apparatus connected therewith; and also in anchors for mooring the same, which are applicable to ships or vessels. March 27th, 6 months.

J. Sylvester, of Great Russell-street, Middlesex, Engineer, for certain improvements in producing ornamental surfaces on or with iron, applicable in the manufacture of stoves, and other uses; and for improvements in modifying the transmission of heat. March 27th, 6 months.

A. Dunn, of Rotherhithe, Soap-boiler, for improvements in treating, purifying, and bleaching fatty matters. March 28th, 6 months.

J. Fletcher, Foreman at the works of Messrs. W. Collier and Co., Engineers, Salford, Lancaster, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for spinning cotton and other fibrous substances. March 30th, 6 months.

F. Hills, of Deptford, Kent, Manufacturing Chemist, for certain improvements in steam-boilers or generators, and in locomotive carriages. March 30th, 6 months.

P. P. Brouillet, of Hadley, Gentleman, for certain improvements in apparatus for warming apartments. March 30th, 6 months.

J. Aston, of Birmingham, and W. Elliott, of the same place, Button-manufacturers, for improvements in the manufacture of covered buttons. April 4th, 6 months.

J. B. Wilkes, of Chesterfield-park, Essex, Esq., for improvements in treating oils obtained from certain vegetable matters. April 4th, 6 months.

G. J. Young, of Bostock-street, Old Gravel-lane, Wapping, Engineer, for improvements in the construction of capstans. April 5th, 6 months.

E. Whele, of Walsall, Stafford, for an improvement or improvements in machinery for preparing wicks used in the making of candles. April 6th, 6 months.

J. Boydell, junior, of Oak Farm Iron Works, near Dudley, Iron-master, for improvements in manufacturing bars of iron with other metals. April 7th, 6 months.

R. Hawthorne, and W. Hawthorne, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, Civil Engineers, for certain improvements in locomotive engines, parts of which are applicable to other steam-engines. April 7th, 6 months.

J. Michell, of Calenick, Cornwall, for improvements in extracting copper, iron, lead, bismuth, and other metals or minerals, from tin ore. April 11th, 6 months.

J. Napier, of Hoxton, Dyer, for improvements in preparing or treating fabrics made of fibrous materials for covering roofs and the bottoms of ships and vessels, and other surfaces, and for other uses. April 11th, 6 months.

M. Poole, of Lincoln's-inn, Gentleman, for improvements in the manufacture of ornamented lace or net. April 11th, 6 months. Communication.

U. Clarke, of Leicester, Dyer, for improvements in the manufacture of narrow elastic and non-elastic fabrics of fibrous material. April 11th, 6 months.

W. Tindall, of Cornhill, Ship-owner, for certain improvements in the manufacture of candles. April 11th, 6 months.

W. Ranwell, of Bowling-green-row, Woolwich, Kent, Artist, for improvements in machinery or apparatus for registering or indicating the number of persons which enter any description of carriage, house, room, chamber, or place, and also the number of carriages and passengers that pass along a bridge, road, or way. April 13th, 6 months.

W. H. Smith, of Fitzroy-square, Middlesex, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in the construction and manufacture of gloves, mitts, and cuffs, and in fastenings for the same, which may be applied to articles of dress generally. April 19th, 6 months.

C. Tayleur and J. F. Dupre, of the Vulcan Foundry, near Warrington, Lancaster, Engineers, and H. Dubs, of the same place, Engineer, for certain improvements in boilers. April 19th, 6 months.

J. Byrom, of Liverpool, Engineer, for an improved system of connexion for working the cranks of what are commonly called direct action steam-engines. April 19th, 6 months.

C. L. Farwig, of Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, Tin-plate Worker, for certain improvements in gas meters. April 19th, 6 months.

J. G. Bodmer, of Manchester, Engineer, for certain improvements in locomotive steam-engines, and carriages to be used upon railways, in marine engines and vessels, and in the apparatus for propelling the same, and also in stationary engines, and in apparatus to be connected therewith, for pumping water, raising bodies, and for blowing or exhausting air. April 20th, 6 months.

J. Rand, of Howland-street, Fitzroy-square, Artist, for improvements in the manufacture of tin and other soft metal tubes. April 20th, 6 months.

E. Cobbold, of Melford, Suffolk, Master of Arts, Clerk, for certain improvements in the means of supporting, sustaining, and propelling human and other bodies on and in the water. April 20th, 6 months.

T. Oram, of Lewisham, Kent, Patent Fuel Manufacturer, and F. C. Warlich, of Cecil street, Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements in the manufacture of fuel, and in machinery for manufacturing fuel. April 20th, 6 months.

J. Johnston, of Willow Park, Greenock, Esq., for improvements in the construction of steam-boilers and machinery for propelling vessels. April 20th, 6 months.

R. Prosser, of Birmingham, Civil Engineer, and J. Cutler, of the same place, Civil Engineer, for improvements in the machinery to be used in manufacturing of pipes and bars, and in the application of such pipes or bars to various purposes. April 20th, 6 months.

J. M'Innes, of Liverpool, Manufacturing Chemist, for certain improvements in funnels for conducting liquids into vessels. April 20th, 6 months.

F. C. M. Violette, of Leicester-square, Middlesex, late Advocate, for improvements for warming the interior of railroad and other carriages. Communicated. April 22nd, 6 months.

R. G. Pigot, of Old Cavendish-street, Gentleman, for improved apparatus for supporting the human body when immersed in water, for the purpose of preventing drowning. April 25th, 6 months.

J. Moon, of Millman-street, Bedford-row, Surveyor, for improvements in the manufacture of bricks to be used in the construction of chimneys and flues. April 25th, 6 months.

W. Brockedon, of Devonshire-street, Queen-square, Gentleman, for improvements in the manufacture of wadding for fire-arms. April 25th, 6 months.

W. Mayo, of Lower Clapton, Middlesex, and J. Warmington, of the Wandsworth-road, Gentlemen, for improvements in the manufacture of aërated liquors, and in vessels used for containing aërated liquors. Communicated. April 25th, 6 months.

C. F. Cotterill, of Walsall, Staffordshire, Mechanic, for certain improvements in the progressive manufacture of grain into flour or meal, the whole, or part or parts,

of which improvements may be applied to the ordinary method of manufacture. April 27th, 6 months.

J. Winspear, of Liverpool, Shipsmith, for an improved mode of reefing certain sails of ships and other vessels. April 27th, 6 months.

---

## HISTORICAL REGISTER.

House of Lords.—April 25.—Their lordships assembled this day for the first time after the Easter recess. Lord Wharncliffe laid on the table the ninth Report of the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland.—Lord Monteagle moved for certain papers being called for relating to the state of pauper lunatics in Ireland, comprising the Report of the Inspector-General of Prisons; the motion was agreed to. The Duke of Wellington moved an address of congratulation to her Majesty on the birth of a princess, which was unanimously agreed to.

April 26.—No House.

April 27.—The Duke of Wellington moved an address of condolence to her Majesty on the death of her royal uncle the Duke of Sussex, which was carried without dissent.

April 28.—Lord Monteagle moved for returns of the expenditure of the United Kingdom up to the 5th of April 1843, the balance in the exchequer, the amount of the funded and unfunded debt, the customs duties of 1842 and 1843, and an account of the excise duties in Ireland, which were ordered. Lord Aberdeen presented the post-office treaty between England and France.

May 1.—Lord Wharncliffe moved the second reading of the Bill to amend the registration of electors for members of the other House of Parliament, which was agreed to, and the Bill was read a second time.

May 2.—Lord Brougham moved that the Townshend Peerage Bill should be read a second time; a long debate ensued, after which the second reading was agreed to; and it was arranged that counsel should be heard at the bar.

May 3.—Lord Brougham presented a Bill for the amendment of the law relating to the appellant jurisdiction of the judicial committee of the Privy Council. The Exchequer Bills Bill was read a second time.

May 4.—No House, in consequence of the funeral of the Duke of Sussex.

May 5.—On the motion of Lord Monteagle, returns were ordered of communication between her Majesty's government and the Canadian authorities, respecting the duties levied on wheat imported into Canada from the United States. The Registration of Voters Bill went through committee. The Exchequer Bills Bill went through committee.

May 6.—No House.

May 8.—The Exchequer Bills Bill was read a third time and passed.

May 9.—The royal assent was given by commission to the Exchequer Bills Bill, and the Lancashire Cemetery Bill.

May 10.—The Anderton Carrying Company's Bill, and the Leeds Gas Bill, were both read a first time.

May 11.—Some discussion on the Corn Laws.

May 12.—Nothing of importance.

May 13.—No House.

May 15.—Earl Powis laid upon the table a Bill to repeal the union of the sees of St. Asaph and Bangor. The Marquis of Clanricarde moved the reprinting of the Report of the Commissioners on Railways in Ireland, which gave rise to much discussion.

May 16.—Lord Brougham moved the second reading of the Townshend Peerage Bill; the House divided, when the numbers were for the second reading, 55; against it, 8.

May 17.—No House.

May 18.—The Sudbury Disfranchisement Bill was brought again before the House, when it was agreed that the further consideration of the Bill be postponed. The Townshend Peerage Bill went through committee. The Registration of Voters Bill was read a third time and passed. The Quen's Bench Offices Bill was read a second time.

May 19.—Lord Cottenham laid on the table a bill to continue the liberty of the rules of the Queen's Bench Prison to certain persons, which was read a first time.

May 20.—No House.

May 22.—Lord Brougham moved the third reading of the Townshend Peerage Bill, which was read a third time and passed.—Lord Cottenham moved the second reading of the Liberty of the Rules Queen's Bench Prison Bill, explaining that the only object of the bill was to give the marshall the power of granting the rules to prisoners who were in execution for debt at the time the act passed. The bill went through a second reading. The House then went into Committee on the Queen's Bench Offices Bill.

May 23.—A very long discussion arose on the subject of Earl Powis's bill to repeal the union of the sees of St. Asaph and Bangor, which ended in the postponement of the measure till next session.

May 24.—No House.

May 25.—No House.

House of Commons.—April 11.—Mr. W. Cowper brought forward his motion for a Select Committee, to inquire into the propriety of setting apart a portion of all waste lands which shall be inclosed by Act of Parliament, to be let out in small allotments to the labouring poor of the district, and also into the best mode of effecting the same; the appointment of the Committee was ordered.—Dr. Bowring moved for the correspondence of the British government with the Porte on the subject of the Bishop of Jerusalem; after some discussion, the motion was withdrawn.—The House then adjourned for the Easter recess, until April the 24th.

April 24.—The House having re-assembled this day, proceeded to the report of Ways and Means. The report was agreed to.—The House then went into Committee of Supply.

April 25.—Sir R. Peel entered into an explanation of the negociations respecting a commercial treaty between Portugal and this country. We had proposed to Portugal that the duties imposed upon the importation of the wines, &c. of that country into Great Britain should be reduced, provided the Portuguese government consented to a reduction of the duties on our woollens, cottons, and hardware, into Portugal. The negociations had proved unsuccessful. The Brazilian government, with whom negociations had been also in progress with a similar view, had recognized the construction placed upon the existing treaty by the British government, and the treaty will therefore continue in force until the year 1844. The propositions made by this country for a re-adjustment of the commercial relations between the two countries, had been replied to by a demand that the sugar, tobacco, &c. of the Brazils should be allowed to be imported into Great Britain upon the same terms as we admitted our own colonial produce. Mr. Ellis, who was sent to the Brazils by the British government, expressed his inability to agree to such a proposal; upon which the Brazilian government proposed that we should in no case impose a duty of more than ten per cent. upon Brazilian produce above that which we imposed upon colonial produce. This Mr. Ellis could not concede, and the negociations had been in consequence suspended.—Addresses of condolence and congratulation were then moved by Sir R. Peel to her Majesty, on the death of the Duke of Sussex and the birth of a Princess, which were carried unanimously.

April 26.—Lord J. Russell moved the second reading of the Municipal Corporations Bill, which gave rise to much discussion; after which the House divided on the subject, when the numbers appeared, for the second reading, 46, against it, 99.

April 27.—Mr. Mackinnon's motion for a Committee upon the revenue expenditure, and condition of the harbours from the Thames to Portsmouth. After a short discussion the House divided, rejecting the motion.—Mr. Jervis obtained leave to bring in a bill for amending the proceedings in actions for sums under 20*l.*—Lord Eliot obtained leave to bring in a bill for continuing and amending the laws relating to arms in Ireland.

April 28.—Mr. W. S. O'Brien gave notice, that when Mr. Lane Fox brought forward his motion relative to the agitation in Ireland for repeal, he should move as an amendment, a resolution in accordance with an address to his late Majesty, which pledged that House to remove all just causes of complaint as regarded the Irish nation.—The adjourned debate on the second reading of the Ecclesiastical Courts' Bill was resumed; when, after much discussion, the House divided, and it was carried by a majority of 82.

April 29.—No House.

May 1.—Numerous petitions were presented against the Factories' Education Bill. Upon the motion of Sir J. Graham, the Speaker left the chair, and the House resolved itself into a Committee upon the Bill. Sir J. Graham spoke at great length

on the intentions of the Bill, and the alterations he proposed to make in many of the clauses. A very long debate ensued, after which the Bill went through Committee *pro forma*.—The Irish Municipal Corporations' Bill was read a second time.

May 2.—Mr. E. Berkeley moved the second reading of the Dean Forest and Gloucester Railway Bill, which was carried by a majority of 103 to 84.—Mr. Hume brought forward his motion on the Ashburton Treaty, and moved that it is the opinion of the House that it was honourable and advantageous to England and America; and that Lord Ashburton, who conducted the negociations, deserves the thanks of the House. A division took place, when the numbers were, for the motion, 238, against it, 96.

May 3.—Mr. Jervis gave notice of a motion for a Select Committee to inquire into the operation of the New Bankruptcy Act; and also that he would move for leave to bring in a Bill for the more easy recovery of small debts.—Mr. Elphinstone moved the second reading of the Marriages and Divorce Bill. The House divided, when there appeared for the second reading, 41, against it, 103.

May 4.—No House; the funeral of the Duke of Sussex.

May 5.—Lord Eliot moved the second reading of the Irish Poor Law Amendment Bill, which was read a second time.—The Queen's Bench Offices Bill went through Committee.—Sir J. Graham brought in a Bill for the better regulation of Milbank Prison.

May 6.—No House.

May 8.—Mr. Hussey took the oaths and his seat for the city of Salisbury.—The House resolved itself into a Committee of Ways and Means.

May 9.—Mr. Villiers rose to move, "That this House will resolve itself into a Committee, for the purpose of considering the duties affecting the importation of foreign corn, with a view to their immediate abolition." After considerable discussion, the debate was adjourned.

May 10.—The debate on the Repeal of the Corn Laws was resumed, and again adjourned.

May 11.—The discussion on the Corn Laws again resumed and adjourned.

May 18.—The same debate continued.

May 13.—No House.

May 15.—The debate on the Corn Laws resumed, and ended in a division of the House, when the numbers were, for the division, 125, against it, 381.

May 16.—Mr. P. M. Stewart moved the third reading of the Glasgow, Paisley, and Greenock Railway Bill; after a division of the House on the subject, the Bill was read a third time, and passed; the Wexford Harbour Bill was also read a third time, and passed.

May 17.—No House.

May 18.—Mr. Sharman Crawford moved for leave to bring in a Bill "to secure the full representation of the people, and to shorten the duration of Parliament;" after a debate of considerable length, leave was refused.—Mr. Roebuck's motion on National Education was thrown out by a majority of 156 to 60.—Mr. Sergeant Murphy brought in a Bill for amending the laws relating to grand juries in Ireland, which was read a first time.

May 19.—On the motion of Sir H. Douglas, the Walton-on-the-Hill Rectory Bill was read a third time, and passed. A very long debate arose on the subject of Importation of Canadian Wheat and Flour, which ended in an adjournment.

May 20.—No House.

May 22.—The order of the day was read for resuming the adjourned debate on the Importation of Canadian Wheat and Flour. A division took place on Mr. Labouchere's amendment, when the numbers for it were, 156 against 344. The House then went into Committee *pro forma*.

May 23.—The Milbank Penitentiary Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Queen's Bench Rules Bill was read a second time.—The Church Endowment Bill was read a first time.

May 24.—On the motion of Mr. Ross, the Roman Catholic Oaths Bill was read a second time.—The Pound Breach and Rescue Bill was read a second time, and ordered to be committed.

May 25.—Lord Hotham took the oaths and his seat for the East Riding of the county of York.—Mr. Christie rose to introduce "a bill to abolish certain oaths and subscriptions now imposed in the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and to provide for the extension of education in the universities to persons who are not members of the Church of England." After a long debate, the House divided, when there appeared, for the motion, 105; against it, 175.

THE

# METROPOLITAN.

JULY, 1843.

## LITERATURE.

### NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

*Tales of the Colonies, or the Adventures of an Emigrant.* Edited by a late COLONIAL MAGISTRATE.

Since the time of Robinson Crusoe literature has produced nothing like these "Tales of the Colonies." Characterized by perfect simplicity and intense interest, an union so rare as to be often deemed incompatible, yet where found most potently enhancing each other's power, the narrative carries on the reader with a resistlessness from which he could not, if he would, escape, and from which he would not if he could.

Truthfulness and novelty—can there be things of more attractive power?—are stamped on the whole conduct of the work: the truthfulness conducts from page to page, the novelty breathes over the whole. We are here led into a new walk of literature. Van Diemen's Land, with its primæval wilds, its ancient solitudes, its vast prairies, its far-spreading forests, its tangled bushwood, its luxuriant vegetation, and its unpeopled extent of country, is the scene; while on it we find the most marked, distinctive, broadly separated, and effectively contrasted classes of population that the world could produce. We look on the broad landscape, rich in its natural fertility, and beneath the shadow of the lofty trees we see the waggon of the new settler laden with the needful things of his perspective home, the household gear of future bed and board, winding slowly on, drawn by its picturesque yoke of oxen. He who it may be has but lately left some city thoroughfare where men jostle each other so roughly in their endeavours for daily bread,

now draws a long salubrious breath, and almost doubts his own identity; the citizens of Cheapside may well look wonderingly on the outstretched deserts of Australia. And now the smoke winds gracefully and curls in blue coils up from the joyous hearth of many a settler's happy home, while lavish nature pours plenty into his barns, and makes his flocks abundant. The locations are dotted over with gleeful cottages, while the quarries of the country have yielded up stone for the more aristocratic dwellings; but all are surrounded by what would be fields, only that they are so boundless, of rich productiveness. This is our aspect of Australian life, but there are towns growing into importance under the auspices of the colonial government, which are as the head-quarters of commerce: here every class congregates, anxious to push a way in life: these are modern cities in the ancient wilderness, and there seems a strange anomaly in their mushroom growth: but now comes a sadder view—it is the clans of the yellow-clad convicts, or, as they are always in charitable delicacy called, the "government men!" Alas! that England should be a home of crime, from whence to issue a progeny of missionaries of evil! but so it is, and this class includes the half of the population; but there is yet another—the native Indian, who, hunted in his own solitudes, may well execrate the hand which, instead of bringing him Christianity, robs him of his birthright.

Would it be possible to find a scene more effective or people so varied and so marked? and it is into the heart of this country and into the midst of these people that this work carries us. We follow a settler from England to the shore of Australia, accompany him through all his toils, his vicissitudes, his labours, his dangers, his difficulties, while the air of reality so fastens our attention, that it would be vain to tell us we have been doting on a fiction. Fiction it is not: it is truth alone which so rivets our interest. We quite believe that not a single incident in this whole narrative is feigned. Nothing but truth could so transport us into the midst of scenes which are altogether out of the province of invention. The simple energy of the style has no equal saving in De Foe. The freshness is so unstudied, the descriptions so natural, the details so continuous, and in such plenitude, from beginning to end: every little incident is so accurately marked and so happily hit off, so simple and yet so truthful, that we seem actually to hear and see with our own visual and aural organs; and, in the midst of this, shall we call it the fascination of simplicity, we are met at every unexpected turn with a new charm. Little traps of the slyest humour, into which we trip and fall at every third step, and are in them before we know where we are, and so are obliged to laugh at ourselves as well as our author. In truth, we might say that Goldsmith's delicate wit, and De Foe's realizing power of detail, uniting in this delightful narrative, bestow each on the other a new charm.

But with all this rare union of merit, there is another aspect in which the work ought to be surveyed. It not only takes the high ground of novelty, which in these days of ransacking of mind is rare indeed, but it takes the still higher eminence of real utility. We could, indeed, almost regret that the vast information respecting these colonies

should have been magazined into a work which may unwittingly be passed over as one of pure imaginativeness, and its very worth be lost in its very charm; as, under a somewhat graver title, and with a methodized arrangement, the same matter would have formed a perfect hand-book of Australia. Written, as this work undoubtedly is, by one of the colonial magistrates, possessing at once the most ample opportunities of observation, and the best powers for profiting by them, the intended settler could consult no more competent authority as a reference and guide. Here will he find the most capable and faithful of advice presented under the most attractive of forms. By writing under the character of a settler, and assuming that semblance at the first outset, we are enabled to trace his progressive way, from the first footstep on the soil to the full zenith of his patriarchal prosperity. And how full of novel interest is the recital! We follow all the settler's anxieties, his labours, his reverses—we follow the bullock-drawn train that brings his wife and his little ones into the wilderness—we watch the pitching of the temporary tent, and listen to the first stroke of the axe waking the echoes which have slept from the creation in the solitary wilderness, which is to form the staple of the first habitation there—we watch, with eager interest, the gradual uprearing of that forest home, until the smoke curls up to heaven, an incense of happiness from its sacred hearth—we are spectators of the merry feastings from the daintiest of kangaroo venison, the most delicious of kangaroo-tail soup, the most epicurean of steamers, and the most delicate of cockatoo pies, to say nothing of every day mutton chops eaten by the dozen, tea boiled in a tripod and sweetened with the brownest of sugar, and plenitudes of rice and dampers. We see all this, but we are also witnesses of sadder things. The bushrangers are abroad; the dark denizens of the woods are on the scent; the kangaroo dogs whine and wail with strange but instinctive dread of their savage foes; violence stalks abroad; rapine and murder are there; and the home that had cost so vast a price of labour in its erection now blazes like a beacon fire in the wilderness. All this is as touching in expression as it is forcible in power. The successive minutia of the detail carries the reader on, step by step, until the interest is overpowering. We are startled out of the simplicity of the narration by portions of intense power. It has scarcely been our lot to meet with passages of such singular and absorbing emotion as we find in the settler's wanderings in the bush. Anxious to get to his devastated home, to his suffering family—trying a nearer cut—fancying himself a little mistaken—all to be soon repaired; then half suspecting error—now fully aware of it—hope now dawning—fear now depressing—native spirit now rallying, now drooping, doubting, despairing—now making desperate exertions—day succeeding day, and each but entangling him the more hopelessly in the fast forest maze—the fruitless body-wearying—the vague and purposeless wanderings ever more and more bewildering and confounding—the confusion of the faculties—the whirl of the brain; and, as if all this were not enough, a warfare of accumulated horrors with a tribe of the native Indians, in which mental agony and corporeal horror are wrought to a pitch too exciting to be dwelt upon. It is not mere form of language,

but it is power of conception which is here embodied; and it is power which we could not match, in its own way, in any existing author.

But among the characters there is one of the happiest creations of originality, the old man Crabb. So true, so grateful; for ever changing, yet always consistent; detesting every thing, yet loving all; abominating the country, yet never finding resolution enough to leave it; always taking his passage in the next ship, yet building a house and dwelling in it to his dying day. But we cannot, in a few brief lines, do justice to this most felicitous of cross-grained conceptions; it requires the whole work to unravel his simplicity. And though we have his company almost in every scene, yet have we never enough of a companion who so highly amuses us. Every stroke in Crabb's picture tells; and then his phraseology is as characteristic as it is racy and amusing.

Our readers will find this work more than bear out our commendation. While it is a novelty in literature, it is also a masterpiece in talent. Instance our extract.

"My presence of mind almost forsook me at this crisis. Escape seemed impossible; and I felt that I was doomed to the most horrible of deaths—that of being burnt alive!

"The light of the flames increased, and the smoke inside the hut became almost insufferable! Feeling that if I remained where I was, death was certain, I determined to make a desperate effort to escape. There was a little wind, which blew the smoke in the direction of the back of the hut; the natives, as I knew by their cries, were assembled in the front.

"I determined to attempt my escape by the back window, hoping that the smoke in that direction would serve to conceal my exit at the moment of getting out of the window, when my position would be defenceless. I hastily tore down my barricade of logs, and jumped through the opening into the smoke. I was almost suffocated, but, with my gun in my hand, I dashed through it.

"For the moment I was not perceived; but the natives soon got sight of me, and a volley of spears around me, one of which struck me in the back, but dropped out again, proclaimed that they were in chase. I kept on running as long as I could towards a tree that was in the middle of the little plain over which I was passing, intending to make that my fighting place, by setting my back to it, and so to protect myself in the rear.

"The spears flew around me and near me, but I reached the tree, and instantly turning round, I fired among the advancing natives. This checked them, for they were now becoming afraid of my formidable weapon, and seeing that I stood resolute and prepared for them, they retreated to some distance; but they continued to throw some spears, most of which fell short, and kept up a shouting and yelling in a frightful manner, capering and dancing about in a sort of frenzy,—ferocious to get at me, but kept at bay by my terrible gun.

"My blood was now up! I was excited to a pitch of joyful exultation by my escape from the burning hut, and I felt that courage of excitement which almost prompted me to rush on my enemies, and to bring the matter to an issue by a bodily conflict with my broadsword. But prudence prevailed; and I placed my hope and my dependence on my trusty gun, which had already done me such good service.

"Taking advantage of the temporary inaction of the natives, I felt for my powder-horn, to reload the barrel which I had discharged. To my

unspeakable horror and disappointment, it was missing! I searched every pocket in vain! I had laid it on the table in the hut, and there I had left it! To recover it was impossible, as the hut was all in flames, and while I gazed on the burning mass, a dull report and a burst of sparks from the building made known to me that the powder had become ignited, and was lost to me for ever!

"In my agony of mind at this discovery, my hair seemed to bristle up; and the sweat ran down my forehead and obscured my sight! I now felt that nothing but a miracle could save me; but the love of life increasing in proportion to the danger of losing it, I once more summoned up my failing energies for a last effort. I had three barrels loaded; one in my fowling-piece and two in my pistols; I had also my broadsword, but that would not avail me against their spears.

"If I could hold out till night, I thought I might be able then to elude my savage enemies, as the natives have a fear of moving about at night, believing that in the darkness an evil spirit roams about, seeking to do them mischief, and who then has power over them. Casting my eyes upwards to the branches of the trees under which I was standing, I observed that it was easy to climb, and there appeared to me indications of a hollow in the trunk between the principal branches, which migh serve me for a place of shelter till the night should enable me, under the cover of its darkness, to escape from my pursuers.

"I formed my plan on the instant, and without losing a moment I slung my gun behind me, and, catching hold of a branch within reach, I clambered up. The natives, who were watching my motions, renewed their shouts and yells at this manœuvre, and rushed towards the tree in a body.

"I scrambled as fast as I could to the fork of the tree, and found to my infinite relief that my anticipation was right; there was a hollow large enough to admit my whole body, and effectually to shield me from the spears of the savages. As my foot reached the bottom, it encountered some soft body, which I quickly learnt was an opossum, the owner of the habitation, which asserted its rights by a sharp attack on the calf of my leg with teeth and claws: I was not in a humour to argue the matter with my new assailant, so with my thick bush shoes I trampled the creature down into a jelly, though it left its remembrances on my torn flesh, which smarted not a little. When I recovered my breath, I listened to ascertain the motions of my enemies outside.

"They had ceased their yells, and there was a dead silence, so that I could hear my own quick breathing within the trunk of the tree. 'What are they about?' thought I. While I mentally ejaculated this thought, I felt an agitation of the tree, from which I guessed that some venturous savage was climbing up to attack me in my retreat. I cautiously raised myself up to look around me, but the appearance of my hat above the hole was the signal for half-a-dozen spears, three of which passed through it, one of them grazing the scalp of my head. 'That plan will not do,' thought I; 'I must keep close.'

"As I crouched myself down, I thought I heard a breathing above me. I looked up, and beheld the hideous visage of one of the savages glaring on me with his white eyeballs, which exhibited a ferocious sort of exultation. He had his waddie in his hand, which he slowly raised, to give me a pat on the head, thinking that he had me quite safe, like an opossum in its hole. 'You're mistaken, my beauty,' thought I; 'I'm not done for yet.' Drawing out one of my pistols from my pocket, which was rather a matter of difficulty in my confined position, I fired. The ball crashed through his face and skull, and I heard his dead body fall heavily to the ground.

"A yell of fear and rage arose from his black companions. I took advantage of the opportunity, and raised myself up so as to look about me,

but their threatening spears soon drove me back to my retreat. There was now another pause and a dead silence; and I flattered myself with the hope that the savages, having been so frequently baffled, and having suffered so much in their attacks, would now retire. But the death and the wounds of their comrades, it appears, only whetted their rage, and stimulated them to fresh endeavours; and the cunning devices of that devilish savage Musqueeto were turned in a new and more fatal direction.

"As I lay in my retreat, I heard a sound as if heavy materials were being dragged towards the tree. I ventured to peep out, and beheld the savages busy in piling dead wood round the trunk, with the intention, as I immediately surmised, of setting fire to it, and of burning me in my hole.

"My conjectures were presently verified. I saw emerging from the wood one of their females, bearing the lighted fire-sticks which the natives always carry with them in their journeys. I looked on these preparations as a neglected but not indifferent spectator, the natives disregarding my appearance above the opening, and waiting with a sort of savage patience for the sure destruction which they were preparing for me.

"The native women approached with the fire, and the natives, forming a circle round the tree, performed a dance of death as a prelude to my sacrifice. I was tempted to fire on them; but I did not like to part with my last two shots, except in an extremity even greater than this.

"In the meantime the natives continued their dance, seeming to enjoy the interval between me and death, like the epicure who delays his attack on the delicious feast before him, that he may the longer enjoy the exciting pleasure of anticipation. Presently, however, their death-song broke out into loud cries of fury; they applied the fire to the faggots, and as the blaze increased, they danced and yelled round the tree in a complete delirium of rage and exultation.

"The fire burned up!—the smoke ascended! I already felt the horrid sensation of being stifled by the thick atmosphere of smoke before the flames encompassed me. In this extremity, I determined, at least, to inflict some vengeance on my savage persecutors.

"I scrambled up from my hiding-place, and crawled as far as I could on one of the branches which was most free from the suffocating smoke and heat, and fired the remaining barrel of my fowling-piece at the yelling wretches, which I then hurled at their heads. I did the same with my remaining pistol, when, to my amazement, I heard the reports of other guns; but whether they were the echoes of my own, or that my failing senses deceived me, I know not, for the smoke and flames now mastered me. Stifled and scorched, I remember only falling from the branch of the tree, which was not high, to the ground, when my senses left me.

"I was roused from my trance of death by copious deluges of water, and I heard a voice which was familiar to me exclaiming,—

"'Well, if this is not enough to disgust a man with this horrid country, I don't know what he would have more! For years and years I have been preaching to him that nothing good could come of this wretched den of bush-rangers and natives, and now, you see, the evil is come at last!'

"I opened my eyes at these words. It was the voice of Crabb, whom heaven had directed with a party of friends to this spot to deliver me! Overcome with the intensity of my emotions, racked with pain, and sick from the very fulness of joy at my escape from death, I uttered a piercing cry of mingled pain and delight, and fainted!"

*Sacred Poems, from Subjects in the Old Testament.* By JOHN EDMUND READE, author of "Italy," &c.

It is always with mingled feelings of respect and admiration that we open Mr. Reade's volumes, and always with an increase of these feelings that we close them. His mind is eminently of the calibre best fitted to take in great objects, and the loftiness of his theme is well responded to by the chaste dignity of his style. He never trifles with prettinesses, never substitutes sound for sense, never pauses on his way to listen to the jingle of a rhyme, never loiters on idle ground, sunning himself in sunbeams, and disporting among the flowers of a fruitless fancy, never stays to gather up the tinsel of meretricious ornament, never loiters on in smiling idleness—with him all is sterling: his dignity is above passion; his power equal to all that he undertakes; and he who can grapple with great things may well disdain to elaborate trifles. It may be that he labours less for the present than the future, at least, though attested by a present reputation, it is one which we augur will augment and not decline. He does not write to meet a fashion, he writes to fit his subject, and this is always chosen from among the lofty things of mind or of revelation. The majesty of his verse would be outraged, were it made to wait in vassalage on an inferior theme. The machinery of the poet's own mind will not work for the production of trivialities. It is a great power, and must be worthily employed.

And what can more eminently exemplify all this than the opening poem of this collection—The Creation?—what sublimity, what wonder, lie in such a contemplation! Poetry can aspire to no higher office than the celebration of these mysteries, and the genius of our author luxuriates among them. He approaches his subject as one reverential, though empowered: not deprecatory and fearfully, but with the consciousness of strength, as if he knew that the prophet's mantle rested on his shoulders. There is all the dignity of mental rank both in the choice and in the attitude of approach. We have been much struck with this opening poem; we will not say that it is like Milton, because there is no shade, either intentional or unintentional, of imitativeness in any of Mr. Reade's works; but we will say, that Milton's fame might have rested on such a production. The conception is as vast as the execution is powerful. There is perfect majesty in this portraying of the "Creation."

I.

"Infinite Life filled all space which was, Being
Boundless and fathomless: an ocean
Circling around the One ineffable,
Who in life's centre doth for ever dwell.
Worlds, mote-like, floated through the void;
Wheeling in ordered course, or onward fleeing,
In everlasting motion:
Sand-grains, or formed, or forming, or destroyed;
Leaves, clustering, massed, or scattered from the tree,
Whose root and branches were Infinity.

II.

"One atom from among the infinite,
Rolled on—a leaf among the wilderness:

Darkness above its brow sate motionless:
The starry hosts around it, calm and bright,
Moved on in galaxies of flashing light:
All opened silently their living eyes:
A silence fell through mighty harmonies,
Even by each world its path revolving round,
Through the calm pulseless measureless profound—
The depths of ether yielding without sound.

III.

That solitary world rolled on unformed;
No energy its inner being warmed;
Dark 'midst the myriad lights it wandered on,
That bursting into life around it shone.
The fiat came
From the Ineffable—the Central One;
Nor heard, nor seen, in thunder nor in flame.
His eye watched o'er that earth;
His moving Spirit o'er its waters stirred:
Creation was—and answered to the word.
From his enthroned height,
The sun revealed the visible command,
Stamped on his brow by the Almighty hand—
"Let there be light!"

IV.

Darkness no more above Earth's forehead dwelt,
But followed her vast presence as she moved
In her gyrations round that Fire
Whose open face she loved;
Whose warmth, and rays, and life she did respire:
Drawn nearer, yet repelled, she felt
By influence that her will controlled;
Yea, fixed her while she rolled,
To circle round that orb eternally,
Imaging in her path Infinity.
Then, around, above, beneath her,
Floated in waves the luminiferous ether;
Aërial Ocean! ever vibrating
Beneath that Sun, its ever-gushing spring.

V.

Then rose the mists, Earth's vital breath,
And circled round her brow a cloudy wreath,
Veiling the central Light's too ardent eye;
While, as the heat expanded through her veins,
Life's articulating voice,
Calling on life to rejoice,
Burst forth in simultaneous melody,
Borne from that temple in their earliest strains;—
The first sounds of the living trees essaying
Their voices to the wind;
The choirs of the brooks that rushed along,
Venting their wild delight in hasty song!
The more majestic streams their course delaying,
Dwelling upon the beauty they reflected,
Too soon in their far paths to leave behind

The solemn whisperings of the waiting woods.
The o'ershadowed flowers, by their sweet breath detected;
The silence of the mountain's gazing,
Their voices heard among them, raising
Their bald brows 'midst the storm of solitudes,
The diapason of the mighty sea;
The moving image of the Deity;
Mirror of peace, and purity, and love,
And of the starry heavens above;
Coursing and going forth alone,
Communing from its depths with the Unknown.
Or, with the winds and clouds abroad,
Glossing the brows perturbed of the LORD;
Yea, even his voice of thunders on the shore,
Heaving its mighty waters rolling evermore!

VI.

Then rose the light bird upon air, and hung
Upon its lighter wing;
The pard from forth the thicket sprung,
The lithe roe bounded to the hill;
The weaker to the rock or herbage clung,
The heavier brute moved torpid on the ground:
While the leviathan at will,
Rolled in the immeasurable blue profound.
The infinite temple of the world was full:
Its floors with flowers, like star-wreaths, crowned;
Its walls, the rocks; its pillars, the green trees;
Where the birds hymned their choral melodies;
Its organ-pipe, the ocean's sound;
Its vault, the over canopying heaven:
Unfolded was the flower-like Beautiful,
Even as a common gift to Nature given,
The hum of Life's infinitude
Ascended to the sun and open air,
Nor ceased until the day was done;
Till, as the face of GOD, the setting sun
Saw that the beautiful was good,
And shed a blessing there,
Until the stars peered through the gloom,
Like angels' wakeful eyes,
Watching above the sanctities
Of Life reposing on her tomb.

VII.

But the voice to lead the quire,
But the spirit to aspire
Beyond the shows of things was not;
The Altar of the Earth was raised,
The Sun's real fire around it blazed;
Material life was wrought:
Instinctive Body moving without will!
All did their ends of life fulfil;
But the hierophant, the priest
Of Nature's sacramental feast,
Was uncreated still!
Then was the closing mystery done;
The crowning of the work begun:
Reared from the elemental mould,
GOD's living temple in man manifold;

Within his mighty heart the shrine:
The infinite spirit of his thought
From the breath of Godhead caught,
The vision and the unity divine;
Then, while the conscious life within him ran,
While looking upward to the sky
With a free and joyous eye,
While the fear of One above
Had melted into faith and love,
His earliest song of gratitude began.'

This specimen speaks for itself; it needs no eulogy from our pen. Of the sacred pieces which follow, we think we can say nothing stronger than that they are worthy of their subjects. When Mr. Reade does not devote his meditations to Deity, he bestows them upon Nature—beautiful mistress, worthy of a poet's passion! and right fitting to be the officiating priestess at the altar of Him who made her, teaching to men His worship. The poet's musings are vast indeed, comprehending a universe of mind, of thought, of feeling, of imagination. In reading we feel the whole to be enlarged and ample in its scope, and yet we pause over lines of exquisite beauty, which shine out as stars in the poetic firmament.

Holding Mr. Reade in such estimation as we have here had the pleasure of expressing, we regret that we are obliged to conclude with a regret; it is, that we may not soon look for a repetition of the like gratification. Mr. Reade does not intend to appear before the world again, as an author, for some years.

---

*The Life and Times of John Reuchlin, or Capnion, the Father of the German Reformation.* By FRANCIS BARHAM, Esq., Editor of the "Hebrew and English Bible," "Collier's Ecclesiastical History," &c.

That men are not seldom the instruments of working the Divine will, themselves being the while unconscious that they are so doing, is often strongly manifest in the survey which we are so frequently enabled to take backwards over their career, when having accomplished their appointed task, they stand prominently out in the page of history, as having been made subservient to some great end, in which the welfare of their fellow-men has been deeply involved; and though thus but used as instruments in an Almighty hand, yet, from being associated with what is great and powerful, their memory henceforth stands in the light of the high results to which they have been made subservient. We believe that most of the great purposes which have issued in revolutionizing society at different periods, so far from being contemplated to any thing more than a fraction of their full extent, have been peculiarly led them to by the workings of Providence; that not man, but his Maker, has ruled, manifesting and exercising his high prerogative of reigning governor of the world. Thus Luther, whose fiery zeal fitted him well to stand undismayed amid the thunders of the Vatican, certainly, at the outset of his career, did not anticipate that he was on his march as a moral conqueror for the emancipation of kingdoms from superstitious usurpation. His way opened

before him as he travelled on; but at the starting-point he knew not whither he was bound, and still less that he was appointed to a lofty championship in the cause of truth. In a greater or less degree we believe that this is true of all men. We arrive at certain stages of life's journey, and, looking back, feel that we have had a guide; that we are, least of all, where we intended to be; and that, happily, we are rather in the way of Providence than in our own.

And this is undoubtedly very prominently the case with Reuchlin, whose life is now before us. Gentle, if not timorous, by constitution, he was yet carried out into scenes of strife and tumult, and, while a lover of peace, was yet made to buckle on the panoply of war. Hurried into that which was least consistent with his nature, he became a moral warrior even against his will. And his weapons were unwonted ones, they were those of the linguist and the scholar. While Reuchlin was poring over languages, he was, in truth, buckling on his armour. Whilst he filled his mind with ancient lore, he was storing ammunition. Strange that, in his college seclusion, the scholar should thus be accomplishing himself in arts which so extraordinarily fitted him to act the religious champion. Little did the student in his retirement think that Greek and Hebrew would impel him into the ranks of the Reformers.

And yet true it was that these studies, prosecuted in solitude and silence by the dim religious gleam of a college lamp, drew Reuchlin forth into the broad blaze of the world's light, and hurried him into the midst of the world's warfare. We cannot trace the steps which led him thither, but they are deeply interesting to the inquiring mind, and this "Life and Times of Reuchlin" shows the progressive steps of the man battling for truth. Whether or not the title of "Father of the German Reformation," be or be not too strong, we will not pause to investigate: certainly the labours and the contests in which the student was engaged, his right interpretation of sacred literature, cleared and opened a fair field for the standard of truth to be erected in, and we who have enjoyed the emancipation of spirit bestowed upon us by the Reformation, may well laud the names of the first crusaders. And be it never forgotten that the first blows aimed at some consolidated structure, which time hath but the more cemented and established—the first blows, however faint and feeble, are still the boldest and the bravest. It is easy enough for multitudes to follow where one high spirit has led the way; the track of one footstep across the desert may guide an army, but what shall lead the leader, and what point out *his* way? There is, indeed, giant strength in that mind which is the first to strike at religious superstition, and Reuchlin undoubtedly deserves this honour, since he was among the earliest of the Reformers.

The disputes of learning are not usually interesting to the lookers on, but here their effects and their results magnify their importance, and the mode of the recital, clear and lucid, makes the narrative as agreeable as we are bound to consider it important. Mr. Barham's learning and research peculiarly fitted him for this task, and we fully believe that there does not exist an historian more capable of grasping and delineating his subject and its contingencies to their fullest extent.

His fitness for the task was the best guarantee for its due performance, and he has acquitted himself in a manner that will make his work as agreeable as it is valuable.

We extract an interesting survey of the apparently accidental but providential cause which drew Reuchlin out as a leader of the Reformation.

"The occasion of the dispute was a baptized Jew,—Pfefferkorn, a man of much arrogance, excessive vanity and ambition, who ceased to respect truth and justice as soon as they opposed his passions. He had deceived those of his own religion by many frauds, and was therefore compelled to escape from their prosecutions by going over to Christianity in 1503 or 1504, in his thirty-sixth year. His neighbours, who could not respect him, and the religion he had left, now became the objects of his revengeful hatred. The assurance of his friends that his conversion was from true conviction and inward turning of heart, is generally contradicted by the whole of his subsequent action, and especially by his unchristian conduct towards his former brethren in the faith, in which a desire of vengeance continually transpires. His knowledge of Hebrew, though but very scanty, was to furnish an opportunity for his revengeful scheme. To this end he first tried to obtain favour and protection from the Dominicans, flattering them by the hope of the conversion o. his former fellow-believers, which must have had some weight with that Order, who were anxious to make proselytes for their credit's sake. After his change many works appeared in pursuance of this end: his Judenspiegel; his work 'Der Juden Beichte,' in which he treats first of the preparation for Jewish confession, then of the manner of it, of the absolution of the Jews, of the great injury of those who deal with them; thence he warns Christian princes against them, and gives the reason why many, though inclined to Christianity, still remain Jews; then he treats of their paschal feast: and he likewise wrote a work entitled the 'Jews' Enemy,'—which writings have all the same tendency. In them he endeavours to represent the Jews as more dangerous than the devil, as bloodhounds whom it is a Christian duty to persecute, to deprive of property, children, and books,—to pray to God for a judicial punishment upon them, and to condemn those who protect them as worse than the Jews themselves. But not content with having written against the Jews, and advised their persecution, Pfefferkorn wished to set an example by carrying it into execution in concert with the Colognese. They petitioned the Emperor Maximilian for an inquisition against the Jews and their blasphemous books, and manifested sentiments and language as hateful as those afterwards contained in the epistle of Pfefferkorn to Pope Leo.

"The emperor, whose sentiments did not coincide with these doctrines, as he afterwards showed, suffered himself to be induced, after many intrigues, to issue from his camp at Padua, August 19, 1509, a mandate, requiring that all Jewish books injurious or insulting to Christianity should be sought for and destroyed by the preachers and magistrates of every place. Pfefferkorn was the organ through which the matter was carried on with the emperor, and was naturally appointed executor of the mandate. With this authority Pfefferkorn now came to Reuchlin at Stuttgard, and required that he should travel with him to the Rhine, and support him in this business. Many believe that mere cunning and enmity induced Pfefferkorn to make this requisition, in order to disgrace the reputation of Reuchlin, and to place the humane temper, for which he was generally known, in an unfavourable light: but there is scarcely any reason to be found for this hatred to Reuchlin; for he had not yet opposed, but, on the contrary, was in friendly intercourse with the Colognese as advocate of the Dominicans. It is more probable that Pfefferkorn wished

for the concurrence of a learned man so generally respected, to give greater weight and dignity to his transactions; and yet more, since Reuchlin, being acquainted with the Jews' language, would have confirmed the decision of the Cologuese against the Jews, by participating in it. This requisition was however revolting to the honourable man; he saw through the whole plan as well as through Pfefferkorn, and therefore declined his request under pretence of pressing business, yet did not neglect to exhort him to an amicable, not rash, but gentle arbitration in the affair, wrote out, at his request, on a sheet of paper, some deficiencies in the imperial mandate, and took leave courteously.

"Pfefferkorn met every where, even from the ambiguity of the mandate, with the greatest resistance, partly among the magistracy, partly among the ecclesiastics, and found himself compelled to beg for a new mandate, by which he might have power to destroy all Jewish books except the Bible. The emperor, who would not act hastily, as he was not acquainted with the case, committed it to the archbishop Uriel of Mentz, and through him issued a mandate to the universities of Cologne, Mentz, Erfurth, Heidelberg, and to individuals acquainted with the Hebrew language—Reuchlin, Hochstraten, and the priest Victor of Korb, to investigate this matter. Reuchlin received from the archbishop the mandate of the emperor, and enclosed with it his letter to the archbishop, with the command to give his opinion, whether it was right and beneficial to Christianity to destroy the books in use among the Jews concerning the writings of Moses, the Prophets, and the Psalms?"

---

### *Poems, by* VIATOR.

The world's appreciation of an author's talents is best proved by the demand for his works, and in the instance before us it is with pleasure that we find our own estimation of Viator correspondently reciprocated by the public. We have before taken occasion to point out the peculiar features of this poet's mind, and those peculiarities are quite as strongly marked in the additional poems which are now presented to us as in those previous ones, on which we founded our own opinion, and which have obtained for the author his present reputation. In many of these poems Viator follows his subject; is gay, airy, fanciful, or tender, according to his theme; and we hold this to be a rare faculty, this throwing the mind and its powers into the service and expression of the poetic sovereign of the moment: but in others of these tuneful efforts there is a character of originality which has asserted his full potency: in the midst of lines of serious description, we are startled with some sudden flash of wit, which gleams across the eyes like lightning over the horseman's path;—it strikes the more for its unexpectedness. In this province of his fancy, instead of assimilating with his subject, he seems to take a wayward pleasure in making his subject subservient to his own spirit, and the originality that results is a marked feature in his writings. We will instance this peculiarity by a few stanzas from a merry romance, entitled, "Sir Guion de Broke."

"Sir Guion de Broke was a terrible knight,
With a host of retainers he rode to the fight:
How he harried the enemy's border!
A customer awkward was he for a foe,
The work was soon done—'twas a word and a blow;
There was no one could keep him in order.

His steed and his harness were both black as jet,
On the top of his casque was a sable plume set,
That seemed nodding to every beholder;
Harsh and loud was his voice, and his brain rather dim;
As a face carved in brass, his visage was grim;
He might have been thirty, or older.

Now tremor and fear shook the knees of the best,
As he pricked o'er the plain with his lance in his rest:
They thought it extremely unpleasant
To engage hand to hand with this terrible knight,
And be mown down by him like grass in the fight,
Or be spitted like partridge or pheasant.
* * * * *

Now the foemen sat at the council-board,
And talked of quelling this troublesome lord;
But they didn't know how to begin.
Among them was one who was rather a knave,
When it came to his turn an answer he gave—
'Why the thing is as easy as sin.'
* * * * *

'Sir Wizard! Sir Wizard! now this you must do;
You must bother Sir Guion and make him look blue,
Because he s the plague of one's life.
You must vex and torment him with glamour and spell,
But whatever is done, only mind it's done well—
You must palsy his arm in the strife.'
* * * * *

Master Ugo looked up, Master Ugo looked down,
And settled the folds of his magical gown,
As he smiled with a horrible grin;
'I'll palsy completely his arm in the strife—
By Jove he shall marry a TERMAGANT WIFE!
Thus Sir Guion we'll nicely take in.'

Sir Guion no more is a quarrelsome knight;
His retainers are idle, he stays from the fight;
Nor harries the enemies' border.
No longer an object of dread to his foes,
He shivers no lances, he deals no hard blows;
His WIFE keeps him strictly in order!"

The air of piquancy and spirit in this old ballad style of writing is very attractive, and is peculiarly the author's own. Viator is indeed among the poets, but he is alone among them.

---

*Switzerland; consisting of Twenty-seven Subjects and Descriptive Letterpress, Scenes, Incidents of Travel, and Picturesque Costumes, principally in the Bernese Oberland.* Drawn from Nature, and on Stone, by GEORGE BARNARD.

We never felt the incompetency of words to express colour and delineate form more forcibly than now, when, taking up our pen to speak of these exquisite views we would fain convey some faint reflection

of their effect upon our own page. Switzerland must certainly have been one of Nature's holiday works, rich as it is in picturesque variety. The grandeur of its glaciers and the sweetness of its sun-lit valleys, the majesty of its mountains, the loveliness of its lakes, with its ever-changing aspects of interest, render it one of the most attractive countries in Europe for the tourist: and if for the tourist, so also for the artist, and most eminently has Mr. Barnard proved it to be so. The views which he has here spread out before us are marked by taste in the selection, and power in the execution. They are *pictures* in the highest sense of the word. Some of these scenes depict grandeur reposing in sublimity; others the most felicitous contentment of nature. We consider Mr. Barnard peculiarly happy in the sort of shadowy rest which he has thrown over some of these scenes. He seems to us to possess great mastery in the use of his shade, over which there is a calmness, a quietness, and a repose, which are as poetry in his pictures; while others again seem bathed in a flood of light, more dazzling, if not more attractive. We have been greatly pleased, too, with the happy style in which he has introduced his figures, in their picturesque costume: the chaste tone of the surrounding scenery throws off the gaily-attired peasantry with singular effectiveness. The clear atmosphere seems actively to circulate round well-defined bodily objects, and we could almost imagine that light, that strange quality of matter, is shining through the paper. The variety in the subjects is also very marked, and the distinctive character of their treatment proves Mr. Barnard to be above all mannerism, that besetting sin of the artist. We have, indeed, for some time back looked upon Mr. Barnard as a rising man in the world of art: some of his pictures which we have had the pleasure of meeting with have been so rich in imaginativeness, so stamped by artistical skill, so exquisite in colouring, and so fine in pictorial effect, that we know that they need but to be seen to ensure him reputation. The patrons of the art ought to visit Mr. Barnard's *studio*, and enrich their own galleries with his productions. It is high time that England should be cured of the ophthalmia which induces blindness to the merits of the living, and, by way of compensation, heaps idolatry on the dead. In this instance, at least, we hope to see the artist enjoy the living fame which this work is well calculated to ensure him.

---

*The Influence of Aristocracies on the Revolutions of Nations; considered in relation to the present circumstances of the British Empire.* By James J. Macintire.

With the melancholy truth staring us in the face, that there is existing at this moment an amount of fearful destitution in our country, that beggary and starvation are goading and lashing on a vast number of our fellow-countrymen into a vortex of anarchy, violence, and rebellion, and that the actual ravening for bread is becoming a fierce impulse to the commission of crime; with this sad spectacle before our eyes, we say, we are ever willing to do our part in bringing before the responsible classes of the community (and fearfully responsible

they are) every fresh view of the sufferings of the people and their possible consequences, that the literature of the day presents. It may be that by smothering the complaining wail of destitution we also block up the sources of relief, when a timely listening might call power to its post of duty for the fructification of measures of philanthropy and justice. Therefore it is that, without pledging ourselves to any side, save that of humanity, we call the attention of our readers to works from every party which may be employed in placing the real distress of our labouring classes in its true light of suffering sorrow before our eyes, in the hope that being displayed in its various aspects a Christian legislature may be the more strongly stimulated to endeavour after remedial mitigation; and in this, as we think the path of our own duty, we shall take a brief view of the line of argument adopted by our author.

Mr. Macintire's position then is this—that *food is power*—and it is with pain that we make the admission—since this can only be fact where the necessities of existence elevate the corporeal above the intellectual man. That it is true of the world of lower animals which he has called upon to attest his correctness, cannot be doubted, but we see not how this could have established his argument, since the bodily faculties which are in common between us are *their* all, but *our* inferior part. Passing, however, from the brute creation, historical reminiscences and retrospective views of Rome, France, Spain, are elicited as illustrative examples. Returning to our own country, our author traces the influence of the aristocracy as the effect of those large grants of land which the Conqueror bestowed upon his followers, and deprecates the perpetuation of the system in the extensive colonial allotments which may ensure to future generations other climes positions of tantamount importance: from this he passes to an eulogistic consideration of the wiser democratic policy of North America in the distribution of her land, allotting to every man, on equitable conditions, a share proportionate to his family and means: then follows a consideration of the connexion between taxation and revolution, an exorbitant amount of the one leading directly to the other, and so conducting on to a fatal inference, he considers that England is at this moment in that state of fearful calm which so often precedes and is the harbinger of the most direful storms; that the lull doth but precede the tempest, and that the fearful silence of brooding desperation must soon be startled from its impassive quietude, and rouse England with the war-cry of Revolution—a consummation we devoutly hope an overruling Providence will yet avert.

A work of this class will of course be judged according to the different political views of the perusers. For our own part, we rejoice that the culture as well as the nature of the mind of its author has far better fitted his work for a refined and educated class than for that of the enthusiastic but unreasoning declaimer, since those who are capable of thinking and reasoning can never be made to think and reason too deeply or too much on points in which the well-being of their country and their countrymen are so deeply involved; while, on the other hand, lighting up the blaze of enthusiasm is little better than putting a match to gunpowder, ensuring the destruction of good as well as of evil,—and perhaps of a most disproportionate amount.

In noticing one of the minor points of social injury which calls aloud for reprehension and concealment, we entirely concur in Mr. Macintire's strictures on the abuse of educational benevolent foundations, and would be among the first to hail their restoration to their legitimate destination. We know of no more debasing feature in the character of the times than this tendency of the opulent to grasp at and appropriate positions and opportunities designed only for the indigent, and right glad should we be to see every foundation school founded and bequeathed to us by the piety and liberality of our ancestors expelling the sons of the better classes to yield their places to the really and truly "poor scholar." It is a shame in the comparatively wealthy to receive alms at all, much more those designed for the poor! A revolution in such things as these would be desirable indeed.

---

*The Christian Philosopher, or the Connexion of Science and Philosophy with Religion. Illustrated with Engravings.* By THOMAS DICK, LL.D., Author of the "Philosophy of Religion," &c. Eighth Edition, revised and enlarged.

It is pleasing to find such a work as this in its *eighth* edition. It is by such productions that the minds of our rising youth are to be formed and armed against the seductions of a false philosophy now, unhappily, everywhere abounding. There are enough specimens of wonderful skill and benevolent contrivance in this beautiful world to demonstrate the wisdom and goodness of its great Creator; and though men are but too prone to pass them by heedlessly, yet still they seem to stand as waiting to attract the attention and direct the mind to such reflections as they were beneficently intended to inspire. Dr. Dick, whose works are so advantageously known to the public, has greatly improved the present edition of his "Christian Philosopher," by the addition of many new facts and additional illustrations. Had we space, we would have presented our readers with some specimens of his happy and lucid manner of pointing through earth, air, and sea, to the manifestations of divine power and goodness; but we shall do better by directing attention to the work itself, as one which any parent may feel happy in having it in his power to present to his family.

---

*A Voice from the Vintages, on the force of Example, addressed to those who think and feel.* By the author of "The Women of England."

Mrs. Ellis, whose pen has been so often and so beneficially employed in conveying important lessons, has in the volume before us engaged in the discussion of the temperance question. She first considers the peculiarities of intemperance as a vice; and secondly, as it operates upon individual character. She then investigates the claims of moderation, and of total abstinence, for the latter of which she pleads, and for its adoption offers various encouragements. The great benefits which have resulted in many instances from total abstinence, should

make every well wisher to his species careful not to impede the progress of so benevolent an object. Whatever views, therefore, physicians may have taught us to entertain in our own case, we cannot but wish well to a system which has rescued so many thousands of our fellow creatures from one of the most degrading and destructive of vices.

---

*A Visit to the East, comprising Germany and the Danube, Constantinople, Asia Minor, Egypt, and Idumea.* By the Rev. HENRY FORMBY, M.A.

Since the application of steam to the propulsion of our vehicles by land or water, distance, as measured by time, has been so far annihilated, that a tour of years has become one of months, and books of travels are no longer what they once were, matters of rare and extraordinary occurrence. Nor is it less observable that our travellers themselves appear to have their mental perceptions accelerated in a somewhat corresponding ratio. The author of the work before us exclaims indeed, "Alas! that steam and romance should have no congeniality!" but then he presently disclaims the verbatim manner of setting down all he meets with, and prepares his reader for an account of his Danube Voyage upon quite a different plan. Whatever may be thought of this in the abstract, Mr. Formby's readers will in the present instance be the gainers by it, for it has enabled him to bring into a very moderate compass a vast deal of information, much of which, if not new, will at least have the air of novelty, as coming through a new channel. There is, however, considerable interest in the work; and as an actual tour over so many countries, mixed with much personal adventure and agreeable remark, we are pleased in recommending it as an instructive and portable volume. The illustrations, for the most part engraved from the author's own sketches, are highly creditable.

---

*A Review of the Administration of the Board of National Education in Ireland, from its Establishment in* 1831 *to* 1843; *with Suggestions for its Improved Administration.* By DURHAM DUNLOP, Esq. M.R.I.A.

The vital importance of education for Ireland needs not a word of proof: her wasted energies, her fearful privations, and her alarming disorganization, speak with trumpet tongues for its necessity; at least to our understanding, convinced as we are that a physical would follow on a moral renovation, but cannot precede it, and that it is vain to look for one without the other. It is not of the existing population of Ireland that rational hopes can be fairly entertained, since with the adults the seed time is passed, and it were vain to look for the harvest; but it is for their children, if we have only the Christian policy to give them education, that we may fairly look with hope to see a rejoicing product from a labour which ought indeed to be one of love.

Thus feeling, we rejoice to call attention to the pamphlet now before us; and what though there seem severity in its probings, yet is the lancet of the physician a friendly one. It consists of a searching inquiry into the mode in which the National Board of Education in Ireland have performed their onerous duties; and we hold that they who have discharged their responsibilities with a single eye, may well rejoice at the investigation which brings their good deeds to light, whilst those who have proved themselves unprofitable servants *deserve* exposure. Human systems will ever be defective, more especially at their outsets, whilst measures are undertaken in the dark and on a venture; but when the officials act up to the best of an honest belief, and a well exercised judgment, no blame attaches to their imperfectibility; but when they hold in their hands an unrecognized responsibility, and suffer their faculties to contract the rust of indolence and indifference, then are they indeed unprofitable servants. The justice that arraigns may look like severity, but he who exercises it performs an act of patriotism. We look upon Mr. Dunlop to have done this. With all our sympathies open to the suffering condition of our unhappy sister kingdom, we always rejoice in an opportunity of bringing her claims before those who may be efficient in the consideration of means of redress; and thus feeling, we must say that this pamphlet deserves attention, should suggest inquiry, ought to stimulate investigation. Ignorance and abuses have assuredly crept in, when all should have been vigorous and clear-sighted. The large government grants have in fact done little in proportion to the efficiency which they should have commanded. Our limits will not allow us to enter diffusely on the question, but we shall rejoice at a wide circulation of the document; and we gladly make space for some of Mr. Dunlop's suggestive improvements in the Training System of the Teachers, fully concurring in that observation of Mr. Colquhoun before the Lords' Committee on Education, that "*in all cases the master is the school.*"

"The main defect in the course of instruction, pursued in the Training Department of the Board, is its discordant comprehensiveness—not being at all adapted to the time allowed for training, and having no reference whatever to the capacity or previous acquirements of the teachers.

"The comprehensiveness of the course is such as to demand, at least, two years' diligent study for the teachers to attain the requisite proficiency. The truth of this will be manifested by a reference to the synopsis of lectures, published in page 17, *et seq.* Yet the time allowed by the Board for the teachers to go through such an extensive course is just *four months!*

"Ridiculous as this is, however, the method of training is infinitely more absurd. Some sixty or eighty teachers are brought up to Dublin at a time, from various parts of the country, and are all subjected to the same course of lecturing. A matter of primary consideration is entirely overlooked—their proper *classification.* They are all strapped and harnessed together—all obliged to go through the same hot-pressed process, and are all turned out, at the end of four months, as *trained teachers!*

"It requires little argument to prove that a course of well-digested Normal instruction ought to have especial reference to the capacity of the teachers, and the extent of rudimental knowledge they possess. It is utterly impracticable to carry out with effect any sound practical system

of training, unless it be based on the principle of classification, for the plain reason that you cannot get classes all possessing the same capacity for acquiring knowledge—the same habits of diligence, and the same extent of information. Unless the principle of classification is adopted, and the nature of the instruction meted out according to the measure of the capacity and standing of the teachers, all efforts effectually to train them—especially in the short period of four months—must prove, if not entirely, at least in a great degree abortive. Yet this salutary principle is wholly overlooked by the Board. The teachers are all huddled together in one class—the professors lecture to them all indiscriminately, and thus time and opportunity are sacrificed—money squandered, and effectual training caricatured!

"In point of *discipline*, too, the administration of the Training Department is most defective. The teachers reside at Glasnevin, three miles from Dublin. They are marched into town each morning, and attend one professor for one hour on five days in the week, and another for one hour on four days in the week. They attend also, during a portion of each day, in the Model Schools, professedly for the purpose of being educated in the art of teaching, and are marched out again to Glasnevin in the evening, when they are drilled by the Agriculturist. Thus their time is uselessly consumed—their minds distracted by a discordant multiplicity of subjects—systematic training is discarded, and it is impossible to enforce a proper system of intellectual or moral discipline. The professors cannot do so, because the teachers are actually under their care only *nine hours* in the week—they cannot, therefore, exercise that vigilant control over habits, and wholesome direction over study, which well-ordered discipline necessarily implies.

"Discipline cannot be efficaciously enforced, if it be relaxed and partial. General superintendence is not discipline. Meeting the teachers in the morning, when they arrive from Glasnevin, and marshalling them again in the afternoon, when they return, is not discipline. What is required is constant and watchful intercourse—not the unproductive intercourse which results from a few hours' lecturing in the week. On the contrary, intellectual and moral discipline ought to be enforced—the one by a strict adherence to a systematic course of well-digested instruction—the other by the force not of precept alone, but of continuous example.

"Thus then we sum up briefly the principal defects in the Training Department of the board:—

"1. The course of instruction is not at all adapted or designed to raise up such a class of Elementary Teachers as the wants of Ireland demand.

"2. The extreme disproportion between the comprehensiveness of the course—to attain proficiency in which would require at least *two years'* diligent study—and the time allowed by the Board for the teachers to remain in training—which is only *four months*.

"3. The total absence of all classification in training.

"4. The non-enforcement of a proper system of mental and moral discipline.

"These defects naturally suggest their remedies. We are quite aware that the Board's apologists have sought to palliate the great imperfections of the Training Department, by dwelling on 'the unavoidable necessity of the Board's employing such masters and mistresses as Ireland afforded, until measures could be organized for procuring a proper supply of competent teachers.'

"This might have served as a reasonable excuse in '35, or even in '37; but such an apology is wholly inadmissible in 1843, when the Board should have completed the proper organization of its Training Department. If it was ever intended to organize it, eleven years surely was time sufficient to allow for that purpose, and yet, after the expenditure of nearly half a million of money, and eleven years of valuable time, we find the Training Department in the wretchedly imperfect state we have described."

*The Countinghouse Manual.* By "CALCULATOR."

The Countinghouse Manual presents a comprehensive, though simple system of practical bookkeeping, from which every tradesman may select what is most suited for his own particular business; we know of no better formula from which to prepare a return for the income tax, nor one by which every man may know at all times whether he is living on his capital, or profits derived from trade.

The author gives his very simple method for calculating interest at five per cent., from which he deduces all other rates. The rule is, "Take half of the principal above the unit figure, count it for pounds; if one remains, reckon it ten, to which add the unit figure for shillings; thus the interest on 37,531*l.* is 1,876*l.* 11*s.*" While his work was in the press he discovered what he candidly acknowledges to be a better plan (we believe it to be Lord Brougham's method). The rule is, "Multiply the given number of pounds by twice the rate per cent. Take the unit for the pence, and the remaining figures are the shillings. Thus 83*l.* at two per cent. is multiplied by four, which makes 33,2, that is, 33*s.* 2*d.*; this plan is so concise, that it must be valuable in calculating commissions, brokerage, &c., progressing as it does with unerring certainty from 1-8th per cent. *ad infinitum.*

---

*History of the Hawaian or Sandwich Islands, embracing their Antiquities, Mythology, Legends, Discovery by Europeans in the Sixteenth Century, Re-discovery by Cook, with their Civil, Religious, and Political History, from the Earliest Traditionary Period to the Present Time.* By JAMES JACKSON JARVES, Member of the American Oriental Society.

There is always something intensely interesting in watching the gradual developement of civilization in any country, and we know of none of the little green spots of earth rising out of the bosom of the ocean for the habitations of man where this is more true than of the Sandwich Islands. Considered as bearing upon the interests of France, England, and America, these islands are of vast political importance, yet to the eye of the philanthropist and the philosopher, they furnish other material of abundant speculation and contemplation, and the history which the American traveller and author, Mr. James Jackson Jarves, has here given us, is as really interesting in its arrangement and management as in its material. Writing from personal observation, we have a faithful description from the best means of its attainment, since no hearsay evidence can equal that of the bodily organs; and while the present is displayed in the colours of existing truth, the past has been narrowly investigated to furnish its own history. Thus Mr. Jarves has produced a really capable and interesting work, into which is crowded a vast mass of information, of which perhaps the most important feature is the theology of the land, though its domestic usages might seem to rival such a preference. We make room for an interesting extract of one of the last grand ceremonials of heathenism.

"On the 26th of the same month, his majesty held his annual festival in celebration of the death of Kamehameha I. On this occasion he provided a dinner in a rural bower, for two hundred individuals. The missionaries and all respectable foreigners were present; and the dresses were an improvement upon the costume of the preceding year. Black was the court colour, and every individual was required to be clothed in its sombre hue. Kamamalu appeared greatly to advantage. The company were all liberally provided for by her attentions, and even a party of sailors, to the number of two hundred, who were looking on with wistful eyes, were served with refreshments. While at the table, a procession of four hundred natives appeared in single file, clad in white, and deposited their taxes at the feet of the king. The festival was prolonged for several days, and was concluded by a procession in honour of his five queens. Its ceremonies were striking and interesting: the more so as being the last national exhibition of their more ancient customs, combined with the splendour derived from commerce, and arranged by their taste. Kamamalu was the most conspicuous personage in the ranks. She was seated in a whale-boat, placed upon a frame of wicker-work, borne on the shoulders of seventy men. The boat and the platform, which was thirty feet long by twelve wide, were overspread with costly broadcloth, relieved by the richest coloured and most beautiful samples of tapas. The carriers marched in a solid phalanx, the outer ranks of which wore a uniform of yellow and scarlet feather cloaks, and superb helmets of the same material. This queen's dress was a scarlet silk mantle, and a feather coronet. An immense Chinese umbrella, richly gilded and decorated with tassels and fringes of the same gaudy colour, supported by a chief, wearing a helmet, screened her from the sun. Kalaimoku and Naihe stood behind her on either quarter of the boat, both in *malos*, or girdles of scarlet-coloured silk, and lofty helmets. Each bore a *kahili*, the staff of royalty; these were nearly thirty feet high, the upper part being arranged so as to form a column or plume of scarlet feathers of a foot and a half in diameter, and from twelve to fourteen feet long; the handles were surrounded with alternate ivory and tortoiseshell rings, beautifully wrought and highly polished. A more magnificent insignia of rank, conveying at once the ideas of grandeur, state and beauty, as they towered and gracefully nodded above the multitude, was never devised by barbarians."

---

*Reform your Waltzing. The True Theory of the Rhenish or Spanish Waltz, and of the German Waltz à Deux Temps, Analysed and Explained for the First Time. The figure of* 8, *in both these Waltzes, on an entirely new principle.* By an Amateur.

We pass from the grave to the gay—it is a pleasant transition. Not but that our author is grave enough, but then it is on a gay subject. True it is that clumsy trifles are worse than clumsy substantialities, and perhaps for this reason, that the one is a voluntary, the other a requisite thing, and that the necessity of the deed not only excuses but warrants the mode of its doing. But waltzing is not an imperative thing, and therefore, if it be done at all, it ought to be well done, and to do it well we could find no possible adviser or instructor so capable as the "Amateur" in his little work before us. He tells us in his title-page, that "Waltzing is the art of a gentleman, and never yet was taught or understood by a dancing master," and so proceeds to define, to describe, to explain, to illustrate, and to make his 1, 2, 3, as a, b, c, as possible; and this he has done right well. We know not

whether taste and grace are actually things which may be learnt in the schools, but we do think that awkwardness and clumsiness are things which we may be taught to avoid, and if this be not the same thing, which we know it is not, they work something towards the same end—they make way for the presence of elegance by clearing the ground of awkwardness. All the varieties of the waltz are described in this little book, and those whose hearts are light enough to allow their heels to be so too, cannot do better than study the "Amateur."

---

*Photographic Manipulation; containing Simple and Practical Details of the Most Improved Processes of Photogenic Drawings, the Daguerrotype and Calotype. Illustrated with Cuts of the various Apparatus.*

The Photographic art, that really exquisite and beautiful wonder, by which the sun, as well as lighting all things upon earth, has been turned into its painter, actually pencilling with its own beams the loveliness which it both looks upon and displays—this exquisite art, in its different departments, has Mr. Palmer here proffered to the world in this little pamphlet, not only describing the results but the details of the process, and thus putting it into the power of the curious and ingenious to experiment upon it. For travellers we consider this triumph of modern days to possess the highest possible value. With but a trifling addition to their usual luggage, they may bring over calotype drawings of every interesting spot which they have passed through, taken with a rapidity that seems to mock at the ordinary medium of manipulation, and with an accuracy that distances any other agency. To those who wish to acquire competency in this delightful and valuable conjunction of art and science, we recommend this little work as supplying an able means.

---

*Palmer's Patent Glyphography; or Engraved Drawing.* Second Edition.

This very clever adaptation of electrotyping deserves to have its capabilities investigated. We think it likely to become highly useful in pictorial illustration, one of its strongest recommendations being that the artist's design in due time becomes transformed into the actual plate, and so vigour is not lost, and expense is saved; two points of merit which deserve to be noted. The second edition of this little pamphlet, which is in fact a prospectus furnished with specimens of Mr. Palmer's processes, proves that it is gaining ground in popular attention.

---

## NEW MUSIC.

*I Dreamt of the Hero who Conquered for us. A Song. The Poetry by* Mrs. Edward Thomas. *Dedicated, by special permission, to the Right Hon. the Earl of Wilton. The Music composed by* Charles Edward Horn.

Mrs. Edward Thomas, whose poetical productions have so often and so deservedly been welcomed by us, has here presented us with a happy thought in her happiest manner. The lines are musical, and the music is good. What more is necessary to render both popular?

JOHN WEIPPERT'S *Royal Highlanders, and Indian Quadrilles, and his celebrated Medley Country Dance.*—To such as are acquainted with Weippert's arrangement, little need be said; suffice, all that attention, sound judgment, and musician-like feeling could dictate, will be found in these pages; they are simply arranged, and within the compass of every juvenile performer; consequently their popularity is stamped.

We have before us a Portrait by Lynch, and lithographed by Day, of one MR. WHITE, who designates himself "*The Irish Melodist*," illustrator of Irish Minstrelsy, author of the Boudoir Lyrics. Here we have another specimen of grandiloquence—"The Irish Melodist." We would modestly ask this superseder of Carolan, Connallon, Lyons, O'Caghan, with numerous others, if he ever wrote an Irish melody, or if he purposes the following—"*When Youth's bright days are o'er*"—"*Oh! tell me not of those Bright Days*"—and, "*Come away, Love?*" If these are specimens of Irish melody, we know nothing of the matter, for more contemptible specimens of bardic melody never disgraced a nation; besides, who, professing a grain of modesty, would pompously style himself the melodist of a country. Did Rossini, the founder of a school, assert himself the melodist of Italy? Did Beethoven, the greatest writer of the world, did he trample upon the heads of his compeers, and vauntingly put himself forth the melodist of a country? Why even Moore, and Bunting, who both spent their lives in collecting and arranging the bardic songs of their country, even these labourers would blush to hear themselves named by the side of bards whose dulcet strains ornament the country from John O'Groats to the Land's End. This bombastic assumption may serve to gull the Americans, but with Englishmen and manners a little less puff is required.

---

## LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

A third edition of Dr. Macpherson's "NARRATIVE OF THE WAR IN CHINA" is in the press, and will be shortly ready. This edition will comprise additions recently transmitted, and illustrative plates, one of which is a portrait of the Doctor, in the costume of a Chinese Mandarin. Dr. Macpherson's narrative appears to be highly estimated at the scene of action, which is, perhaps, one of the best reasons for its being similarly received in England.

Our readers will doubtless remember the animated Naval Sketches which appeared in our pages, descriptive of important scenes in the history of Nelson. These Sketches were written by Lieut. Parsons, R.N., who now commands one of the North American mail steamers. At the urgent request of many of his friends, he has revised and printed them in a separate volume, under the title of "NELSONIAN REMINISCENCES—LEAVES FROM MEMORY'S LOG. The volume is just ready, though not in time for our present reviews. We intend ourselves the pleasure of referring to it in our next number.

A new Drama is in the press, of which report speaks highly, entitled, "THE EARL OF LEICESTER."

"THE MEMOIR OF DR. CARTWRIGHT," the inventor of the power loom, is, we understand, nearly completed.

A Satirical Poem, from the pen of a gentleman, is in the press, entitled "Monomania," which ably ridicules the idea of men of eccentric notions being incapable of incurring the guilt attached to the commission of serious crimes.

"THE BURGOMASTER OF BERLIN," from the German of Haring, is proceeding.

The author of "POEMS BY VIATOR" has made some additions to his interesting work, of which we have had the pleasure to speak in our review department.

A new edition of that elegant and popular work, "THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS," is nearly ready.

---

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Amnesty, or the Duke of Alba in Flanders, an Historical Novel. By C. F. Ellerman. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21*s.*
Friend or Foe, a Novel. By Miss E. Pickering. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*
Rose of Woodlee. By Maria Bainbridge. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*
Marmaduke Wyvil, or the Maid's Revenge. By the Author of "Oliver Cromwell." 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*
Rambles in the Isle of Wight, during the Summers of 1841 and 1842. By John Gwilliam. 12mo. 6*s.*
The Pictorial History of the Jews and Natural History of the Holy Land. By John Kitto. With 500 engravings on wood. 1 vol. imperial 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
The Progress of the Nation. By G. R. Porter, Esq. 3 vols. 1*l.* 4*s.*
Ben Bradshawe, the Man without a Head. A Novel, in 3 vols. Post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
Agnes De Tracy, a Tale of the Times of St. Thomas of Canterbury. By the Rev. J. M. Neale. Fc. 8vo. 4*s.*
The Foil, an Historical Poem. By Robert Hughman. 12mo. 5*s.*
A Diary of the Times of Charles the Second, by the Hon. Henry Sidney. Edited, with Notes, by R. W. Blencowe, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 28*s.*
King Eric and the Outlaws. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*
Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry. By W. Carleton, with illustrations by Phiz, &c. Vol. I. 8vo. 14*s.*
King Henry the Second, an Historical Drama. By the Author of Essays written during Intervals of Business. 12mo. 6*s.*
Poems. By H. H. Methuen, Esq., B.A. Fcap. 8vo. 4*s.* 6*d.*
Legendary Rhymes, and other Poems. By Mary Anne E. Charnock. Fc. 8vo. 6*s.* 6*d.*
Tales of the Colonies, or the Adventures of an Emigrant. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*
The Charcoal Burner, or the Ruins in the Black Forest. Square, 2*s.* 6*d.*
The History of Etruria, Part 1. By Mrs. Hamilton Gray. Post 8vo. 12*s.*
The Closing Events of the Campaign in China. By Capt. G. G. Loch. Post 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.*
Steam Voyages on the Seine, the Moselle, and the Rhine. By M. J. Quin. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21*s.*
Memoirs of the Marquis of Pombal. By J. Smith, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 21*s.*
The History of Gustavus Vasa. Royal 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.*
Poems, by A. J. B. Hope, Foolscap 8vo. 3*s.*

---

## MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

**Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.**

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

| 1843. | Range of Ther. | Range of Barom. | Prevailing Winds. | Rain in Inches | Prevailing Weather. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| May | | | | | |
| 23 | 41-61 | 29,64-29,65 | E.b.S.&N.E. | ,05 | Morning generally clear, afternoon showery. |
| 24 | 50-62 | 29,48-29,54 | S. & S. b. W. | ,47 | Rain with thr. & lightg. in mng., sunsh. in aftern. |
| 25 | 45-62 | 29.55-29,66 | S. by W. | ,15 | Generally clear. |
| 26 | 42-60 | 29,66 29,52 | S. b. W & S. | | Generally cloudy; afternoon showery. |
| 27 | 44 61 | 29 52-29,42 | S. by W. | ,245 | Showery. |
| 28 | 42-63 | 29,48 29 73 | S.W. & N. | ,2 | Showery; distant thun. at 3 P.M., evng. cloudy. |
| 29 | 41 53 | 29 83 29,95 | E.b.N.&E.bS | ,1 | Raining gen. during morng., aftern. gen. clear. |
| 30 | 32 60 | 30,00 29,96 | S.by W. | ,075 | Morning and evening clear, afternoon showery. |
| 31 | 40-64 | 29,82-29,78 | S.W. | | Morng. cloudy, showery, noon, aftern. sunsh. at [times. |
| June | | | | | |
| 1 | 54-65 | 29,65-29,53 | S.W. & S. | ,1 | Morning showery, otherwise generally clear. |
| 2 | 51-63 | 29,32-29,25 | E. by S. &·S. | ,15 | Mng. rainy.; sunn. in the aft.; evng. showery. |
| 3 | 51 63 | 29.41-29,53 | South. | | Generally cloudy; sun at times. |
| 4 | 43 63 | 29.59-29,64 | E. by S. & S. | | Morning clear; light showers afternoon. |
| 5 | 38-57 | 29,72-29,74 | S. & S. by E. | | Sunsh. at times during morning, aftern. showery. |
| 6 | 38-57 | 29,74-29,81 | Eb.N.&NW. | ,1 | Morn. cloudy, showery from 10 A.M., to 4 P.M. |
| 7 | 42 57 | 29,84-29 70 | S.W. | ,085 | Cloudy; showers afternoon. |
| 8 | 48-62 | 29,41-29,29 | S. & S. W. | ,315 | Rain early in morn. otherwise cloudy & boist- |
| 9 | 50-61 | 29,37-29,58 | S. by W. | ,075 | Showery. [terous. |
| 10 | 49-64 | 29.69-29,86 | W.&W.byN. | | Do. |
| 11 | 48-64 | 29,97-stady. | N. W. & N. | ,12 | Morn. cloudy, suns. about noon, even. showery. |
| 12 | 47-57 | 29,95-29,92 | N. & N. b. E. | ,03 | Morning showery, aftern. and even. gen. clear. |
| 13 | 47-55 | 29,80-29,75 | North. | ,045 | Misling rain generally during the day. |
| 14 | 53-64 | 29,85-29 92 | N. by E. | ,2 | Morning cloudy, raining generally after noon. |
| 15 | 55-69 | 29,94-29,93 | N.E. | | Generally clear. |
| 16 | 48-69 | 29,90-stady. | N.E. | | Clear. |
| 17 | 46-72 | 29,95-29,96 | N.E. | | Do. generally. |
| 18 | 50-72 | 29,90-29,83 | N.E. | | Morning cloudy; otherwise clear. |
| 19 | 50-58 | 29,80-29 89 | N.E. | | Generally cloudy. |
| 20 | 49-55 | 30,00-30,10 | N.E. | | Do. |
| 21 | 46 72 | 30,09-30,00 | S.W. | | Clear till the evening. |
| 22 | 51-72 | 29,99-stady. | N.W. &N.E. | | Generally clear. |

*Edmonton.* CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

## THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

WE regret to be obliged to state that there has been little improvement in our manufacturing interests since our last notice. The Colonial market has flagged, in consequence of the felt want of a money medium. The unfavourable reports respecting the probable harvest have had the effect of keeping the wheat market firm, and at the same time of enhancing the value of free foreign corn. In sugar the demand remains firm. In coffee the prices are fairly sustained. In tea, although the market has been somewhat dull, yet fair prices have been realized. Other things appear to us as nearly stationary.

MONEY MARKET.—The season having been so unusually wet has had the effect of casting some gloom over the prospect of the approaching harvest, and this, added to the political state of excitement in Ireland, and the religious differences in Scotland, have operated unfavourably on the Stock Exchange. The supposition having prevailed that without some favourable change in the weather, English money must be exchanged for foreign grain. The Consul speculators have become extremely cautious in their measures, the doubt prevailing whether these securities will retain even their present prices, and this apprehension has had the effect of inducing holders to throw their capital into other descriptions of securities. The present settled state of the weather will, however, have a speedy effect on the state of the Money Market.

## PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

### On Tuesday, 27th of June.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 180.—India Stock, 262 one half.—Consols for Opening, 94 one half.—Three per Cents. Reduced, 93 one eighth.—Three and a Half per Cents. Reduced, 101 three fourths.—Exchequer Bills, 500*l.* 1*l.*d. 50*s.* 48*s.* pr.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Dutch Two and Half per Cent., 54 five eighths.—Spanish Three per Cent. 27 three fourths.—Spanish Five per Cents. Account, 28 one fourth.—Mexican Stock, Account, 26 five eighths.—Brazilian Bonds, 1829 and 1839, New, 66 one half.

---

## BANKRUPTS.

### From May 23 to June 23, 1843, inclusive.

*May* 23.—C. and T. Cooper, Strood, Kent, fellmongers.—C. Altazin, Conduit-street, Hanover-square, upholsterer.—J. Jones, Stafford, bookseller.—T. Price, Liverpool, baker.—T. and E. Williams, Liverpool, linen drapers.—J. Lambert, Leeds, cloth merchant.—S. and B. Musgrave, Leeds, dyers.

*May* 26.—J. Oliver and J. York, Stony Stratford, bankers.—W. Copper, Reading, grocer.—E. Conden, Milton-street, Dorset-square, builder.—J. Shickle, Attleborough, Norfolk, corn dealer.—G. Bloor, Wharf-road, City-road, coal merchant.—J. Barnes, Commercial-place, Commercial-road, Middlesex, engineer.—J. Haigh, Huddersfield, manufacturer of worsted and cotton goods.—J. Fletcher, T. Fletcher, and S. Denniston, Elland, Yorkshire, woollen manufacturers.—D. Thomas, Newport, Monmouthshire, grocer.—R. Ellis, St. Issells, Pembrokeshire, draper.—J. Clark and G. Clarke, Market Harborough, carpet and rug manufacturers.—H. Elvins, Warwick, innkeeper.—H. Denalloe, Bridport, grocer.—H. Crabtree and J. Moore, Dewsbury, carpet manufacturers.—J. Dent, Burnley, Lancashire, grocer.—F. M. Luckman, Broughton, Manchester, linen draper.—C. T. Dunlevie, Liverpool, corn factor.—J. Lutas, Liscard, Cheshire, coal dealer.—W. Henderson, North Shields, pipe manufacturer.

*May* 30.—J. O. Palmer, Bold-street, Liverpool, music-seller.—H. W. Blackburn, Bradford, woolstapler.—J. Gibbs, St. Sidwell, Exeter, tailor.—J., G., and H. Allen, Birmingham, drapers.—C. Robson, Shotley-bridge, Durham, miller.

*June* 2.—T. Creeke, Cambridge, tailor.—G. Gaston, Basingstoke, Hants, ironmonger.—J. Webster, Sheffield, news proprietor.—W. A. Whinfield, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, draper.—E. Dicken, Tycock, Denbighshire, grocer.—J. Johnson, Anston, Yorkshire, miller.—J. Jackson, Patrington, Yorkshire, innkeeper.—J. R. Atkinson, Calstor, Lincolnshire, wine and spirit merchant.—E. Leyshon, Cardiff, auctioneer.—J. Glass, Devizes, coal merchant.—R. Mansfield, Liverpool, coal dealer.—H. S. Humphreys, Llansilin, Denbighshire, surgeon.

*June* 6.—J. Wilmore, Stockport, pawnbroker.—J. Ryan, Stockport, surgeon.—T. Stripling, Colchester, coachmaker.—T. Waller, Preston, brewer.—J. N. George, Upper Berkeley-street, Marylebone, bookseller.—J. W. Carleton, Upper George-street, Bryanston-square, bookseller.—G. Tattersall, Noble-street, London, hosier.—F. Singleton, Kingston, Jamaica, merchant.—W. Slade, Bridport, boot and shoe maker.—W. Densem, Bath, tailor.—W. Reynolds and J. T. Fairbank, Sheffield, Yorkshire, builders.

*June* 9.—J. M. Mallan, Ludgate-hill, dentist.—J. Grieve, Nicholas-lane, Lombard-street, engraver.—J. Dewe, Broad street, Oxford, bookseller.—J. Clarke, R. Mitchel, J. Philips, and T. Smith, Leicester, bankers.—W. Musgrave, Leeds, dyer.—J. Brearley, Leeds, victualler.—W. Exley, Manchester, boot and shoe maker.—T. Marrian, Sheffield, common brewer.

*June* 13.—J. Oliver, J. York, and R. Harrison, Tipton, Staffordshire, coal and iron masters.—J. and R. Dewe, Oxford, booksellers.—J. W. Sumner, Reading, builder.—J. Pilgrim, Church street, Shoreditch, dealer in earthenware.—W. Bloxam, Duke-street, Grosvenor-square, apothecary.—J. Dewhurst, Preston, provision dealer.—J. Carver, Dawley-green, Salop, joiner.—R. Lloyd, Liverpool, licensed victualler.

*June* 16.—G. Chapman, Aylesbury, grocer. D. Black, J. A. Gore, and Robert Taylor, Sambrook-court, City, merchants.—J. Burton, Sheffield, butcher.—J. Stoodley, Bridport, twine manufacturer.—T. Lampen, Devonport, linen draper.—E. Farmer, Wellington, Shropshire, tea dealer.—W. Hall, Birmingham, shoe maker.—G. Leeson, Birmingham, factor.—J. L. Dobson, Kidderminster, carpet manufacturer.—J. Donnelly, Liverpool, merchant.—W. Haskins, Bitton, Gloucestershire, grocer.

*June* 20.—J. Watkins, Exmouth-street, Clerkenwell, draper.—C. States, Southampton, hotel keeper.—F. Markby, Peterborough, brewer.—C. Clark, Tower street, Westminster-road, baker.—S. Napper, Stamford-street, Blackfriars, general dealer.—J. L. Gray, Jermyn-street, St. James's, tailor.—R. Burton, Wood-street, Cheapside, silk warehouseman.—J. Rowe, Blandford-street, Marylebone, ironmonger.—A. Carter, Lower Thames-street, ship broker.—J. Atkins, Birmingham, jeweller.—W. Cooke, Bradford, worsted spinner.—G. W. Travis, Sheffield, joiner.—R. Boulton, Farmanby, Yorkshire, innkeeper.—R. Waddington, Boston, Yorkshire, grocer.—T. W. Daville, Sheffield, stag scale cutter.—J. Frost, Bristol, baker.—J. Harford and W. W. Davies, Bristol, iron masters.—T. Huxley, Tunstall, Staffordshire, tailor.—J. L. Bennett, Shiffnal, Shropshire, chemist.—R. Price, Waterloo, Lancashire, coal dealer.—R. Brown, Sunderland, butcher.—E. and T. Oldham, Chalford, Gloucestershire, builders.—W. C. Buchanan, Dursley, Gloucestershire, money scrivener.

*June* 23.—J. Mee, Wellingborough, Northamptonshire, baker.—T. Hobbs, Nettlebed, Oxfordshire, potter.—A. Elam, Oxford-street, and H. Elam, Beast-market, Huddersfield, surgical instrument makers.—J. Baylis, jun., and J. Baylis, Gutter-lane, Cheapside, crape manufacturers.—G. Jackson, Hertford, upholsterer.—H. Leigh and J. L. Becker, Manchester, calico printers.—I. Ward, Devizes, house decorator.—J. Garsed, Elland, Yorkshire, cloth dresser.—J. Brown, Liverpool, broker.

## NEW PATENTS.

J. Stewart, of Gloucester-crescent, Gloucester-gate, St. Pancras, Pianoforte Maker, and T. Lambert, of Albany-street, St. Pancras, Pianoforte Maker, for improvements in the action of pianofortes. April 29th, 6 months.

M. Poole, of Lincoln's-inn, Gentleman, for improvements in making decoctions of coffee and other matters. April 29th, 6 months. Communication.

J. Hesford, of Great Bolton, Millwright, for improvements in the manufacture of certain Bowls or Rolls. May 2nd, 6 months.

J. Longmore, of Regent-street, Kennington, Silversmith, for certain improvements in pens, penholders, and pencil-cases, part of which improvements are applicable to other useful purposes. May 4th, 6 months.

E. Morewood, of Thornbridge, Merchant, and G. Rogers, of Chelsea, Gentleman, for improved processes for coating metals. May 4th, 6 months.

F. Daniell, of Camborne, Cornwall, Assay-master and Analytical Chemist, and T. Hutchinson, of Rosewarne, in the same county, for certain methods of obtaining or manufacturing lime from a substance or substances, not hitherto made use of for that purpose. May 4th, 6 months.

J. Turnbull, of Holywell Mount, Shoreditch, Card Maker, for improvements in the manufacture of horse-shoes. May 6th, 6 months.

J. Roos, of Wednesbury, Stafford, for an improvement or improvements in the mode or method of manufacturing welded iron tubes. May 9th, 2 months.

W. E. Newton, of Chancery-lane, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in the construction of boxes for the axles or axletrees of locomotive engines and carriages, and for the bearings or journals of machinery in general, and also improvements in oiling or lubricating the same. May 15th, 6 months. Communication.

J. Tappen, of Fitzroy-square, Gentleman, for certain improvements in machinery for preparing and spinning hemp, and such other fibrous materials as the same is applicable to. May 15th, 6 months. Communication.

R. A. Kennedy, of Manchester, Cotton-spinner, for certain improvements in machinery for grinding and sharpening cards used in carding cotton or other fibrous material. May 15th, 6 months.

J. L. R. Kettle, of Upper Seymour-street, Portman-square, Esq., and W. Prosser, jun., of Shaftesbury-terrace, Pimlico, Gentleman, for improvements in the construction of roads and in carriages to run thereon. May 16th, 6 months.

J. Burch, of the City road, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery for printing on cotton, silk, woollen, paper, oil-cloth, and other fabrics and materials, and certain apparatus to be used in preparing the moulds and casting surfaces for printing, and for certain modes of preparing surfaces previous to the design being delineated upon them. May 16th, 6 months.

W. Mills, of No. 3, Foster-lane, Glove-manufacturer, for improvements in fastenings for gloves and other wearing apparel, and in the mode of attaching the same. May 16th, 6 months.

J. Thompson, of Albury, near Guildford, Doctor of Medicine, for certain improvements in bedsteads and couches for invalids. May 16th, 6 months.

J. Mazzini, of King's-road, Chelsea, Gentleman, for improvements in typographical printing, combining the advantages of moveable types with the stereotype process, by substituting for distribution a special font for each new work by means of a pneumatic machine for casting, and a uniplane machine for composing. May 16th, 6 months.

J. W. Walter, of Stoke-under-Ham, Somerset, Glove-manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of gloves. May 16th, 6 months.

R. Walker, jun., of Glasgow, Merchant, for certain improvements in propelling ships and boats. May 18th, 6 months.

C. M. E. Sautter, of Austin Friars, Gentleman, for improvements in the manufacture of borax. May 22nd, 6 months.

C. Nickels, of York-road, Lambeth, Gentleman, for improvements in the manufacture of fabrics made by lace machinery. May 22nd, 6 months.

A. Poole, of Mornington-place, Camberwell New Road, Surrey, for improvements in drying malt and grain. May 25th, 6 months.

H. Austin, of Hatton-garden, Civil Engineer, for improvements in wood pavements, floorings, and veneers. May 25th, 6 months.

G. Johnson, of Tottenham, Tallow Chandler, for improvements in the manufacture of candles. May 25th, 6 months.

J. Nisbett, of Elm-street, Long-lane, Bermondsey, Engineer, for improvements in preparing hides and skins in the manufacture of certain descriptions of leather. May 25th, 6 months.

S. Beadon, of Hope Corner, Taunton, Somerset, for improvements in apparatus for regulating the inclination of vessels for the purpose of drawing off liquids contained therein, in the construction of casks and such like vessels, and in the means of drawing off liquids, part of which improvements are applicable for regulating the inclination of looking-glasses, and other articles. May 25th, 6 months. Communication.

M. Poole, of Lincoln's-inn, Gentleman, for improvements in the deposition of certain metals, and in apparatus connected therewith. May 25th, 6 months. Communication.

J. Gillett, of Brailes, in the county of Warwick, Farmer, for an improved machine or apparatus for cutting or boring ricks. May 25th, 6 months.

J. B. Gibson, of Nantwich, Chester, Esquire, for certain improvements in the manufacture of salt. May 25th, 6 months.

E. Galloway, of Seymour-street, Euston-square, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in the machinery for propelling ships and other vessels. May 25th, 6 months.

A. Bain, of Oxford-street, Mechanist, for certain improvements in producing and regulating electric currents, and improvements in electric time-pieces, and in electric printing, and signal telegraphs. May 27th, 6 months.

R. H. Billiter, of Maze-pond, Southwark, Oil Merchant, for improvements in filtering oils. May 27th, 2 months.

A. Hill, of the Slad Parsonage, Stroud, Gloucester, Clerk, for an improved shower bath. May 27th, 2 months.

## HISTORICAL REGISTER.

House of Lords.—May 26.—Nothing of importance.

May 27.—No House.

May 29.—No House.

May 30.—The Earl of Clarendon moved the second reading of the Northampton and Peterborough Railway Bill, when, after two divisions, the second reading was ordered to stand over till Thursday.—A long debate arose on the dismissal of Lord French. The Marquis of Clanricarde moved, that an humble address to her Majesty, that the letter addressed to Lord French from the Lord Chancellor of Ireland be laid before the House, which was agreed to.

May 31.—The Royal Assent was given by commission to the Registration of Voters' Bill, the Testimony in the Colonies Bill, the Queen's Bench Offices Bill, the St. James's (Westminster) Improvement Bill, the Turnpike Roads (Ireland) Bill, the Brighton Railroad Act Amendment Bill, the North-Eastern Railroad Act Amendment Bill, the Presteign Waterworks Bill, and the Brentford Improvements Bill.

June 1.—The Earl of Ripon presented, by order of her Majesty, treaties concluded with the Ameers of Scinde.—Lord Brougham laid on the table a Bill, the object of which was to introduce into the law of England a proceeding long known in Scotland for the security of property. It was what was called a declaratory act, by which a person in possession of an estate, and dreading lest he might hereafter be disturbed in the absence, by death or otherwise, of evidence to support his title, or where a person, not in possession, was wishing to obtain possession, should have an opportunity of procuring a declaratory decision of a court of law and of equity, setting forth all the circumstances of his case, for the purpose of settling at once, and for ever, his title: the Bill was read a first time.—The Earl of Clarendon moved the second reading of the Northampton and Peterborough Railway Bill. The House divided, when the numbers were, for the second reading, 52; against it, 51.—The

Earl of Aberdeen brought forward a Bill respecting the admission of ministers to benefices in Scotland. The nature of the measure was not entered upon, as it was postponed until the second reading. The Bill was read a first time. The House adjourned for the Whitsuntide holidays.

June 9.—The King of Hanover, who had previously taken the oaths, took his seat on the ministerial bench.—The Lord Chancellor read a message from the Queen, on the intended marriage of the Princess Augusta Caroline, eldest daughter of the Duke of Cambridge, with the Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburgh Strelitz.—A debate on the state of Ireland took place.

June 10.—No House.

June 12.—Nothing of importance.

June 13.—Lord Campbell moved for a return of copies of any letters written by the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, or by the Lord Chancellor's direction, with regard to the dismissal of any magistrates from the commission of the peace since the 1st of May, 1843, with a list of those magistrates who had been superseded. Motion agreed to.—The Duke of Wellington moved an answer of thanks to her Majesty for the message relating to the Princess Augusta's marriage.—The Earl of Aberdeen moved the second reading of the Scotch Church Bill, which, after a long debate, passed through a second reading.

June 14 —No House.

June 15.—Lord Monteagle moved for the following papers:—"A copy of the instrument appointing the present Archdeacon of Armagh; and a copy of any orders or acts of Privy Council in Ireland, for disuniting the parishes forming the Archdeaconry of Armagh; also copies of any memorials or letters which may have been addressed to the Irish Government on the subject of the severance of the union of parishes forming the Archdeaconry of Armagh, and of the answer thereto; and also, return of any union of parishes in Ireland disunited under 3 William IV., c. 37, s. 124." The motion was agreed to.—The Canada Wheat (Importation) Bill was read a first time.

June 16.—Nothing of importance.

June 17.—No House.

June 19.—The Charitable Loan and Deposit Bill was read a second time.—The Millbank Penitentiary Bill was read a third time, and passed.—The Apprehension of Offenders' Bill was read a second time.—The Assessed Taxes Bill was read a second time.

June 20.—No House.

June 21.—No House.

June 22.—The Princess Augusta's Annuity Bill was read a first time.—The House went into Committee on the Church of Scotland Benefices Bill.

June 23.—The Princess Augusta's Annuity Bill was read a second time.—The Roman Catholic Oath (Ireland) Bill was read a second time.—The Assessed Taxes Bill was read a third time, and passed.

House of Commons.—May 26.—On the motion of Lord Stanley, the order of the day for the House resolving itself into a Committee on the Canadian Corn Resolution was read, and the chairman proceeded to read the following portion of the resolution:—"That on the 12th day of October, 1842, an Act was passed by the Legislative Council and Legislative Assembly of the Province of Canada, and reserved by the Governor-general for the signification of her Majesty's pleasure, imposing a duty of three shillings sterling money of Great Britain on each imperial quarter of wheat imported into Canada, except from the United Kingdom or any of her Majesty's possessions; and being the growth and produce thereof. That the said act recites, that it was passed in the confident belief and expectation, that upon the imposition of a duty upon foreign wheat imported into the province, her Majesty would be graciously pleased to recommend to Parliament the removal or reduction of the duties on wheat and wheat flour imported into the said United Kingdom from Canada." A division of the committee took place, when the numbers were, for the motion, 94; against it, 203. Lord Worsley moved an amendment, when the committee again divided; for the amendment, 102; against it, 203. The House divided on the original resolutions, when there appeared for the original resolutions, 206; against them, 137.

May 27.—No House.

May 29.—On the order of the day being read, for the Report on the Importation of

Wheat from Canada, Mr. Greene brought up the Report. On the question that the resolutions be read a second time, Mr. Gibson proposed an amendment, which was rejected on a division, by a majority of 112; the resolutions were then read a second time.—On the motion of Sir J. Graham, the order of the day for the second reading of the Arms (Ireland) Bill was read; but after a long discussion, the debate was adjourned.

May 30.—The debate on the Arms (Ireland) Bill was resumed, which, after much discussion, was again adjourned.—Mr. Gladstone moved for a select committee to inquire into the state of the laws respecting Joint Stock Companies, (except for banking,) with a view to the greater security of the public, which was agreed to.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer obtained leave to bring in a bill to continue the composition for assessed taxes for a time to be limited, and to amend the act relative to assessed taxes.

May 31.—Very numerous petitions were presented against the Educational Clauses of the Factories' Bill; after which the Arms (Ireland) Bill was again resumed; when, after a very long debate, the House divided, when the numbers were, for the second reading, 270; against it, 105. Mr. S. O'Brien moved, as an amendment to the motion for committing the Bill, "that a Select Committee be appointed to inquire whether the condition of Ireland was such as to require statutory enactments different from those of Great Britain; and if so, to ascertain to what cause the difference of legislation was to be attributed." The motion was rejected without a division, and the Bill was ordered to be committed.

June 1.—No House.

June 2.—On the motion of Sir R. Peel, the Church Endowment Bill went through Committee *pro forma*, for the purpose of inserting some merely verbal amendments.—Sir R. Peel moved the second reading of the Canada Wheat Bill. Lord Worsley moved the second reading of the Bill that day six months; after a long debate, the House divided, when the numbers were, against Lord Worsley's amendment, 209; for it, 109.—The Copyholds and Customary Tenures Bill went through Committee. The House adjourned until the 8th of June.

June 9.—Numerous petitions were again presented against the Factory Education Bill. Many questions were asked on different subjects. The House went into Committee on the Canadian Wheat Bill, and the clauses of the bill were agreed to. Sir J. Graham moved the order of the day for the Committee on the Poor Law Relief (Ireland) Bill; the House then went into Committee.—The Pawnbrokers Trade (Ireland) Bill went through Committee, when several alterations were made.—Sir R. Peel read a Message from the Queen, giving her consent to the marriage of the Princess Augusta Caroline to the Grand Duke of Mecklenburgh Strelitz, and proposing that a suitable provision should be made for Her Royal Highness on the occasion.

June 10.—No House.

June 12.—The House resolved itself into a Committee of Ways and Means.

June 13.—The Aberdeen Harbour Bill was read a third time and passed.—Numerous petitions against the Factory Bill were presented.—Lord J. Russell proposed the whole House should go into Committee, in order to consider the present state of the laws affecting the importation of foreign corn, which gave rise to a long debate, ending in a division, when the numbers were, for the motion, 145; against it, 244.

June 14.—Sir R. Peel moved the order of the day for resuming the consideration of the Queen's message with respect to the annuity to her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta Caroline of Cambridge. The House went into Committee.—Mr. Hume moved—"That, in the opinion of this Committee, the ample allowance enjoyed out of the public revenue should have enabled the Duke of Cambridge to make provision for his children; and that it is neither wise nor just, in the present destitute state of the country, and in the deplorable state of the labouring classes especially, to propose to the House any grant for a dowry to her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta Caroline." The House divided on the amendment, when the numbers were, for it, 57; against it, 223.—The Salmon Fisheries Bill was read a second time.—The Coroners' Bill was read a second time.

June 15.—Sir J. Graham stated to the House that, on the best consideration which the government had been enabled to give to the subject, they had come to the conclusion that it would be most consistent with their public duty not to press the educational clauses of the Factories Bill during the present session.—The order of the day for bringing up the Report of the Committee on the Queen's Message respecting the Annuity to the Princess Augusta was read; the resolution was read a

third time, and a bill was ordered to be brought in by Sir R. Peel, Lord Stanley, and Sir J. Graham.—Sir R. Peel moved the third reading of the Canada Wheat Bill, on which the House divided, when the numbers were, for the third reading, 150; against it, 75. The bill was then read a third time and passed.—The Grand Jury Presentments (Ireland) Bill was read a second time.—The Roman Catholic Oaths (Ireland) Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Sugar Duties Bill was read a second time. The Copyhold and Customary Tenure Bill was read a third time.

June 16.—Sir R. Peel moved the second reading of the Princess Augusta's Annuity Bill; on the motion of Mr. Hume, that the Bill should be read that day six months, the House divided, when the numbers were, for the second reading, 141, against it, 37; the Bill was then read a second time.—The adjourned debate on the Arms (Ireland) Bill was resumed, which, after a long discussion, was again adjourned.

June 17.—No House.

June 19.—The debate on the Arms (Ireland) Bill was resumed, when the House divided on the motion that the Bill should be referred to a select committee; the numbers were, for the motion, 122; against it, 276.

June 20.—Mr. J. Wortley moved the second reading of the Townshend Peerage Bill, on which the House divided, when there appeared for the Bill, 153; against it, 49: the Bill was read a second time.—Mr. Hawes moved "That on Monday next the House do resolve itself into committee, to consider of an address to her Majesty, praying that her Majesty would be graciously pleased to advance to the claimants for losses sustained by the seizures of British ships and cargoes by the Danish government in 1807, the amount of their respective losses, as ascertained by the commissioners appointed for the investigation of Danish claims, and reported upon the 12th day of May 1840, and assuring her Majesty that this House will make good the same." The House divided on the motion, when it was lost by a majority of 15. —Mr. S. Crawford moved for leave to bring in a Bill to repeal the 1st of George I. stat. 2, cap. 38, for extending the duration of Parliament to seven years; a division took place, when the majority against the motion was 23.—Captain Berkeley, according to notice, called the attention of the House to the inexpediency and danger of employing the old class of 10-gun brigs under commanders, and re-establishing them as sloops of war in her Majesty's navy. The hon. member concluded a long speech by proposing the following resolution:—"That this House views with apprehension the re-employment of the old class of 10-gun brigs, with additional weight of stores and increased number of officers and men, as sloops of war, the experience of past years, and the lamentable loss of life, when employed even under more favourable circumstances, having proved them to be totally unfit for any such service. The motion was lost, on a division, by a majority of 34.—Lord Clements moved for a copy of the orders issued by her Majesty's government in 1831, and following years, for disbanding the yeomanry corps in Ireland; together with all correspondence between the government of that day and the officers of yeomanry, relative to the disbanding of the above corps; together with all correspondence between her Majesty's government and the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, respecting the reduction of the yeomanry force in Ireland, and the delivery of their arms. The previous question was moved as an amendment, and agreed to.

June 21.—The Princess Augusta's Annuity Bill was read a third time and passed. —The Scientific Societies Bill was read a second time.—Lord Worsley moved the second reading of the Commons Enclosure Bill. The House divided, when there appeared for the second reading, 64, against it, 4.—The Salmon Fisheries Bill was read a third time and passed.

June 22.—The House went into Committee on the Sugar Duties. Mr. Ewart moved that a uniform duty should be levied on foreign and colonial sugar. The Committee divided on the motion, when the numbers were, for it, 50, against it, 135. Mr. Hawes moved that the duty should be lowered to 34s. The Committee again divided, when there appeared, for the motion, 122, against it, 203.

June 23.—On the order of the day being read for going into Committee on the Irish Arms Bill, a very long debate arose, which ended in the House resolving itself into Committee. A division took place on one of the clauses, when the numbers were, for the postponement of the clause, 74, against it, 177. The Committee then adjourned.—The Woollen, &c. Manufactures Bill was read a second time. On the motion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the House went into Committee on the Excise Duties, when the resolution for the reduction of the duties on Irish spirits was agreed to.

THE

# METROPOLITAN.

AUGUST, 1843.

## LITERATURE.

### NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

*Rome, as it was under Paganism, and as it became under the Popes.*

The more we appreciate the talents of our author, the more are we constrained to regret that he has enlisted them under different banners: divided, and in so doing weakened himself. In this work he has marshalled two arrays, and instead of the strength of their combination and coalition, it seems to us that they stand with not only less than a moiety of their own strength, but with even those severed portions opposed to each other. With ourselves it is an axiom that fact and fiction can never amalgamate. There is no chemical affinity between them. Truth is ever immutable, unchangeable, firm-rooted, and must survive the universe: Imagination ever varying, flashing her prismatic lights with dazzling, lustrous, confusing splendour. She may, indeed, sometimes succeed in casting a momentary halo round the brow of the vicegerent of the Deity, but even this transient corruscation, so far from proving a crown of glory, may do little more than hide the imperial front from recognition. Better, far better is it that Truth should be left to her own lofty throne, her own even-handed sway. Truth, to observe the slightest infringement of her own laws would be a suicide, and who therefore cannot trench beyond the boundary line of her own monarchy by the fraction of a single hair's breadth; and that Imagination, to whom the same fixedness would be as a dungeon's doom of extinction, should still flash her iris wing wherever uncreated light casts a beam over the broad bosom of immensity.

So then, had the choice been left us, we would not have had our author study to serve two masters. The history of Imperial Rome, the World's Empress, the Queen of Cities, was enough and to spare, to command our interest. The world's wonder needed no artificial colouring to render her more striking—it could not enhance her claims; while toiling after her, Imagination seems dull and spiritless, like a captive in her chains. Had the author contented himself with the putting forth a purely historical work, he would have done well—well for his own credit, for his own fame; for he has proved himself master of real capabilities. His capacious mind has grasped his subject; his comprehension is expansive; his conceptions warm, rich, and glowing; his research extensive. These are admirable qualities; they are the metal from which imperishable history is made: nevertheless, we detect the alloy, and the true chink is wanting. We cannot rest upon the work as authority, because fiction mingles with its fact. Without a previous knowledge, the reader cannot find out the landmarks of verity, overspread as they continually are by the swelling surges of a billowy imagination. Had the author chosen to make his work one of grave history, it would have been rich and valuable, and in his survey of truth he would have stood upon higher ground: on the other hand, had he devoted his powers to fiction, the scenes into which he would so have carried us would have been gorgeous and costly; and in thus speaking we are anxious to do full and fair justice to our author's powers, for the test of criticism ought ever to prove and exalt merit, whilst it witnesses against the fictitious, the honest critic's labour being simply that preparatory to garnering in the grain—the separating the wheat from the chaff—too often, indeed, an ungainful and unprofitable process.

Perhaps neither in the range of the world's history, nor in the divisions of the world's surface, no era of time, and no section of its expansiveness, could be found so full of interest as that whereon Rome grew from infancy to meridian glory. The world's masters held in their grasp the world's riches. The seven-hilled city reared her majestic head as the right regal queen of the whole earth, and even now her breathless, pulseless, soulless body retains a loveliness greater than the living beauty of other reigning cities. Our author has drunk deeply of the enthusiasm which the contemplation excited. In saying that his descriptions are worthy of what he describes, we offer the highest commendation. To do this well and fitly proves something like correspondence of mind. We give a sample.

"Absorbed in thought upon these occurrences, he (St. Peter) turned aside from the great Appian thoroughfare, close to the tombs of the Horatii, and crossed the 'Via Latina,' in order to reach the Asinarian gate, which was comparatively unfrequented.

"Immediately within the walls, to the left, there stood a palace upon that gentle eminence called 'Cœli Montana,' of extent and aspect so imposing that it might have been mistaken for the abode of Cæsar; yet, it was to this edifice the lowly wayfarer directed his steps, without a moment's hesitation, for *it was the first he met.* The gates of bronze were flung wide open, and looked as burnished and stately as the portals of Olympus. The pilgrim ascended the marble flight which led to the platform in front of the portico, entered the vestibule meekly, but still with

the unhesitating tread of one who is conscious that his errand deserves a welcome; nor was he barred of entrance by the 'ostiarii,' or porters, who lounged about, nor did he pause himself until he came to the first 'atrium,' or grand reception hall.

"A hundred columns of jasper sustained its roof—a dome covered with lamina, or valves of gold inlaid with diamonds, and enamelled paintings, in the most exquisite manner of the Greeks. The frieze, rivalling that of the Parthenon in beauty, represented a triumph during the Marsic war. The wainscot round the walls—consisting of rare and beauteous marbles, the undulated Thasian, or Carystian, the vermiculated Phrygian, spotted with the blood of Atys—was trimmed with ivory and decorated with beautiful medallions and arabesques. In arcades behind the peristyle, were ranged, in chronological order, and in their official costumes, the images of consuls, ediles, tribunes of the people, censors—the long line of statesmen, patriots, and great captains, who had shed lustre on a house renowned, even in Rome, for its ancestral laurels. The tablinum was hung with portraits, some of them as old as the times of Fabius Pictor. For the most part, the images were inshrined in costly tabernacles overshadowed with trophies, and the lamps of purest gold that burned before them were tended as religiously as the fire of Vesta. In the centre of the hall, which was of a circular form, there was an altar to Jupiter Hospitalis, with no canopy above it but the heavens, expanding over the orifice in the dome like an awning of transparent azure; and from this there descended a flood of splendour that inundated the entire atrium—tinging its furniture and ornaments with the radiance of enchantment.

"The pilgrims continued to advance through galleries, saloons, and suites of stately apartments without end—a labyrinth of ever-increasing splendour, but they paused not to gaze or wonder at the strange magnificence. The entire palace was lighted up and decorated for some grand festivity, as if for the reception of a bride. Yet, there was no one to be seen, save now and then a slave, gliding, like a melancholy vision, over the noiseless pavement, to tend the lamps or scatter perfumes and sweet-scented leaves. The song of one handmaid, as she adjusted a lily in a garland, startled the venerable pilgrim as if it had been a parable:

> 'Thou, too, for thy bloom art cherished;
> But when that bloom hath perish'd,
> Thou, too, shalt be flung away.'

At last, the voluptuous swell of music came from a distance upon the ear; and, directed by the sound, the pilgrims came to the interior recesses of the palace, where lay the 'triclinium,' or hall of feast.

"It was a sumptuous hall, oblong in form, and divided, as to style of decoration and arrangement, into two unequal parts. The greater division was occupied by the guests, disposed upon couches, on that side only of the tables next the colonnades, so that the various attendants and ministers of the feast were free to move about on the centre space, extending from the cross table at the head, between the two lateral ones, down to the second or lesser division of the hall, occupied by the orchestra and the stage for jugglers, dancers, and pantomimes, who exhibited during the intervals of the long-protracted banquet. Taste the most refined directing the arts, then in the meridian of perfection, and ministered to by unbounded opulence, had exhausted every resource upon this sanctuary of indulgence. The ceilings that beamed with the effulgence of a golden firmament, glittering with starlike gems, were so contrived as to vary in aspect with the successive courses, and from them showers, as it were, of the most exhilarating and aromatic dews were made to distil upon the languishing voluptuaries. The hangings were of Tyrian purple. Flowers, in festoons, were suspended from the arcades and niches, where stood

Apollo, the Muses, Venus, Psyche, the Graces, and the quiver-armed god. Endless, in short, was the variety of scenes and emblems that had been conceived by poetic fancy to revel in that temple of delights; and triumphant art, as with a wand, had given them the very air and breath of life.

"The mosaic pavement, figured with the most grotesque devices, was scattered over with the soft powder of odorous wood, damped with saffron, vermilion, and other brilliant dyes. It glittered with filings of gold and the dust of the sparkling stone. The board of the feast, made of citron wood from the furthest confines of Mauritania, was supported on feet of ivory, and covered with a leaf or plateau of silver elegantly enchased. The couches, each of which accommodated three, were made of bronze overlaid with silver, gold, and tortoiseshell; the mattresses were of Gallic wool, dyed purple; the pillows and cushions of the softest down were covered with the priceless embroidery of Babylon.

"Abandoned to every effeminacy as they lolled upon these beds like so many deities on sun-lit clouds, the lordly voluptuaries were regaled with every dainty of air, earth, and ocean, while nymphlike and obsequious forms were stationed with fans and vases of perfume, or moved round the couches to sounds of soft melody with goblets of racy wine. Others burned incense, or placed fresh viands and flowers on the altars of the household deities, or fed with fragrant oil the lamps and candelabra that cast a mellow splendour over the entire scene.

"The strains of enchanting music which had guided the pilgrims from a distance, seemed to faint away and die in swanlike agonies, and all was still and breathless, as in a dream, when that venerable stranger and his disciple appeared upon the threshold of that hall of pleasure. Their eyes were downcast—and it was well—for ill would they have brooked to look upon mysteries of wantonness and unshadowed sin. The apostle lifted his hand as if in act to bless, saying, 'Peace be to this house!'—'And to all who dwell within it,' responded his disciple.

"Like the summer-sea when the tornado breathes upon it, the lord of the feast sprang up. He shook his hands, he shrieked in transports of fury at the messengers who had come with a great blessing to his house; and they seized them and they cast them forth.

"'O my divine Master! it is just!' said the venerable man, as he was lifted by his disciple from where they had left him for dead; 'it is meet and congruous, for *thou*, also, didst come to thy own, and thy own received thee not, but disowned and rejected thee with ignominious injuries. Why, therefore, should not thy unworthy vicegerent, on entering his own city, for the first time, be treated like thee with insult? But suffer not, O Lord, that our first benediction in this predestinated see and metropolis of thy kingdom, shall prove abortive! Yes, they have rejected thy peace,' he continued, after a moment's ecstasy, as he gazed upon the palace of Lateranus, (for Platius Lateranus was the lord of the palace and the feast,) 'and, therefore, that proud pile shall fall; but, upon its ruins shall rise the mother and the queen of a regenerated world!'

"St. Peter, the prince of the apostles, 'shook the dust from his feet,' and, with his meek disciple and amanuensis, St. Mark, pursued his way rejoicing."

All this is finely told; but there is in it that admixture of imagination with its truthfulness, which, whilst it is impossible to separate, makes it unsafe for dependence. We have already spoken of this combination as an error of judgment, but we are not without suspicion of a deeper meaning involved within its purposes. We imagine the work to have been written not only to trace the history of the Popes, but to advance their rule. It is not so much a glowing and energetic

history of Rome under its two great dominations, nor of an imaginative conception; it is rather an endeavour to advance Roman Catholic supremacy. Thus we have St. Peter founding the see of Rome, accompanied by St. Mark. We pause over the bold idea of bringing apostles down to the common walks of life, and making them figure in fiction. We would not, however, for a moment accuse our author of irreverence, because we at once feel that nothing could be further from his thoughts; on the contrary, he approaches the holy ground on which he has the temerity to tread with unshodden feet: all that we say is, that he should have bent his footsteps elsewhere. We object to hearing St. Peter talking like other men—engaging in conversation in which he is not distinguished from his every-day companions. In these our pages, we advisedly keep clear of all disputed ground; we leave these as open questions; but, as a matter of critical taste, we object to seeing the twice-ordained apostle brought into familiar contact with the crowd. We do not even speak of traditionary miracles: doubtless there were many puttings forth of power, innumerable energies of the Divine will for ever accompanying the paths of the apostles; and thus, though we have the most ardent of the servants of his Master raising the dead and doing wondrous things, we make no protest against their verity. We enter not into the dispute as to whether or not the most time-honoured of the twelve did or did not tread the great Appian Way. One doctrine was fulminated by all; no matter, then, who preached it at Rome. Protestant as well Roman Catholic may gaze with reverent love and soul-subduing pity on the faith and sufferings of the early fathers and martyrs of the church. Their memory is our common heritage, bequeathed to universal Christianity; *but*—and ah! for the pity of that *but*—that by this union of feeling we should be carried down a stream where we must needs struggle to divide. In our author's portraiture of Christianity in the first ages we might all agree, but as he brings down his history, we have no choice but to part company.

After all, the book is a strange one. Sometimes historical, sometimes ecclesiastical, sometimes theological, sometimes the history of Rome, sometimes the history of the Popes, sometimes a novel, sometimes an account of the martyrs. Good in every part, and only liable to censure for the admixture. Admirable abilities have been called into exercise for its production, and much pains and labour; and after every drawback has been allowed, there yet remains amply enough merit to recommend it to the world: we detract not from it.

---

*The Earl of Leicester; a Tragedy, in Five Acts.* By SAMUEL HEATH.

The romances of Sir Walter Scott are so essentially and powerfully dramatic in themselves, that scenes might be cut out with a pair of scissors from any one of them, and an effective piece for the stage be produced without the aid of a line from the playwright. An author, therefore, who founds his play on any of the productions of the great wizard of the north, exposes himself to what Mrs. Malaprop was wont to call "' odorous comparisons;" and, whatever may be his dramatic

powers, writes at a manifest disadvantage. In the present instance the writer is indebted for his plot entirely to Kenilworth, and has taken from it all his—or rather Sir Walter's characters. He marshals them, however, with great skill, and his dialogue is easy, flowing, and natural. One of the most effective and vigorous portions of the play is the third scene of the fifth act, and we but do justice to the author in giving it entire.

SCENE III.—*A State Apartment in the Castle.*

*The* QUEEN, *seated.*

*Queen.* He loves me! Yes! I am assured of that!
'Tis more myself he covets than a crown.
I love him, or I never man shall love:
Then why not marry? He's an able man,
One whom to wed would not displease my people.
He's ever had my fondness, and our souls
Fate seems to have link'd by some mysterious tie,
Even from our births. The very self-same hour
That gave me to this world, he first drew breath,
And for that reason, ere I knew—I loved him.
My people wish my marriage—I desire it,
And yet I hesitate; for oft I've thought,
A sovereign queen in marrying risks o'ermuch—
Oh, Heaven, guide my purposes aright!

*Enter* PAGE.

*Page.* The Earl of Leicester! [*Exit.*

*Enter* LEICESTER.

*Queen.* Ah, my Leicester, welcome!
Thou look'st but sad. What brings thee here, my lord?
*Leicester.* I but obey your Majesty's command.
Was not your Grace pleased to desire my presence?
*Queen.* Ay, true, I sent for thee! What was it for?
*Leicester.* Madam, I know not.
*Queen.* Nor, in faith, do I?
But, ah! we women are so whimsical,
We change our thoughts as often as our dress.
*Leicester.* I'd say the contrary, did I not know
Your Majesty but speaks in jesting mood.
And happy am I to perceive you're mirthful,
For when the guest is gay, the host is pleased.
*Queen.* Nay, dear my lord, most solemnly I speak it;
Women are changeful as our country's clime,
Now hot, now cold, now cloudy, and now fair.
And not the least capricious dame am I.
This morn I said that I would never marry,
And yet I'm somewhat now inclin'd to wed.
Is this not like a woman? and if 't be,
Is not a woman strangely fanciful?
*Leicester.* 'Tis not mere whim, my liege, that has induc'd
This change in your opinion, but desire
To gratify still more your happy subjects.
*Queen.* Well, be it so! My lord speaks somewhat tamely.
Belike since morning he has chang'd his mind,
And now considers I'd best live unwed.
*Leic.* Oh, pardon, madam! Gracious madam, pardon! (*Kneels.*)
You see a wretched man implore your mercy,

Do not deny it to him. Let your lips
Bless him with kind assurance of forgiveness!
*Queen* (*rising.*) Leicester—my lord—speak, what have I to pardon?
*Leicester.* An act of foolishness! A rash offence!
*Queen.* 'Tis then no lover's scene thou art enacting—
Waste no more words by way of preface, Earl,
But to the point. Tell us, if 't so please thee,
In what thou hast offended, or depart!
We've other occupations for our time,
Than to stay listening to such silly prayers.
Rise, Earl, and when we know thy fault, we'll say
Whether thou shalt have punishment or pardon!
*Leicester* (*rises.*) Madam, my fault is, that without your knowledge,
I have presumed to marry.
*Queen.* Marry, villain!
Thou married! Out of my sight, thou traitor!
Thou pitiful nobleman, thy Sovereign scorns thee.
Married! Oh, this will be rare news, i'faith—
The Earl of Leicester married on the sly!
By Heaven, we'll make thee rue thy base deceit,
Thou bold, presumptuous, double-dealing villain!
Married!—And thou hast come to tell us this!
Hast thou aught else to say, most gallant lord?
Wilt please thee to reveal to us the name
Of the fair lady who hath bound thee safe
With Hymen's fetters:—man, thou shalt be gall'd
By those same fetters—ay, and so shall she!
Who is the Countess, for we wish to know her?
*Leicester.* Madam, the Countess Leicester is the daughter
Of Sir Hugh Robsart.
*Queen.* Why, what dost thou say?
Go on, my lord, what is her Christian name?
*Leicester.* Amy, my liege.
*Queen.* Are there two Amy Robsarts?
Speak, lord, know'st thou two Amy Robsarts—speak?
*Leicester.* Madam, but one.
*Queen.* We've heard of one ourself;
But she was Varney's wife, was it not so?
*Leicester.* Madam, she was my wife. Oh, pardon, madam,
And deign to hear me!
*Queen.* By our soul we'll not
Hear thee! No, we have heard too much already;
We dread thy bland, delusive tongue, my lord.
Who could have dreamt of this! But, 'tis full time
Thy marriage were announced, my honour'd lord,
For thy poor Countess must wish to be own'd.
We will declare it to the Court ourself.

(*Goes to open the folding-doors at the back of the scene.*)

*Leicester.* Oh, gracious Queen! have some small mercy on me!
Make me not food for laughter to the court,
The fawning, fleeting, hollow-hearted court,
Think, think a little, ere this dread exposure!
You did not always hate me.
*Queen.* That we did not.
Thou didst deceive us, fool us—none but thee,
And thou shalt be rewarded.

(*Opens the doors.* Sussex, Hunsdon, Tressilian, *and several noblemen and ladies discovered.*)
Enter my lords!
And you, my ladies, we have news for you!
(Sussex *and the rest advance.*)
*Leicester* (*aside to the* Queen.) Madam, ere 'tis too late——
*Queen.* My lord of Leicester,
We can dispense with your so near attendance.
Look at the Earl of Leicester, lords and ladies,
As slow he drops to a becoming distance.
He does not seem o'er cheerful. Who would think
That yonder grave and melancholy man,
So sad, so wan, so downcast, and so doleful,
A bridegroom is, blest with his heart's free choice?
Ay, you're surpris'd, and not without some cause,
For we were also startled at the news.
But the kind Earl was always well disposed
To please his Queen by fanciful contrivings,
And so he married, privily, a wench,
Not a Court lady, high-born, and well-bred,
But a poor country damsel, passing fair;
And breaks the matter to us while we're here,
At this delightful castle, full of pleasures,
To add one more to the huge list, and much
Of merry sport I think 'twill cause to us.
The bridegroom waits for your congratulations.
And for the bride, good sooth, she is not here;
She is, we think, with thee, my lord of Hunsdon.
*Hunsdon.* With me, your highness?
*Queen.* Ay, even, coz, with thee!
That woman who this morn was Mistress Varney,
To-night is lady of the Earl of Leicester.
Is it not admirable? But the bride—
We'll not forget the bride. What say you all,
Suppose we fetch her ladyship in state,
And place her in more suitable apartments
Than those, mayhap, my lord of Hunsdon has?
Lord Hunsdon, lead the way! Lord Leicester, follow,
And introduce us to thy youthful bride;
But brighten up thy looks, or she'll be angry!
Dost thou not thank us for our condescension?
Well, let that pass—we know thou art most grateful.
On, my lord Hunsdon! We bid all attend us. [*Exeunt.*

The author has managed the catastrophe with great adroitness, and has evidently caught some of the spirit of his unequalled original. We quote the last scene "which ends this strange eventful history."

Scene IV.—*An Apartment in the Castle.* Amy *reclining on a couch.*

*Amy* (*rises.*) Ah, me! I cannot sleep, for I am wretched;
And slumber, like a worldling, shuns the unhappy.
(*Comes forward.*)
Oh, Leicester! Leicester! am I not thy wife?
And wilt thou cast me off as one abhorr'd?
Is love in manly breasts a flame that burns
Fiercely awhile, then suddenly expires?
Or didst thou never love me? Leicester! Leicester!

Whate'er the cause thou'st not been kind to me.
Thou'st spoil'd me of a happy, peaceful home,—
Of an affectionate, indulgent father,
And of a youth who would have always loved me.
Thou'st vow'd to me thy everlasting fondness,
Won mine for thee, and art forsworn already.

(*Enter* VARNEY, *stealthily behind.*)

And yet he cannot love that stern-faced queen!
*Varney* (*advances.*) Dost thou think so?
*Amy.* Ha! great Heaven, protect me!
(*Sinks on a chair.*)
*Varney.* Dost think thy husband does not love the queen?
Well, perhaps he does not; but he'll marry her!
*Amy.* For mercy's sake, begone! If thou'rt a man
Do not torment me with thy mocking words!
*Varney.* I will not trouble thee with much discourse;
I come to act—not talk!
(*Produces a small phial, and pours its contents into a cup, which he presents to* AMY.)
Drink this, my lady!
*Amy* (*starting up.*) Thou'dst murder me!—I know it well.
*Varney.* Woman!
Drink of this cordial!—It will cure thy grief,
And painless quit thee of all earthly woes.
Drink, drink! Oh, 'tis a most safe medicine!
It never fails its purpose. Drink, sweet patient!
*Amy.* Oh, horrid,—horrid being!
*Varney.* Dame, do not rail!
It suits not thy condition.
*Amy.* I'll not rail.
I'll ask thy pardon for all unkind words
That thou hast had from me, so thou'lt not kill me;
I'll sue thee on my knees to let me live.
Oh, do but think how dread a thing is death
Even to the aged, sick, and impotent;
But I am young, nor wasted by disease;
And though unhappy, yet I fear to die.
Oh, then, have pity! Spare me! spare me, Varney!
*Varney.* Drink, madam!—drink!
*Amy.* Oh, why is this?
Why shouldst thou slay me? I will do thee good,
If thou wilt let me live. I'll give thee gold,
Jewels most precious,—all that I possess;
I'll swear, moreover, ne'er to tell my lord.
*Varney.* Poor innocent!—know'st thou his signet ring?
(*Shews her the Earl's ring.*)
By that he did commit thy fate to me.
*Amy.* Oh, Leicester!
*Varney.* Come, madam, drink the dose!
The earl is tir'd of thee;—he wants to wed
Another dame of loftier birth than thou.
*Amy.* Why do I beg for life? Give me the cup!
May Heaven have mercy on me! Man, the cup!
(*Snatches the cup from* VARNEY, *drinks the contents, and then falls on the chair.*)
*Varney.* Most bravely done!

*Enter a* SERVANT.

*Servant.* The Queen and many with her
Are close at hand. What ails the lady, sir?
*Varney.* Go, fool, and mind thy business! She is mad!—
Didst thou not know that?
*Servant.* Marry, I'd forgot. [*Exit.*

(*Enter the* QUEEN, LEICESTER, SUSSEX, TRESSILIAN, *and several noblemen and ladies, preceded by* HUNSDON.)

*Hunsdon.* This is the room, my liege, wherein 's the bride.
Merciful saints! look at her—she is dying!

(*Runs and catches* AMY *as she falls from the chair, and places her on the couch.*)

*Leicester* (*rushes and takes her hand.*) Amy,—my dearest, my beloved,—speak!
*Queen.* Ay, 'tis the same! Is our physician here?
Go for him some one.
*Hunsdon.* Madam, 'tis no use.
I've often look'd on Death's new stricken prey,
And know his hand is now upon the lady.
*Leicester.* Speak to me, Amy, for the love of Heaven!
Oh, run for help,—some one whose heart is kind!
*Amy.* Leicester, my lord, I'm past all earthly aid.
Oh, this is death I feel! My husband, kiss me!
And whisper to me that thou lov'st me still,
And did not send that man to murder me!
*Leicester.* Murder!—what man?
*Varney.* 'Tis I, my lord, she means.
*Leicester.* Damn'd devil!—is this hellish deed thy work?

(*Rushes towards* VARNEY, *but is stopped by* TRESSILIAN.)

*Tressilian.* My lord, be calm! This ruffian shall be cared for.
Look to thy wife, whose soul doth pant to fly
Back to her heaven upon immortal wings.
*Leicester.* Oh, Amy! listen to me,—my own love!
I am most innocent of this dark deed!
Look at me, Amy!—dost thou not believe me?

(*She puts forth her hand, takes his, and dies.*)

*Hunsdon.* She 's dead!
*Leicester.* She is not—shall not—cannot be!
*Hunsdon.* Come, come, my lord, away! Indeed she's dead!
*Queen.* Take that rogue—Varney—to a prison straight!
*Varney.* Madam, I do confess myself a rogue;
But yet I will not die a felon's death.
I've stak'd my life upon a dangerous game,
Which I have lost, and thus I pay the forfeit. (*Stabs himself.*)
*Queen.* Oh, harden'd villain! Take him from our sight!

(VARNEY *is taken out.*)

Leicester! (*he comes forward.*)
There is our hand! We pity thee,
And pardon thee. Be comforted, my lord,
And never more deceive thy Queen! Who treads
A dark and doubling road courts pains and perils,
And oft quite fails the wish'd for point to gain.

*The curtain falls.*

So well has the author acquitted himself of the task that we shall hope to see his abilities exercised again in the same line.

*The Order of Daily Service; the Litany and Order of the Administration of the Holy Communion, with Plain-Tune, according to the use of the United Church of England and Ireland.*

As a specimen of black-letter typography, this is highly creditable to Messrs. Robson, Levy, and Co.; albeit, in point of taste, we think the borders of the pages somewhat too heavy. We should have described it as a black and red-letter book, inasmuch as the initial capitals and a considerable portion of the smaller type is in red ink. It hath a very missal-like look about it, and in these controversial days of the church may, at first sight, be regarded with suspicion by one party, and affection by the other: but there is little or no cause for either feeling. The editor, in his preface, calls it a Manual of *Plain Chant*, and goes into a very long and very interesting dissertation on the subject, concluding with the following more especial reference to the work under consideration.

"It now only remains to say a few words of the following compilation. That something of the kind was much wanted is admitted by Dr. Burney; and when it is considered that above a century and half have elapsed since the publication of the most recent work professing to be a directory for the plain-song of cathedral service, and, owing to the extreme rarity both of that and the earlier formularies already noticed, that the practice of choirs has for a long period rested solely on tradition, it is hoped that no apology will be required for the present undertaking, even though the editor is unable to boast of the qualifications which Dr. Burney seemed to reckon indispensable for the labour. If the book has no other merit, it has at least that of completeness, so far as the Order of Daily Service and the Office of the Holy Communion are concerned. The publication of Marbeck, as has been already stated, wanted the Litany; that of Lowe, nearly all the plain-song given in Marbeck's book, except the intonations of the versicles and suffrages, which are inaccurately printed: there was not, therefore, in existence any publication in which the scattered fragments of plain-song were brought together. Besides, the first Prayer-book of Edward VI., to which Marbeck adapted plain-song, differs from that now in use, both at the commencement of the Morning and Evening Prayer, and in the office of the Communion: the music, accordingly, required to be re-adapted, to suit the changes made at the revision of 1662; and though Lowe, in the preface to his work, professed to do this, it is quite certain that he made no attempt of the kind. Whether the attempt has succeeded in the present work must be left to the judgment of the learned and musical reader. Few changes have been made that were not absolutely necessary; and the additions are such as no one versed in the ancient rules of choral reading would find any difficulty or have any scruple in making."

We cannot dismiss this volume without again referring to the typography, the effect of which on the eye is extremely pleasing. It is a work that will be especially welcome to those who are fond of, or take an interest in, the service of our cathedrals.

---

*Marriage: a Poem in Four Cantos.* By the Rev. Dr. Henry Edwards. Third Edition.

"Marriage, a Poem."—Had we found these words in Maunder's dictionary, we should have had some doubts as to their correctness,

inasmuch as we conceived marriage to be a very matter-of-fact kind of thing, and that all the poetry and romance of the "tender passion" belonged to courtship. We were on the point of congratulating, in "set phrase," our author on his being the "exception which proves the rule," and holding him up to our readers as the "*rara avis*" who had carried poetry and romance "over the border;" but a glance at the dedication restrained our eloquence: the reverend and learned author writes not from experience, but anticipation, and paints matrimony *couleur de rose*, like the binding of his gay volume, which, be it known to the reader, is dedicated to "my Bride-elect." But we beg pardon—perhaps we are wrong, and, like his book, his approaching nuptials may be his *third* edition of marriage. Seriously speaking, we are disposed to give the writer—who, be it remarked, assumes to himself the title of poet in the first line of his dedication—the credit of the best possible intentions; and for the rest, we are reluctantly forced to say, that he would have done better if he had left out the rhymes, and made a sermon of his subject. It would have been a dull one, it is true; but it would have been free from the pretence to *poetry*. Let old maids and bachelors list and tremble at the denunciations of the writer, and contrast the horrors to which he would consign them, with the delights which they obstinately refuse to taste.

"But ye, sad worthless ones, who stand aloof,
Though Hymen oft invites, shall meet reproof.
Octavius censured—punished;—and shall I
Permit these elves unblamed to live and die?
Hasten! join hand and heart in Hymen love,
Or else all heaven and earth in wrath I'll move;
All Nature shall assume her blackest form,
And overwhelm you in one vengeful storm.
A consort's love and commune will augment,
Ye maids and bachelors! each day's content:
Change, like the fabled power on classic ground,
The thorny couch into a bed of down;
Wind up the string of life, and oft impart
Fresh vital heat to the transported heart;
Viands a more delicious flavour give;
Improve tenfold the dwelling where you live;
Making the rudest, tamest prospect, fair—
The lawns more verdant—more serene the air;
Vivacity increase around the fire;
Your lambkins laughing, gamb'ling till they tire;
Make summer's evening rambles light and gay—
The spring more blooming—and gild autumn's ray;
Music to groves, fragrance to flowers, bestow—
Bright'ning the heavens above and all below;
Luna with greater grace in Spring shall rise,
The sun more splendid set on summer skies;
To solitude tranquillity impart,
And solitude as tranquil to the mart;
Give to each room the peaceful, pleasant dove,
And make your home the type of heaven above:
Angel spectators shall rejoice and say,
Who on the rugged earth more glad than they?"

### *Popular Tales and Legends.*

What a "jewel of a book," would this have been to us in our boyhood, and how we envy our young friends who have not read the wild and wonderful legends it contains! It is professedly a compilation, in which the editor takes no more credit than is due to him for propriety of selection, having a reference to the morals of his juvenile patrons. The book is very captivating in its form and exterior, and especially so in its illustrations, which are of wood, spiritedly designed, and executed with the exquisite delicacy which characterizes the art of wood engraving in the present day.

---

*The Advantages and Disadvantages of the Feudal System. A Prize Essay, read in the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, June 28th,* 1843. By Henry Boothby Barry, Medical Scholar of Queen's College.

A very interesting essay upon a very interesting theme. The author's style is clear, forcible, and elegant, and he has the not very common merit of looking at each side of his subject with an equal eye. We must add the expression of our surprise at seeing such a lengthy list of errata, now an obsolete appendage to a volume of any description.

---

### *King Henry the Second. An Historical Drama.*

It argues aught but an auspicious state of things, in any department of art or commerce, when production increases in an inverse ratio to the demand: such, however, unhappily, would seem to be the case with respect to dramatic literature. At a time when our larger theatres are closed, and all theatrical property is pronounced to be in a state of hopeless depression, the press is teeming with tragedies: the last month alone has placed three upon our table. The bards in these days must be more than ordinarily

"Sublime of hope and confident of fame,"

who can venture before the public, in the teeth of the discouragements which beset and surround literature of every grade and description; but the modern dramatic writer is the boldest of the bold. It may be—for there is no preface to help our conjectures—that the piece immediately under our consideration was not written with a view to its production on the stage—and we hope for the author's sake that it was not—as he will in that case have been spared a disappointment which only one of a thousand candidates for dramatic honours can be expected to escape. We say this, however, without disparagement to the drama before us, but with reference to the chances of success open even to the most gifted. The principal, and if we may apply the phrase in a personal sense, the most picturesque character in this drama is Thomas à Becket, one of those extraordinary men who stand out so prominently in history, that time, instead of impairing, adds to the boldness of the relief; men whose vices and obliquities have been almost cast into the shade by the splendour of their ability and constancy of purpose.

This is evidently not the production of an unpractised pen—the

dialogue flows easily and naturally, and many of the scenes are managed with great dramatic effect.

The soliloquy of Becket, in the opening of the fifth scene of the second act, is a good specimen of our author's powers.

SCENE V.—*Room in the Archbishop's Palace at Canterbury.*

*Becket* (*alone.*) Twice perjured! faithless to my plighted word,
And to mine order! When my very soul
Was secular, and of all holy things
I thought unworthily, I used to say
It was a monkish dream, a phantasy,
To talk of evil spirits tempting man:
But now I know there are such beings; else,
Could I, of all men, I, have thus in cowardice
And lack of faith, abjured my sacred trust?
Oh, if temptation would remain upon us,
In its full power, as when it bows us down,
Absorbing all our faculties!—
But no, amidst the writhings of remorse,
Whate'er we feel, let truth be truth, and let
Us know, O God, the sinners that we are.
No! it is no excuse to say I did it
From righteous fear of bloodshed; none, whatever:
Kings, princes, bishops, what are all their lives,
What are the lives of all of us compared
To one man's one sin? I'll lay aside at once
My sacred functions, put an interdict
Upon myself I will. I marvel—

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Attendant.* A messenger from court.
*Archbishop Becket.* Let him come in.

*Enter Messenger, who gives the Archbishop a citation to appear before the Parliament at Northampton.*

*Archbishop Becket.* A fitting answer I will send. [*Exit Messenger.*
They cite me
To appear before the council at Northampton;
And there I will appear: but never more
King, prelate, earl, or any earthly power,
Shall bend me from the narrow track shed down
On life's dark waters by that heavenly light,
Our only guide—not one hair's shadow's breadth. [*Exit.*

We cannot, in passing, refrain from quoting a remark of one of the minor characters of the drama, on "the middle course," which, in spite of the classic maxim, "in medio tutissimus ibis," is rarely found to be a safe one:

*Hugh.* Thou art a marvellous wit. It is a pity so much merriment should be out of service, as thine is like to be soon, when thy master shall no longer be primate.

*Michael.* As thine hopes to be,—but look you, my good friend, you of York steer so carefully in midstream, that if your craft should be upset, you will find yourselves in deep waters, suddenly. These middle courses savour much of wisdom, or of care for one's dear self, neither of which are loved to an extreme. Mayhap, too, the best prudence is that which is never found out in a man.

The following scene, immediately preceding that of the murder of Becket, is spirited and characteristic :

SCENE VI.—*Room in the Archbishop's Palace at Canterbury.*

*Enter* ARCHBISHOP BECKET, JOHN OF SALISBURY, *and Attendants.*

*Archbishop Becket.* And so these knights would see me from the King.
Admit them.

*Enter* REGINALD FITZURSE, WILLIAM DE TRACY, HUGH DE MOREVILLE, *and* RICHARD BRITO, *with armed Attendants.*

*Fitzurse.* We bring you orders from the King.
In private or in public will you hear them?
*Archbishop Becket.* Just as you please.
*Fitzurse.* Then to yourself alone
We fain would speak.
*Archbishop Becket.* Be it so—you may withdraw.
[*Exeunt Attendants.*
*Fitzurse.* We bid you, in your monarch's name, release
The excommunicated prelates.
*Archbishop Becket.* Ho! here!
[*Attendants enter.*
Before them, hear my answer, insolent!
It is to Rome, and not to Canterbury,
You should have come. That sentence is the pope's,
Not mine. Go, menace him.
*Fitzurse.* It must have been
Thy doing.
*Archbishop Becket.* What His Holiness has done
In wisdom to avenge the injuries
The Church has undergone, does not displease me.
*Fitzurse.* You and your company, the king has said it,
Must leave this realm forthwith. Quit then.
*Archbishop Becket.* No, never shall the sea divide again
My church and me. The honour of the King
Forbids that this can be his message.
*Fitzurse.* It is :
His servants you have excommunicated,
His son you have dishonoured, you would tear
The crown from off his head.
*Archbishop Becket.* I love him tenderly :
But as for those who crowned him, and for any
That set at naught the Pope's authority,
Or my just rights, and no submission make ;
Assuredly I'll bring upon their heads
The censures that they merit, nor will I
Degrade my office to a mockery,
A thing of show to grace some empty pageant.
Carry thy swords and staves elsewhere.
*Fitzurse.* Sir Priest,
You say this at the peril of your head.

KNIGHTS *and armed* ATTENDANTS.

Yes! Yes!
*Archbishop Becket.* Fitzurse, the King permitted me to seek
At the Pope's hands, for justice 'gainst those bishops,
Who have presumed to rob this see of mine
Of its just rights. You must know this. You heard it.

*Fitzurse.* No, not a word. 'Tis likely that the King
Would give his friends to your revenge!
*Archbishop Becket.* Oh, what a thing is truth! we're apt to think
That 'tis an easy matter to speak truly,
And well enough for simple folk to do it.
Bnt the first intelligence, the noblest soul,
That dwells in flesh, accomplishes the first
Of ends; if, while fulfilling some mean drudgery
In life, it holds its course, deceiving no one.
I see for men there is but one ambition—
One simple end—to speak, to act, to think,
The truth.
*Fitzurse.* We are not here to undergo
A homily, my Lord.
*Hugh de Tracy* (*addressing the Archbishop's Attendants.*) If he escapes, you answer for it.
*Archbishop Becket.* Escapes! who dares to talk of such a word?
I came not here to fly, but to endure
The utmost malice of ungodly men,
And all their insolence may dare. But you,
You are the very last man who should come
To threaten me, and in my own house too:
For each of you in my prosperity
Swore fealty to me of your own accord.
Is it your lord you come to murder?
[*Exeunt Knights and Attendants.*
*John of Salisbury.* Oh, my good lord, why did you thus rebuke them,
Whetting their rage against you? Had you now
Consulted us before you spoke—
*Archbishop Becket.* There is
No need of counsel: what I ought to do
I know.

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Attendant.* My Lord, they arm!
*Archbishop Becket.* What matters it?
*Michael.* Methought they were quite armed enough before.
[*The Ecclesiastics of his Household surround the Archbishop, crying, "The Church, my Lord; fly there, my Lord."*
*Archbishop Becket.* I will:
It is a noble place for martyrdom. [*Exeunt omnes.*

We cannot dismiss this volume without quoting a most touching passage, in which Henry addresses his son; it is full of poetry and pathos:

*King Henry.* Henry, what had I done to thee, unless
I made thy greatness grow too soon, and thus
Prepared thy fall? Oh, child, when I am gone,
And those sad days come on thee when one thread
Of memory, uncoiling from the rest,
Shall surely show thee all that may have happened
Between thyself and me—trust me, not all
The fawning tribe of courtiers can efface
One word of the imperishable records
Of the brain—and when in agony too late,
You look along this sentient, quivering line
Of conscience-stricken recollection;

What words of fire will this unholy war
Make known itself in? Oh I could weep for thee,
My son!

We now take our leave of the author, wishing him—not inaptly, we hope—a "fair stage"—he will need "no favour."

---

*Modern Painters; their Superiority in the Art of Landscape Painting to all the Ancient Masters, proved by Examples of the True, the Beautiful, and the Intellectual, from the Works of Modern Artists, especially from those of J. M. W. Turner, Esq., R.A.* By a GRADUATE OF OXFORD.

The object of this work is amply set forth in this somewhat lengthy title. The writer, it is very evident, is an enthusiastic admirer—nay, worshipper is not too strong a term—of the artist whose name stands so conspicuously in the title-page; and, like a true idolator, he can see no faults in his divinity—Turner. Perhaps there never was a painter, in respect of whose works such extreme opinions were entertained; some inveighing against them as the wild extravagances of a madman, and others holding them up as the perfection of art. Now, it is said that the truth lies between the two extremes; but, in our opinion, the truth in this instance is far more on the side of his admirers than his revilers—for reviled he is. While we assert this, we are ready to admit that there are some of Turner's paintings, the prologue and epilogue to the Deluge, for instance, which are utterly beyond the reach of our comprehension. We have always held that the taste necessary to the appreciation of works of art is a kind of second sight, and it is not the gift of every man; but we can account for the admiration which many express of these two pictures, on no other theory than that of the existence of a *third* sight, a faculty denied to ourselves, in common with the great majority of those who lay pretensions to taste. And yet we have seen many of Turner's works which, though they have puzzled our philosophy as drawings, have produced magnificent engravings; hence we argue, that if the translations be so beautiful there must be, at least, equal beauty in the originals, if we were only learned enough to find it out. If, therefore, there be any truth in this test, we should pause before we attribute the blame to the artist which may belong to ourselves.

The author of the work before us, however, transcends in the measure of his praise all the admirers of Turner whom we have ever met with or heard of. "He is above all criticism," says our Graduate, "beyond all animadversion, and beyond all praise. His works are not to be received as in any way subjects or matters of opinion, but of faith. We are not to approach them to be pleased, but to be taught; not to form a judgment, but to receive a lesson." Now, it would be absurd to attempt to reason with one who takes up a subject under the influence of an enthusiasm such as is here displayed. It shuts out all argument.

While, however, we feel called upon to enter our caveat against this sweeping assumption of Turner's infallibility—assuredly a divine,

and not a human attribute—we cannot refrain from pronouncing this to be a most extraordinary book. It is the work of a poet as well as a painter: and could have been written by no man who is not, in the full sense and meaning of the words, both the one and the other. We never, until we had the pleasure—and an exquisite one it has been to us—of reading this work, were so thoroughly convinced of the twin sisterhood of the two arts. It is the most eloquent, because it is the most poetical, volume of prose we ever read; in fact, it cannot be called prose: it is the pure gold before it has been fashioned by the artificer; it is poetry without the fillagree work of rhyme and metre.

It is impossible for us, in our allotted space, to go fully into the merits of a volume of more than four hundred pages, on such a subject; the utmost we can attempt is, by an example of the startling eloquence of the work, to justify the eulogium we have ventured to pronounce upon it.

The author, in justification of his preference of modern over ancient landscape painting, says:

"And if, in the application of these principles, in spite of my endeavour to render it impartial, the feeling and fondness which I have for some works of modern art escape me sometimes where it should not, let it be pardoned as little more than a fair counterbalance to that peculiar veneration with which the work of the older master, associated as it has ever been in our ears with the expression of whatever is great or perfect, must be usually regarded by the reader. I do not say that this veneration is wrong, nor that we should be less attentive to the repeated words of time: but let us not forget, that if honour be for the dead, gratitude can only be for the living. He who has once stood beside the grave, to look back upon the companionship which has been for ever closed, feeling how impotent *there* are the wild love, or the keen sorrow, to give one instant's pleasure to the pulseless heart, or atone in the lowest measure to the departed spirit for the hour of unkindness, will scarcely for the future incur that debt to the heart, which can only be discharged to the dust. But the lesson which men receive as individuals, they do not learn as nations. Again and again they have seen their noblest descend into the grave, and have thought it enough to garland the tombstone when they had not crowned the brow, and to pay the honour to the ashes, which they had denied to the spirit. Let it not displease them that they are bidden, amidst the tumult and the dazzle of their busy life, to listen for the few voices, and watch for the few lamps, which God has toned and lighted to charm and to guide them, that they may not learn their sweetness by their silence, nor their light by their decay."

Our readers will perceive that we have dealt with this volume as a work of literature and not of art; in fact, it could only be dealt with in the latter point of view by an artist, and one of no mean grade. We have not allowed our admiration of the author's powers of the pen to betray us into any recognition of his opinions on the subject of painting: our sole object being to invite attention to a volume of what we hold to be true poetry in the garb of prose.

*Felix Summerly's Hand Book for the City of Canterbury; its Historical Associations and Works of Art; with Illustrations, and a Map of the City.*

In these days of Hand Books and Guides, it is impossible, go to what quarter of the world you will, to miss your way, and it will be your own fault if you do not see all that is to be seen. Mr. Felix Summerly, of happy name, is a most agreeable travelling companion, and his ubiquitous faculty is quite wonderful; we meet him at Hampton Court, Westminster Abbey, the Temple Church, and the National Galleries, and find him a most useful and intelligent cicerone. Our author appears disposed to take the good citizens of Canterbury to task for their non-appreciation of the treasures by which they are surrounded, and opens his work by an earnest appeal to the authorities "for the protection and preservation of the still existing noble antiquities of Canterbury." He suggests, and with great point and propriety, the formation of a "Canterbury Camden Society," whose object should be the protection of the remaining specimens of ancient art in the city.

The Illustrations are numerous, and exceedingly well executed.

---

*Poems.* By HENRY H. METHUEN, ESQ., B.A.

Ushered in by a somewhat awkward preface, we have here a volume of poems, which, in these prosaic and utilitarian days, springs up before us like a fountain in the desert. There is much graceful thought and poetical vigour in many of the specimens here given of the author's powers; but they bear not the stamp of equal merit, and one can scarcely imagine some of the feebler pieces to have been from the pen which could produce the following.

"Some glimpses of a paradise will shine,
Like the first streak of morning on the heart;
O Slumber, when thine arms a babe entwine,
That smiling sleeps, how beautiful thou art!
How pure must be the dreams that float across
Their youthful minds, as fair winged insects fly
Above a sunny lawn of turf and moss,
And pass life's troubled sea without a sigh:
But yet how dismal to an o'erwrought mind
Are visions of the night, which like a train
Of furies to the wheel their victim bind,
Peering their phantom faces o'er the brain;
And tearing from each other sleep and rest,
As heat from light, till death again shall link
The two together, when the labouring breast
Into its last low bed of dust shall sink.
And Music! yes, thou art of heavenly birth,
So magic are thy workings on the soul;
Pilot of human passions! sure not earth
Could give to thee that wonderful control!
Which for each end can pour some thrilling tone,
For mirth and sorrow, as for peace and war;
And softly make the doubting heart thine own,
The peasant's cottage and the warrior's car:

All nature has its melody; the breeze
That whispers softly, and the lowly rill,
The thrush amid its canopy of trees,
With their wild music each our bosoms fill;
Then there are loftier sounds; the bursting storm,
When wind and thunder in loud concert speak,
With angry waters, and a chorus form
So terrible that few its grandeur seek:
Such things arouse the mind as from a sleep,
(Though sleep can never stay its wand'ring course,
As the volcano rages 'neath the deep,
Which quenches not its fire but checks its force.)
They rouse the mind, and wake a holy fear,
A feeling, as it were a voice from God,
Who speaks by nature's wonders to the ear,
And o'er the vengeful tempest holds his rod.
The body may awake, yet like a dream
The workings of the soul be wild and fierce,
When madness to the eyeball gives a gleam,
Which lights not up the soul its rays may pierce;
But scorches, as a raging fire at night
Scours o'er the waving crop, and leaves a wreck;
For a short space the darkness yields to light,
Then double gloom atones for that brief check.
O'er the calm mind what happy thoughts will glide,
Like messages of hope which mercy gave,
As stars at night lie mirrored on the tide,
And make a heaven beneath the silver wave.
My couch! on thee in silent solitude
What fairy scenes have shone, and passed away;
What visionary joys and hopes have stood
Before me, like the meteor's glancing ray,
Which vanishes in heaven's depths, nor leaves
A trace of what it was; thus o'er the dream,
Which may not be recalled, the spirit grieves,
Rememb'ring still how brilliant was its beam.
When all beside are sleeping, then I love
To wake amid the gloom, and let my mind
Be wafted from this earth to things above,
And 'mid futurity a pathway find:
There is a feeling in the midnight hour,
Which rouses in the breast a holy awe,
As there were present then an unseen power,
Whose influence made our icy hearts to thaw:
'Tis then that anguish, like a coiled snake,
Darts from her lair, and plants her venomed fang,
And conscience on her gloomy throne will wake
In guilty bosoms then her sharpest pang:
There days of bliss in mem'ry smile again,
With all the charms recalled which once they wore,
As cheering and as light as summer rain,
Upon the mind their happy thoughts will pour:
Till sleep steals softly o'er us, as a cloud
Floats o'er the moon, and each fair scene retreats,
As ships grow faint on ocean's circling shroud,
Till one unruffled sea the vision meets."

There is also much spirit, beauty, and harmony of versification in the poem entitled "Babylon," which we cannot refrain from quoting.

" Lo! Babylon has fallen, her palaces lie low,
O'er many a faded building the silent waters flow;
Unseen by man they linger, like thoughts beneath the breast,
Which lurk in gloomy quiet, but ne'er may be confessed.
'Twas here her bridges proudly braved Euphrates' sweeping tide,
Their day is gone, no longer the stately ship may glide
Between the lofty arches, or by the marble pier;
The breeze is all that curls the wave, and solitude is here.
See yonder grassy mountain, 'twas there a temple stood,
Now o'er the prostrate ruins the turf has drawn its hood;
Beneath its shapeless masses the wild beast makes his den,
And walks his midnight vigil in streets that know not men;
The owlet's shriek rings wildly when evening casts its gloom,
As spirits of the dead bewailed their fallen city's doom.
Unconsciously the mind beholds these scenes restored again,
Her kings and warriors pass before the eye in mingled train.
Where stood her gates of brass? and her mountain bulwarks where?
Where rolled her chariots beneath her gardens hung in air?
No more to cool the breezes her bubbling fountains shine,
No more her golden vases hold their floods of rosy wine:
The hum of bustling nations, the feast, the dance, have fled,
And thrice a thousand years have cast their shadows o'er the dead:
They sleep, and who shall wake them? no sculpture marks their grave,
They lie, as lie the valiant beneath the rolling wave.
The Arab fears to pasture his flocks upon thy site,
The footprint of the lion warns the shepherd boy to flight.
Thus wealth and power must perish, and beauty's bloom decay,
Nor one faint line remain to show the tomb wherein they lay."

It is, altogether, a volume that does much for the author's fame, and promises more.

---

### *Monomania.* By Dry Nurse.

The author of " Monomania" has adopted the popular, and, albeit not subscribers to the *vox populi vox Dei* doctrine, we think the right view of the question; and we sincerely wish, for the sake not only of our " noble *queen*," but of our " lives and safeties all," that the poem had the power of an act of parliament. It is possible—scarcely probable—that there are those of the writing, as well as of the reading generation, who have not read Byron; but, if there be, our author is not among the number. But we would say that he has rather caught the spirit than imitated the style of the great bard in his mirth and mischief. There are point and pungency in almost every stanza of this poem, and this is no mean praise.

" Imbecility," says our satirist, is

" A game certificate for shooting men."

The evidence of the " *mad doctors*," a common but most happy epithet, is most cleverly versified.

" ' No matter,' say the doctors, ' that he knows
The difference which exists 'twixt wrong and right;
No matter, if the bullet as it goes
Through your sane carcase, chance to kill you quite;

No matter if he stops to blow his nose
  Before he fires, to try and clear his sight;
Such trifles are no matter—for, alack!
The wretched man's a Monomaniac!

'He is not mad, and yet he is not sane,
  A morbid sort of ante-hanging feeling
Affects his understanding, and 'tis plain
  To us (the faculty) there has been stealing
Across the prisoner's unsteady brain
  Some flights of fancy which were past concealing,
And therefore we have come to this conclusion—
  'The prisoner labours under some delusion.'

''Tis true he can distinguish right from wrong,
  (Except when inconvenient to perceive it)
'Tis likewise true, strange fantasies belong
  To his disease, though some may not believe it,
The fancy he adopted was so strong,
  Except restrain'd by force, he could not leave it.
Some one had something done which did not suit him,
Which naturally made him wish to shoot him.

'On matters unconnected with this whim
  Of shooting those with whom he was offended,
He was quite sane; you'd find no fault with him
  On other subjects; his disease extended,
Poor man! no further than to life and limb;
  His fancy went thus far, and there it ended:
He simply had a wish, with gun or knife,
To take, if possible, a human life.

'For thirty years I've tended the insane,
  And never yet have been deceived by any;
These thirty years have not been passed in vain,
  I walked the hospitals in Aberg'enny,
And I pronounce with confidence and pain,
  Of sane folks in the world there are not many;
And certainly, the prisoner at the bar,
Of all this company 's the maddest far.'"

We reluctantly close a volume which far outstrips, in all the essentials of a satire, anything that has appeared for many years, and stamps the author as a genius of no common order. We cannot doubt that the success of this publication will be such as to tempt the writer again into the field.

---

*Hydropathy. The Theory, Principles, and Practice of the Water Cure shown to be in accordance with Medical Science and the Teachings of Common Sense. Illustrated with many Important Cases.* By Edward Johnson, M.D., author of "Life, Health, and Disease." With Nine Engravings.

Some years ago, we had the pleasure to introduce to our readers in "The Metropolitan" a series of valuable letters on medical science,

entitled "Letters to Brother John," which were afterwards collected and published in a separate form, under the title of "Life, Health, and Disease." These letters were written by Dr. Johnson. Whilst we congratulate the author on the public appreciation of his labours, observing the *sixth* edition announced, our readers will be prepared for our having been somewhat prepossessed in favour of the volume before us. We were so, and we are happy to state we have not been at all disappointed. In the discussion of his present subject, we recognise the same sound judgment and philosophical acuteness which distinguished Dr. Johnson's former production. Much as the "Water Cure" is now talked of, it is gratifying to possess a volume like the present.

In his preface the Doctor informs us, that, in the autumn of last year, Captain Claridge, who first introduced the Water Cure to England, having seen his work, "Life, Health, and Disease," and being struck with its views, called on him, and the result of this interview was, that he determined to visit Graefenburg. He did so, and there witnessed the practice, felt convinced of its importance, and determined to communicate the conclusions he had come to in the work before us. Our readers will not expect from us a detail of the subject in our brief space; in fact, this would not be possible, for the whole is a continued series of principles and deductions. The result, however, is, that the Doctor is fully persuaded that in the Water Cure a remedy of great power is pointed out, and that it only requires discretion in the use of it to render it a lasting and extensive benefit. Alluding to the objections which have been raised, he thus concludes. "There is no well-educated medical man in England who dare, for his reputation's sake, refuse to admit, that a remedy which can produce (at will) the most profuse perspiration, and which can (also at will) lower the temperature and the velocity of the heart's action to any given degree (even to the extinction of life)—I say there is no well-educated man who dare deny that such a remedy *must* possess an immense power over diseases of all kinds."

---

*A Short Treatise on Life Assurance, with the Rates of all the Offices in London, Mutual, Mixed, and Proprietary, alphabetically arranged.* By FREDERIC LAWRANCE, Esq., Secretary to a Fire Office.

We wish this treatise were in the hands of the head of every family in the kingdom. It supplies just that kind of information and advice which it is so desirable should be universally known. The short preface is so explanatory of the nature and objects of this valuable little work, that we cannot do better than copy it.

"To remedy a complaint so often made, 'that in all the works hitherto published on the science of life assurance, technicalities have so abounded as to render the greater part of the matter almost unintelligible to the general reader, for whose information and guidance they purposed to be published,' the author has been induced to attempt a condensed but explanatory treatise, showing the rise and progress of life assurance—its great benefit to the assured whilst living, and to his friends and relatives at his decease—its applicability to every contingency which can possibly occur in mercantile operations—showing the mode by which any descrip-

tion of life policy may be effected, and the way to do so, with the rates of all the offices in London at present in existence, alphabetically arranged; so that the whole subject may be made clear and instructive, and, if possible, entertaining to the general reader, in the hope that numbers may be brought to consider the question seriously who have never yet entertained a thought on the important advantages and utility of life assurance, and may be induced to enrol themselves amongst those already assured. With this object, and solely with a view to increase the number of policy holders, this small work is published at a price (one shilling) which must come within the means of thousands of persons. The author most distinctly wishes it to be understood that he does not intend to advocate the interest of any one particular office, each will be allowed to stand on its own merits, and no doubt will meet with the proper proportion of business arising from an increased knowledge of the science."

To this fair and liberal purpose we wish all success—we should be happy to see every individual made perfectly aware of the value and importance of the subject. Here the science is divested of those abstruse calculations on which its deductions are necessarily founded, and with a view to its practical application only has Mr. Lawrance addressed himself in this very able and judicious little treatise. There are some admirable closing remarks, from which we take the following:—

"In conclusion, I would call upon all men dispassionately to consider a subject, the vital import of which is paramount to almost all other earthly considerations, and from which the beneficent effects are appreciated and acknowledged by others, when he who has been the happy cause of their bestowal shall have sunk into the silent tomb. Let not the selfish question be urged, What good will it do to me? a man, young, healthy, vigorous, suddenly dies—no time allowed him to accumulate a hoard; and with him goes from the home, comfort and independence. But had he assured—but for a day—the widow's and the orphan's tears of love and gratitude would again and again gush forth long after the heart that loved them had ceased to beat."

---

*The Teeth Physiologically considered; their Development, Disease, Preservation, and Replacement.* By Samuel Ghrimes, Surgeon-Dentist.

"So much has already been said," the author informs us, "and written upon the Teeth, that this work may appear a superfluity; yet when I have considered the empiricism that has existed in the profession—the attempts of many authors to enveil these organs in a degree of mystery—whilst the works of others more capable of disseminating knowledge have gone too far into the depths of science for the general reader, yet few contained sufficient information for the student, and added to this have been published in a form, and at a price, that would at once prevent their popularity: I have conceived the idea that a work which should give a general dissertation on a subject of such importance to every individual, was not entirely uncalled for; but whether I have accomplished that object, or whether such were in reality the case, has yet to be decided by that ordeal—the public. It would, therefore, be but an error of judgment were I to review my own production in a preface." Certainly. But

Mr. Ghrimes appears to have been acting altogether under a wrong impression, for we could point him to many works, the object of which has not been "to enveil these organs in a degree of mystery" to others, which have not "gone too far into the depths of science for the general reader," and to many more which contain ample "information for the student." We confess we dislike this mode of disparaging predecessors, and we are, moreover, compelled to add, if the deficiencies here imagined did exist, the present is evidently not the writer to supply them. The phraseology is throughout cumbrous and grotesque in the extreme; and at page 59 we read of gum-bile! —a new disease added to our catalogue.

---

### *The Chinese Exhibition.*

We have before referred to this admirable collection with well-merited applause, but we do so on the present occasion for the purpose of offering a suggestion. We have heard it said that persons in the middle class often deny themselves the pleasure of witnessing this interesting assemblage on account of the price of admission. Now we do not mean to imply that it is unnecessarily high, considering the great expense incurred, but what we would suggest is, might not the amount contributed be much greater, and the knowledge which the collection is calculated to convey be much more widely diffused if it were lower? We know this was a question with the proprietors of an exhibition of a somewhat kindred character, and the conclusion was in favour of the many. The result proved the soundness of the view, the consequence being an immense and continued increase in the number of visitors. Might not this be the case with the Chinese Exhibition? We merely put it as a question, desiring to see this unique collection resorted to by *all* who feel an interest in this immensely populous, most singular, and, until of late, isolated people.

---

## LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

The third edition of Dr. M'Pherson's "NARRATIVE OF THE WAR IN CHINA" is nearly ready; it is to be illustrated by plates, one of which is a portrait of the author, in the costume of a Mandarin.

Dr. Cartwright's "MEMOIRS" will be published early in the present month.

A gentleman has in the press a new Poem, entitled "THE POWER OF ASSOCIATION," a truly poetical subject, and we understand as poetically treated.

"THE BURGOMASTER OF BERLIN" is not, we understand, to appear this month.

Mrs. Jameson's "GUIDE TO THE PRIVATE PICTURE GALLERIES" is not yet completed.

---

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Circassian Chief, a Romance of Russia. By W. H. G. Kingston. 3 vols post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*

The Attaché, or Sam Slick in England. By the author of "The Clockmaker." 2 vols. post 8vo. 21*s.*

Meredith. By the Countess of Blessington. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*

Oakleigh, or the Minor of Great Expectation. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
Abbott's Journey from Heraut to Khiva. 2 vols. 8vo. 24*s.*
The Smiths. A Novel. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
The Book of British Ballads. Edited by S. C. Hall, with 230 wood engravings. Small 4to. 21*s.*
Reminiscences of Syria. By Lieut.-colonel Napier. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21*s.*
Nelsonian Reminiscences. By Lieutenant Parsons. Post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*
The Poles in the Seventeenth Century. By Count Henry Krasinski. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*
The Works of Beaumont and Fletcher. By Rev. Alexander Dyce, to be completed in 11 vols. 8vo. Vols. I. to III. 12*s.* each.
Tales of the Town. By the Rev. H. W. Bellairs. Foolscap 8vo. 5*s.*
Letters from Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann. Vols. I. to III. 8vo. 21*s.*
The Illustrated Edition of Windsor Castle. By W. H. Ainsworth. Containing 120 plates and wood-engravings by George Cruikshank, &c. 1 vol. 8vo. 14*s.*
Memorial of the Royal Progress in Scotland. By Sir Thomas Dick Lauder. Demy 4to. 2*l.* 2*s.*; large paper, royal 4to. 4*l.* 4*s.*

## MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

**Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37′ 22″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.**

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

| 1843. | Range of Ther. | Range of Barom. | Prevailing Winds. | Rain in Inches | Prevailing Weather. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| June | | | | | |
| 23 | 45-69 | 30,00-29,99 | N.E. | | Clear. |
| 24 | 48-67 | 29,98-29,94 | E. by N. | | Many clouds. Sunshine frequent. |
| 25 | 49-64 | 29,90-29,85 | N.E. | | Generally clear. |
| 26 | 45-69 | 29,93-29,87 | N.E. | | Clear. |
| 27 | 44 75 | 29,85-29,66 | S.W. | | Clear. |
| 28 | 45-68 | 29,61-29,65 | North. | | Clouds numerous. Sun at times. |
| 29 | 41-63 | 29,71-29,78 | N.W. | | Do. Do. |
| 30 | 48 63 | 29,83-29,85 | S.W. | | Do. Do. |
| July | | | | | |
| 1 | 50-72 | 29.91-29,96 | S.W. | | Generally clear till the evening. |
| 2 | 53-71 | 29,94-29,92 | S.W. | | Morning cloudy, afternoon generally clear. |
| 3 | 50-71 | 29.94-staty. | S.W. | | Clear till the evening. |
| 4 | 57 71 | 29,94-29,84 | N.W.&S.W. | | Morning cloudy, afternoon clear. |
| 5 | 55-83 | 29,71-29,68 | South. | | Except the evening, generally clear. |
| 6 | 53-76 | 29,74-29,81 | S.W. | | Morning clear, afternoon and evening cloudy. |
| 7 | 50 59 | 29,88-29,91 | South. | | Mng. and evng. clear, a little rain about noon. |
| 8 | 52-60 | 29,88-29,84 | S.E. & N.W. | | Mng. cloudy, afternoon showery, evening clear. |
| 9 | 46-71 | 29,91-staty. | North. | | Geny. clear till the evng., when a little rain fell. |
| 10 | 47-68 | 29,94-29,96 | N.E. | | Do. Do. Do. |
| 11 | 44-67 | 29,99-30,11 | North. | | Generally cloudy. |
| 12 | 47-75 | 30,11-staty. | North. | | Morning generally clear: afternoon cloudy. |
| 13 | 55-64 | 30,04-29,99 | S.W. | | Generally cloudy; raining from 1 to 2½ P.M. |
| 14 | 55 69 | 30,03-staty. | North. | | Morning cloudy, afternoon clear. |
| 15 | 51-76 | 30,03-30,05 | W. by S. | | Mng. and evng. clear, otherwise gently. cloudy. |
| 16 | 57-73 | 30,16-staty. | S.W. | | Generally clear. |
| 17 | 57-80 | 30,20-30,13 | S.W. | | Do. |
| 18 | 56-72 | 29,96-29,79 | S.W. | | Mng. clear, noon cloudy, aft. & evening raining. |
| 19 | 50-65 | 29,74-29,70 | S.W. | | Morning and evening clear: showery afternoon. |
| 20 | 49-70 | 29,71-29,70 | N.W. | | Morning clear, evening light rain. |
| 21 | 47 60 | 29,62-29,74 | S.W. | | Mng. cloudy, aftern. and evng. generally clear. |
| 22 | 46-64 | 29,74-29,58 | S.W. | | Morning cloudy, afternoon and evening showery. |

*Edmonton.* CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

## THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

Little has occurred since our last report to enliven the character of the present, little improvement having taken place in the manufacturing districts; nor has the colonial market experienced any material alteration.

MONEY MARKET.—The feverish state of affairs in Spain has, of course, given rise to speculations, but not, we believe, to any extent. More recent events, indicating a crisis in that country, may be expected to affect the Spanish Stock market. The English Funds have felt the effect of the unsatisfactory state of affairs in Ireland, as well as of the general depression of commerce.

## PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

### On Thursday, 27th of July.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 180 one-fourth.—India Stock, 262.—Consols for Acct. 93 three-eighths.—Consols, 93 one-half.—Three per Cents. Reduced, 94 three-fourths.—Three and a Half per Cents. Reduced, 101 seven-eighths.—Indian Bonds, 70 68 pr.—Exchequer Bills, 500l. 1½d. 56s. 54s. pr.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Dutch Two and Half per Cent., 53 one-half.—Spanish Three per Cent. 24 one-eighth.—Spanish Five per Cents. Account, 18 five eighths.—Mexican Five per Cent. Account, 32 one-eighth.—Brazilian Bonds, 1829 and 1839, New, 69 one half.

## BANKRUPTS.

FROM JUNE 27 TO JULY 21, 1843, INCLUSIVE.

*June* 27.—C. Young, Shirley, Southampton, carpenter and builder.—W. Wareing, Moulton, Northampton, baker.—G. T. Whitington, Great St. Helen's, City, merchant.—R. Bull, Cambridge, saddler and harness maker.—E. B. Kilpin, Union-street, Ryde, watchmaker.—J. Hoar, Oxford, ironmonger.—J. Rell, Besford, Nottingham, hosier.—H. Francis, Feock, Cornwall, agent.—J. Hartley, Height, Lancaster, shopkeeper.—T. Shenton, Leicester, slater.—T. Bull, Blythe-marsh, Dilhorn, Staffordshire, farmer.—R. Gregson, Liverpool, tailor.

*June* 30.—S. J. Manning, Camomile-street, City, manufacturer of bitters.—T. P. Chalk, Linton, Cambridge, draper.—D. G. Gordon, Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square, merchant.—J. Jenkins, Cwmbran, Monmouthshire, shopkeeper.—P. Protheroe and M. D. Protheroe, Bristol, West India merchants.—A. Allen and W. Allen, South Shields, Durham, drapers.

*July* 4.—H. Wyer, Newington-causeway, tailor.—J. Boyd, Piccadilly, publican.—T. Kenrick, Oxford-street, horse dealer.—J. Clinch, King-street, Hammersmith, omnibus proprietor.—S. Polak, Newport, Monmouthshire, woollen draper.—A. Harris, Sharp's buildings, Tower-hill, slop-seller.—N. Garvie, Rahere-street, St. Luke's, tailor.—H. Bourne, Wolsingham, Durham, scrivener.—J. Hodges, Wolverhampton, stock lock maker.—G. Cleverley, Calne, Wiltshire, builder.—J. Britton, Harlington, Durham, innkeeper.—C. Sharratt, Walsall, saddlers' ironmonger.

*July* 7.—J. Young, Shirley, Southampton, builder.—J. W. Slatter, Oxford, boot and shoemaker.—W. F. Mills, Hart-street, Mark-lane, merchant.—R. Stevens, Stewley, Buckinghamshire, farmer.—J. Richards, Oxford-street, livery stablekeeper.—T. Miller, Green street, Leicester-square, baker.—J. W. Dyer, Colchester, plumber.—W. Boulton, jun., and W. F. Palmer, Stafford, builders.—T. Parker, J. Parker, and Co., Woodhouse Carr, Yorkshire, dyers.—J. Hartley, Height, Lancashire, shopkeeper.

*July* 11.—C. H. Griffiths, Enfield, Middlesex, draper.—G. Gaudell and J. B. Higgs, City, bill brokers.—T. Coleman, St. Albans, licensed victualler.—S. Billingsley, jun., Harwich, merchant.—T. Slagg, Manchester, merchant.—J. Wood, Manchester, baker.—B. Dorrall, Ironbridge, Salop, mercer.—W. East, Spalding, builder.

*July* 14.—J. Percival, jun., Whitechapel-road, soap-maker.—J. Mills, jun., Acton, Suffolk, carpenter.—J. Watts, Holborn, licensed victualler.—F. Kennedy, New Bond-street, stationer.—W. J. Roome, City, cutler.—H. A. Hobbs, Isle of Thanet, machine-maker.—H. Jones, Canterbury, victualler.—J. A. Stirton, Chandos-street, Covent-garden, grocer.

*July* 18.—T. Chappell, Sudbury, licensed victualler.—R. Richardson, High-street, Wapping, ship-owner.—J. and F. Harwood, Fenchurch-street, stationers.—R. Armfield, King-street, Cheapside, button manufacturer.—M. M. Nelme, Back-hill, Hatton-garden, hearthrug manufacturer.—J. B. Cooper, Drury-lane, ironfounder.—G. Simons, King's-square, Goswell-road, watch manufacturer.—I. W. H. Brown, Little Bowden, Northamptonshire, dealer in horses.—T. Radclyffe, Birmingham, stationer.

*July* 21.—H. Andrews and C. Twining, Peckham, brewers.—W. White, Aldersgate-street, chemist and druggist.—T. L. Jones, Wimborne Minster, Dorsetshire, surgeon.—H. Ellis, London-lane, Norwich, draper.—J. Starling, Southampton, hatter.—J. Gray, Hebburn-quay, Durham, timber-merchant.—J. Oram, Chard, Somersetshire, lace-manufacturer.—G. Hewitt and G. Hewlett, Manchester, woollen-drapers.—W. Henderson and J. H. Veysey, Moorfields, Gloucestershire, manufacturing chemists.—E. Eardley, Exeter, china-dealer.

## NEW PATENTS.

W. Newton, of Chancery-lane, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in obtaining copper from copper ores, some part or parts of which improvements are applicable to obtaining certain other metals contained in some copper ores. May 30th, 6 months. Communication.

W. E. Newton, of Chancery-lane, Civil Engineer, for improvements in the method or system of constructing boats and other vessels, which the inventor intends to denominate the "mondotian system." May 30th, 6 months. Communication.

J. Tappan, of Fitzroy-square, Middlesex, Gentleman, for certain improvements in apparatus applicable to flues or chimneys, for the purpose of increasing the draft therein, and promoting the combustion of fuel. May 30th, 6 months. Communication.

T. Forsyth, of Salford, Lancaster, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery for making bricks and tiles. June 1st, 6 months.

P. F. Ingold, of Buckingham-place, Hanover-square, Watchmaker, for improvements in machinery for making parts of watches and other timekeepers. June 1st, 6 months.

W. H. F. Talbot, of Lacock Abbey, Wilts, Esquire, for improvements in photography. June 1st, 6 months.

M. J. Roberts, of Carmarthen, Esquire, for certain improvements in machinery for preparing, spinning, and winding wool, cotton, flax, silk, or any other fibrous bodies. June 1st, 6 months.

F. Allman, of Salisbury-street, Strand, Surveyor, for certain improvements in apparatus for the production and diffusion of light. June 3rd, 6 months.

J. Smith, of Fen-court, Fenchurch-street, Gentleman, for improvements in machinery for sawing wood. June 3rd, 6 months.

W. Brown, of Glasgow, Merchant, for improvements in the manufacture of porcelain, china, pottery, and earthenware, and which improvements are also in part applicable to the manufacture of paper, and to the preparation of certain pigments or painters' colours. June 3rd, 6 months.

R. Farmer, Upholder and Cabinet-maker, and J. Pitt, Plumbers' Brass-founder, both of Birmingham, for certain improvements applicable to fixed and portable water-closets, and beds or bedsteads, a part or parts of which improvements are also applicable to raising and forcing water. June 6th, 6 months.

R. Smart, of the Commercial-road, Bristol, Shipowner, for improvements in paddle-wheels. June 8th, 6 months.

J. B. Smith, of Salford, Cotton-spinner, for certain improvements in machinery for preparing, carding, roving, and spinning cotton and other fibrous substances. June 8th, 6 months.

C. P. Debree, of Putney, Surrey, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in the manufacture of fuel. June 10th, 6 months.

H. Page, of Cambridge, Painter, for certain improvements in the mode of painting, graining, or decorating with oil and other colours. June 10th, 6 months.

H. Austin, of Hatton-garden, Civil Engineer, for a new method of glueing or cementing certain materials for building and other purposes. June 10th, 6 months.

E. J. F. Duclos de Boussois, of Clyne Wood Works, near Swansea, Engineer, for improvements in the manufacture of lead, tin, tungsten, copper, and zinc, from ores and slags, and other products, and in the manufacture of their alloys with other metals. June 10th, 6 months.

E. Lentz, of Eastcheap, Gentleman, for improvements in machinery for raising and forcing water and other fluids, which machinery, when worked by steam or water, may be employed for driving machinery. June 10th, 6 months. Communication.

A. Francis, of Vauxhall, Roman Cement Manufacturer, and I. Funge, Workman, in the employ of the said A. Francis, for improvements in the manufacture of ornamented tiles. June 10th, 6 months.

S. J. Knight, of Waterside Iron Works, Maidstone, Founder, for improvements in kilns or apparatus for drying hops, malt, and other substances. June 10th, 6 months.

T. W. Ingram, of Birmingham, Warwick, Engineer, for improvements in pressing and embossing wood and other materials, in order to apply the same to various useful purposes. June 10th, 6 months.

S. Sparks, of Wellington, Somerset, Foreman and Superintendent of a Woollen Manufactory, for certain improvements in machinery for carding wool, cotton, and other fibrous materials. June 10th, 6 months.

J. Tappan, of Fitzroy-square, Gentleman, for certain improvements in apparatus for grinding and polishing cutlery and other articles, whereby the deleterious effects on the lungs and health of the workmen, produced by the dust and metallic particles arising from the said operations, are entirely, or to a great extent, obviated. June 10th, 6 months. Communication.

W. Newton, of Chancery-lane, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in the

preparation of paper designed for Bank notes, Government documents, bills, cheques, deeds, and other purposes, wherein protection and safety from foreigners or counterfeits are required. June 10th, 6 months. Communication.

W. E. Newton, of Chancery-lane, Civil Engineer, for the novel application of certain volatile liquids for the production of light, and improvements in the lamps and burners to be employed for the combustion of such or other volatile liquids. June 10th, 6 months.

J. G. Hartley, of Narrow-street, Limehouse, Middlesex, Mast and Block-maker, for certain improvements in paving and covering streets, roads, or other ways. June 13th, 6 months.

F. W. Eggleston, of Derby, Confectioner, for certain improvements in the combustion of fuel and consumption of smoke. June 15th, 6 months.

H. Bessemer, of Baxter House, Saint Pancras, Engineer, for certain improvements in the manufacture of bronze and other metallic powders. June 15th, 6 months.

P. A. Payerne, of Paris, now residing in Tredegar-square, Middlesex, Doctor of Medicine, for certain improvements in keeping the air in mines and other confined places in a pure and respirable state. June 15th, 6 months.

T. J. Irvine, of Peckham, Lieutenant in her Majesty's Navy, for certain improvements in packing-cases, boxes, trunks, portmanteaus, and other articles for containing goods, which improvements may, under certain circumstances, be applicable to the preservation of life. June 15th, 6 months.

T. Mitchell, of Dalton, York, Dyer, for a certain machine and apparatus for increasing and permanently fastening the face or gloss of all kinds of woollen, worsted, and fancy cloths, by the application of steam alone, without immersing the goods in water. June 15th, 2 months.

T. R. Guppy, of the Great Western Iron Ship Building and Steam-engine Works, Bristol, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in the building of metal ships and other vessels. June 15th, 6 months.

G. E. Donisthorpe, of Bradford, York, Top Manufacturer, for improvements in combing wool and other fibrous substances. June 15th, 6 months.

J. O. York, of Upper Coleshill-street, Westminster, Engineer, and W. Johnson, of Horseley Iron Works, Staffordshire, Ironmaster, for improvements in paving or covering roads, streets, and other ways or surfaces. June 15th, 6 months.

S. Mason, of Northampton, Merchant, and C. Bedells, of Leicester, Manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of boots, shoes, slippers, overalls, and clogs, and improvements in machinery or apparatus used in such manufacture, and in the preparation of materials for the said manufacture. June 15th, 6 months.

W. E. Newton, of Chancery-lane, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in apparatus for propelling vessels. June 15th, 6 months.

G. R. Booth, of Hanley, Stafford, Manufacturer and Chemist, for a certain improved mode of applying heat from various combustibles to manufacturing and other useful purposes. June 15th, 6 months.

T. Oldham, of Manchester, Manufacturer, for a certain improved mode of manufacturing bonnets and hats. June 15th, 6 months.

O. W. Barratt, of Birmingham, Experimental Chemist, for certain improvements in gilding, plating, and coating various metallic surfaces. June 15th, 6 months.

L. W. Wright, of Gusford Cottage, North Wales, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for bleaching various fibrous substances, and is also in possession of an invention of improvements in machinery or apparatus for converting or manufacturing the same into paper. June 15th, 6 months. Communication.

G. Lister, of Dursley, Gloucester, Card Manufacturer, and E. Budding, of the same place, Machinist, for certain improvements in the means of covering the cylinders of carding and scribbling engines with wire cards, and in condensing the rovings delivered from such engines; and also an apparatus for sharpening or grinding the points of the cards, which latter apparatus may also be employed for grinding other articles. June 15th, 6 months.

E. H. Bentall, of Heybridge, Essex, Iron Founder, for certain improvements in ploughs, and in apparatus which may be attached thereto, for ascertaining the draft of instruments employed in tilling land. June 15th, 6 months.

G. Bate, of Bloomsbury, Wolverhampton, Stafford, Carpenter, for improvements in apparatus for raising and lowering window-blinds and maps. June 15th, 6 months.

G. Gardner, of Banbury, Oxford, Ironmonger, for improvements in cutting hay, straw, and other vegetable matters for the food of animals. June 17th, 6 months.

S. Brown, of Gravel-lane, Southwark, Engineer, for improvements in the manufacture of casks and other vessels. June 17th, 6 months.

J. M. Bloxam, Esq, of Hampstead, for improvements on meridian instruments. June 20th, 6 months.

J. Read, of Regent-street, Machinist, for certain improvements in ploughs for draining, subsoiling, and cultivating land. June 21st, 6 months.

L. Le Paige, of 72, Lombard-street, Patent Agent, for a certain improved method or methods of preventing accidents on railways. June 22nd, 6 months. Communication.

W. Wylam, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Merchant, for certain improvements in the manufacture or preparation of fuel. June 22nd, 6 months.

S. Ellis, of Salford, Lancaster, Engineer, for certain improvements in weighing machines, and in turn tables to be used on or in connexion with railways, and in weighing machines to be used in other situations. June 22nd, 6 months.

S. Eccles, of Hulme, Lancaster, Machinist, and M. Curtis, of Chorlton-upon-Medlock, Machinist, for certain improvements in looms for weaving. June 22nd, 6 months.

M. Poole, of Lincoln's-inn, Gentleman, for improvements in collars for horses and other animals. June 23rd, 6 months. Communication.

N. Troughton, of Swansea, Glamorgan, Gentleman, for improvements in dressing ores requiring washing. June 23rd, 6 months.

W. Needham, of Birmingham, gunsmith, for improvements in fire-arms. June 24th, 6 months.

---

## HISTORICAL REGISTER.

House of Lords.—June 26.—The Princess Augusta's Annuity Bill was read a third time, and passed.—The Peterborough and Northampton Railway Bill was read a third time, and passed.—The Roman Catholic Oaths Bill passed through Committee without amendment.—The House resolved itself into Committee on the Church of Scotland Benefices Bill, which was adjourned.

June 27.—The Royal Assent was given by commission to the Princess Augusta of Cambridge's Annuity Bill.—The Bishop of London moved the second reading of the Church Endowment Bill. The bill was read a second time.

June 28.—No House.

June 29.—The Roman Catholic Oaths Bill was read a third time, and passed.—The Sugar Duties Bill was read a second time.

June 30.—The Earl of Aberdeen moved the second reading of two bills relating to the apprehension of foreign offenders found in places under the dominion of the British Crown: the one having reference to offenders coming from the United States of America, the other to offenders coming from France: the bill went through a second reading.

July 1.—No House.

July 3.—The Sugar Duties' Bill was read a third time, and passed.—The House went into Committee on the Church of Scotland Benefices' Bill. Lord Campbell moved an amendment upon the first clause of the bill, when, after a long debate, the House divided, when there appeared a majority in favour of the clause of 42 to 13. Another amendment was moved by Lord Brougham on the same clause. For the motion, 10, against it, 38. The clause was then agreed to.

July 4.—The Royal Assent was given by commission to the following bills:—The Sugar Duties Bill, the Oaths (Ireland) Bill, the Monkton Railway Bill, the Northampton and Peterborough Railway Bill, the Croydon Railway Bill, the Borrowstonness Cleansing and Lighting Bill, the Southampton Docks' Bill, the Southampton Cemetery Bill, the Topsham Improvement Bill, the Isle of Ely Drainage Bill, and the Leighton Buzzard Enclosure Bill.—The Canada Corn Bill passed through committee.

July 5.—No House.

July 6.—No House.

July 7.—Lord Brougham moved the second reading of the Slave Trade Bill; the bill was read a second time.—The Apprehension of Offenders' Bill was read a

third time, and passed.—The House went into committee on the Limitation of Actions (Ireland) Bill.

July 8.—No house.

July 10.—The Grand Jury Presentment Bill (Ireland) was read a second time.—The Defamation and Libel Bill went through a second reading.—The Limitation of Actions Bill (Ireland) was read a third time, and passed.—The Bishop of London moved the third reading of the Church Endowments Bill; the bill was read a third time.

July 11.—The Grand Jury Presentments (Ireland) Bill was read a third time, and passed.—The Church Endowment Bill was read a third time, and passed.—The House went into committee on the Church of Scotland Benefices Bill, when the first six clauses were agreed to, and the bill was reported to the House, and ordered to be printed.

July 12.—The Royal Assent was given by commission to the Canada Wheat Bill, Pound Breach and Rescue Bill, Chelsea Commissioner's Estate Bill, Grand Jury Presentments (Ireland) Bill, Maryport and Carlisle Railway Bill, Meath Harbour Bill, Aberdeen Harbour Bill, Hull Waterworks Bill, Gray's Estate Bill, R——— Enclosure Bill, Townshend Peerage Bill, and Todhunter's Divorce Bill. The Walton Rectory Bill was read a third time, and passed.

July 13.—The Episcopal Functions' Bill was read a second time.

July 14.—The Earl of Clanricarde moved the following resolutions: "That it appears by the papers before this House, that the Irish Government has dismissed several magistrates from the commission of the peace, on the ground that they had intimated an intention to attend meetings to petition for a repeal of the legislative union of Great Britain and Ireland, after a declaration by her Majesty's ministers in both Houses of Parliament, that her Majesty was determined to uphold the said union; although it was allowed, in dismissing the said magistrates, that such an intimation, or the attending such meetings before such declarations in Parliament, was not a sufficient ground for dismissing magistrates from the commission of the peace. 2d. That to dismiss magistrates from the commission of the peace on such a ground, is unconstitutional, unjust, and inexpedient." After a very long discussion, the House divided, when the numbers were, content, 29, not content, 91.

July 15.—No House.

July 17.—The Church of Scotland Benefices Bill was read a third time, and passed.

July 18.—The Norfolk Island Bill was read a third time, and passed.—The House went into committee on the Defamation and Libel Bill.

July 19.—No House.

July 20.—A Bill to render valid marriages performed by Presbyterian and other Dissenting ministers in Ireland, between members of the Established Church, was read a first time.—The Cathedral Churches (Wales) Bill was read a first time.

July 21.—A Bill to improve the Law of Landlord and Tenant, and with respect to the Improvement of Land, was read a first time.—The Marriages (Ireland) Bill was read a second and third time, and passed.—The Slave Trade Suppression Bill was read a third time, and passed.

House of Commons.—June 26.—The House went into committee on the Irish Arms Bill.

June 27.—Sir T. Wilde brought forward his motion, of which he had given notice, for a "Select Committee to inquire into the progress which has been made in carrying into effect the recommendations of Mr. Rowland Hill for post office improvement, and whether the further carrying into effect of such recommendations, or any of them, will be beneficial to the country."—The Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed a committee for inquiring into the manner in which the plan of the penny postage, originally recommended by the House, had been carried into effect by the government. The committee was voted according to Mr. Goulburn's modification.

June 28.—No House.

June 29.—The House went into committee on the Irish Arms Bill, when, after a long debate, the committee divided on the eighth clause, which provides for the affixing a mark on each weapon, when the numbers were, for it, 178, against it, 104.

June 30.—On the order of the day for the Committee of Supply, Mr. Hume rose to move resolutions, importing that the pension of 21,000*l.* a-year paid to the Duke of Cumberland ought to be discontinued while he shall continue King of Hanover.—

The House divided on the subject, when there appeared, for reading the order of the day, 197, for Mr. Hume's amendment, 91.—The Pound Breach and Rescue Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Grand Jury Presentment (Ireland) No. 2 Bill passed through committee.

July 1.—No House.

July 3.—The House went into committee on the Irish Arms Bill. The consideration of the ninth clause, as amended by Lord Eliot, was resumed. The committee divided, when the numbers were, for the amended clause, 128, against it, 69. The tenth and eleventh clauses were also discussed, and, with the twelfth, were allowed to stand part of the bill.

July 4.—The Irish Grand Jury Presentments Bill (No. 2) was read a third time, and passed.—Mr. W. S. O'Brien rose to move, "That the House will resolve itself into a committee for the purpose of taking into consideration the causes of the discontent at present prevailing in Ireland, with a view to the redress of grievances, and to the establishment of a system of just and impartial government in that part of the united kingdom." After a long discussion, the debate was adjourned.

July 5.—Lord Worsley moved the order of the day for re-committing the County Coroners' Bill. After a division, the House went into committee.

July 6.—No House.

July 7.—The Townshend Peerage Bill was read a third time, and passed.—The adjourned debate on the Redress of Grievances in Ireland was resumed; when, after a discussion of considerable length, it was again adjourned.

July 8.—No House.

July 10.—The debate on the Redress of Grievances again resumed and adjourned.—Lord Worsley withdrew the Commons Enclosure (No. 2) Bill.—The Holyrood Park Bill Resolutions passed through committee.—The Norfolk Island Bill was read a third time, and passed.—The Woollen Manufactures, &c. Bill went through committee.

July 11.—The debate on the Grievances of Ireland was again resumed, and adjourned.

July 12.—The debate on the Grievances of Ireland was resumed; when, after a long discussion, the House divided, when there appeared for the committee, 164, against it, 243.

July 13.—The order of the day being read for the House to go into committee on the Arms' Bill, a division took place, when the numbers were, for going into committee, 104, against it, 27. The House then resolved itself into committee, when the 13th and 14th clauses were agreed to.

July 14.—The House went into committee on the Irish Arms Bill, when several clauses were agreed to.—The Designs Copyright Bill was read a third time.—Two Bills, one for giving an appeal by writ of error in cases of judgments or decisions on mandamus, and the other to extend the power of searching for judgments on warrants of attorney, were read a first time.

July 15.—No House.

July 17.—The House went into committee on the Irish Arms Bill.—Sir G. Clerk moved the order of the day for a Committee of Supply, for the purpose of considering that part of the Act of 5th and 6th Victoria, c. 47, which relates to the duties on the importation of foreign sheep and lambs' wool, and to propose a reduction of the duty on foreign wool; on a division, the numbers were, for the motion, 70; against it, 142.—The Coalwhippers Bill was read a second time.—The Apprehension of Offenders (France) Bill was read a second time.—The Apprehension of Offenders (America) Bill was read a second time.—The Cathedral Churches (Wales) Bill was read a third time and passed.

July 18.—No House.

July 19.—A Bill to render valid an Act passed for better raising and securing the fund for the relief of widows and children of burgh and parochial schoolmasters in Scotland; the Bill was read a first and second time.—The Coroners' Bill passed through committee.

July 20.—The House went into committee on the Arms (Ireland) Bill, when up to the 34th clause was agreed to.—The Woollen Manufacturers, &c. Bill, was read a third time and passed.—The Factories Bill, the Ecclesiastical Courts Bill, and the Law Courts (Ireland) Bill, were withdrawn.

July 21.—The House went into committee on the Arms (Ireland) Bill, when up to the 54th clause were agreed to.—The Bills of Exchequer Bill was read a first time.—The Stock in Trade Bill was read a first time.

# INDEX TO VOL. XXXVII.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.


Addison, Life of, 324.

Cavalier War Song, 224.
Choreen Agra, or the Wandering Harper, 134.

Damosel's Tale, 217, 415.
Daughters of King Dahir, 225.
Dogmas Confuted, 80.

Fortunes of an Author, 173, 289.

Guard of the Grave-Yard, 101.

Heart-Words, 185.
Horace Walpole, 438.
Hypochondriac's Daughter, 42.

Illustrations of Shakspeare, 64, 172, 414.
Irish Song, 216, 243, 384.

Jewish Captives in Babylon, 20.

Letters from Abroad to a Friend at Cambridge, 244.
Lines, 359.
Lines written upon a Picture, 152.

Ma Kaddesh, The, 186, 404.
Marcus Curtius, 256.
My Aunt's New Companion, 427.

Netja, 21.
Note-Book of an Irish Barrister, 135.

Opium Smoker, 111.

Passages at the German Brunnen, 337.
Poor Relation, 81, 205.
Presentation Copies, 371.

Recollections of a Royalist Officer, 65, 196, 301, 360.
Rich Relation, 308.

Savindroog, 1, 113, 257, 372.
Senhouse, on the Death of Captain Sir H., 93.
Sketches from Real Life, 275, 385.

Sonnet, 53, 448.
Spain and the Pyrenees, 102.
Stanzas for Music, 288.
Street Melodies, 274.

Tableaux Vivants, 54.
Tales of a Tourist, 94, 162.
Tales of the Pump-Room, 153.
The Convalescent, 41.
The King-Cup, 161.
Themes, 299.
To the Spring, 195.

---

Affghanistan, Journal of Disasters in, noticed, 5
Aunt Martha, noticed, 45

Banished Lord, noticed, 18
Botanist's Manual, The, noticed, 49
Bankrupts, 28, 59, 91, 123

Canada, with a Plan of National Colonization, noticed, 38
Canterbury, Hand-Book to, noticed, 115
Christian Philosopher, noticed, 81
Counting-House Manual, noticed, 85
Charles XII., a Poem, noticed, 12
Chinese Exhibition, 26, 121
Commercial Relations of the Country, 28, 58, 90, 122

Death of the Duke of Sussex, noticed, 26

Elements of Universal History, noticed, 19
Emigrant's Hand-Book of Facts, 48

Fallacies of the Faculty, noticed, 20
Feudal System, Advantages of, noticed, 109
Funds, 28, 59, 91, 123

Gardener and Practical Florist, noticed, 20
Gathered Leaves, noticed, 48

Henry II., a Drama, noticed, 109
Historical Register, 31, 62, 93, 126
Hydropathy, The Theory, noticed, 118

Influence of Aristocracies on the Revolutions of Nations, noticed, 79
Ireland, South of, and her Poor, noticed, 9

Klauer's Miniature German Grammar, noticed, 21

Lectures to Young Men, noticed, 51
Leicester, Earl of, a Tragedy, noticed, 101
Letters written during a Journey to Switzerland, noticed, 46
Life Assurance, Treatise on, noticed, 119
List of New Publications, 27, 57, 89, 121
Literary News, 27, 57, 88, 121
Locke, Philosophical Works of, noticed, 19

Magic and Mesmeriam, noticed, 1
Marriage, a Poem, noticed, 107
Models of Juvenile French Conversation, noticed, 50
Modern Painters, their Superiority, &c., noticed, 113
Monomania, noticed, 117
Money Market Report, 28, 58, 90, 123
Monthly Meteorological Journal, 59, 90, 122

New Music, 23, 51, 87
New Patents, 29, 60, 92, 123

Order of Daily Service, noticed, 107

Palmer's Patent Glyphography, noticed, 87
Perils of the Nation, noticed, 41
Periodical Publications, noticed, 21
Photographic Manipulation, noticed, 87
Poems, by Viator, noticed, 77, 115
Popular Tales and Legends, noticed, 109

Reform your Waltzing, noticed, 86
Reuchlin, Life and Times of, noticed, 74
Review of the Administration of the Board of National Education in Ireland, noticed, 82
Retribution, Loyal Lyrics, &c., noticed, 16
Richard Cœur de Lion, History of, noticed, 33
Rome as it was under Paganism, noticed, 97

Sacred Poems, noticed, 71
Sandwich Islands, History of, noticed, 85
Switzerland, Scenes in, &c., noticed, 78

Tales of the Colonies, noticed, 65
Tales of Jewish History, noticed, 15
Teeth physiologically considered, noticed, 120

Visit to the East, noticed, 82
Voice from the Vintage, noticed, 81

LONDON:

G. J. PALMER, PRINTER, SAVOY STREET, STRAND.